

# OVID's FASTI,

OR THE

## ROMANS SACRED CALENDAR,

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

With Explanatory NOTES.

By WILLIAM MASSEY,

Master of a Boarding-School at Wandsworth.

To which is added,

## A PLAN of OLD ROME,

Taken from MARLIANUS's *Topographia Romae*, neatly  
engraved by T. KITCHIN.

Omniñò tria sunt, quæ ad veram Interpretationis Laudem necessariò  
requiruntur; Religio in exponendis Sententiis; Fides in referendis  
Verbis: summa in exhibendo Colore Sollicitudo. *D. Huet. de op-  
timo Genere interpretandi, pag. 99.*

L O N D O N:

Printed by H. WOODFALL,

For GEORGE KEITH, at the Bible and Crown in Grace-Church-  
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## The P R E F A C E.

F all the *Roman* classics of the *Augustan* age, none has been so much neglected, by our English translators, as *Ovid's Fasti*; nay, this book, that is so necessary for the explaining of the greatest part of the *gentile theology*, and in particular the sacred usages of the *Roman* people, is but little known in most of our public schools. Is it not very strange, that this most elaborate and learned of all *Ovid's* works, should be so little regarded, whilst his *Tristia*, *Epistles*, and *Metamorphoses* are in almost every school-boy's hands? I am not the first that have made this complaint; our learned and industrious countryman Mr. *Ainsworth*, in his proem to the *Roman calendar*, inserted in his dictionary, greatly laments the neglect of this most *useful* part of our poet's composures, in our public schools, in these pathetic words: *Dolet, profectò quidem perdolet Fastos hos in scholis minùs tritos, quam caeteri poetae libri, cum sint omnium lectu dignissimi, omnium doctissimi, omniumque denique utilissimi.* All the critics in general speak of this part of *Ovid's* writings with particular applause; yet I know not by what unhappy fate, there has not been that use made thereof, which would be more beneficial, in many respects, to young students of the *Latin* tongue, than any other of this poet's works. For tho' *Pan-*  
*theons,*

*theons*, and other books, that treat of the *Roman Mythology* may be usefully put into the hands of young proficient in the *Latin* tongue, yet the richest fund, of that sort of learning, is here to be found in the *Fasti*. I am not without hopes therefore, that by thus making this book more familiar and easy, in this dress, to *English* readers, it will the more readily gain admittance into our *public schools*; and that those who become better acquainted therewith, will find it an agreeable and instructive companion, well stor'd with recondite learning. I perswade myself also, that *the notes*, which I have added to my version, will be of advantage not only to the meer *English* reader, but likewise to such as endeavour to improve themselves in the knowledge of the *Roman* language. I had at least this two-fold view in drawing them up.

When I began my translation, I made enquiry, who amongst our *English* poets had trod in that path before me, by rendering these *Fasti* vernacular, in the manner that I intended to do it; but I could then hear of none. So I set out on my journey, without the assistance, or lights, of any former traveller that way. But after I had proceeded therein as far as *April*, I chanced to meet with an old *English* translation, made by one *John Gower*, A. M. which was printed at *Cambridge*, by *Roger Daniel*, in the year 1640. But as this was a posthumous piece,



piece, and usher'd into the world, with a dedication to Mr. *John Etbredg*, vicar of *Halsted*, by his friend *Edward Alliston*, I cannot say where the author resided at his death. The language and versification of that performance is such, that I could reap little or no help from it; and I flatter myself, that a comparison, made between his version and mine, would be no disadvantage to me.

When I had finished my book all but a few of the notes, I procur'd a *French* translation of the *Fasti*, made by the celebrated *Michael de Marolles*; which indeed I heard of before, and hunted after, but could not find it till then. It is a *prose* translation, with remarks added to it, much in the same manner that mine are; but as it came so late to hand, it could be also of little or no benefit to me; besides, that learned *abbot* was so hasty a translator, that no great accuracy could be expected from his performance. The edition, that I have, was printed at *Paris*, in 1660.

In the course of my work, as I had no prior translation to look at, it was necessary sometimes to see what *commentators* had to say upon any obscure passages. I frequently therefore consulted the notes that are join'd to the *Dauphin* edition of the *Fasti*; and sometimes the more copious and elaborate remarks of *Paulus Marfus Piscinas*, and *Antonius Constantius Fanensis*. I never had an opportunity of seeing the  
learned

learned commentary of *Carolus Neapolis* on this part of our poet's works, which I should have been glad to have perused, as it bears so great a character; and the more so, because it was compos'd, as I am informed, by that *Sicilian nobleman*, when he was but twentyone years of age. However, now, as the Latin proverb says, *Facta est alea*; and my performance must take its chance, as those of other poetic adventurers have done before me. I am very sensible, that I have fallen, in many places far below my original; and no wonder, as I had to copy after so fertile and polite a genius as *Ovid's*; who, as my *Lord Orrery* somewhere in *Dean Swift's* life humorously observes, *could make an instructive song out of an old almanac.*

That my translation is more diffuse, and not brought within the same number of verses contained in my *original*, is owing to two reasons; firstly, because of the concise and expressive nature of the *Latin tongue*, which it is very difficult, (at least I find it so) to keep to strictly, in our language; and secondly, I took the liberty sometimes to expatiate a little upon my subject, rather than leave it in obscurity, or unintelligible to my *English* readers; being indifferent whether they may call it translation, or paraphrase; for, in short, I had this one design most particularly in view, that these *Roman Fasti* might have a way open'd for their entrance into our *grammar-schools*.

*Wandsworth, Sept. 3, 1757.*

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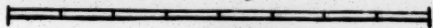
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| Am.      | <i>Amphitheatrum</i> . | Col.   | <i>Columna</i> .          | Pr.       | <i>Præ</i> .         |
| Ag.      | <i>Aqua</i> .          | Const. | <i>Constantini</i> .      | Pa.       | <i>Palæstium</i> .   |
| As.      | <i>Asculapii</i> .     | D.     | <i>Domus</i> .            | Por.      | <i>Porticus</i> .    |
| Aequi.   | <i>Aquimelium</i> .    | F.     | <i>Forum</i> .            | Ph.       | <i>Fidige</i> .      |
| B.       | <i>Basilica</i> .      | Iu.    | <i>Iunonis</i> .          | Præx.     | <i>Præstidus</i> .   |
| Bal.     | <i>Babæa</i> .         | I.O.M. | <i>Iouis, Opt. Max.</i> . | S.        | <i>Sepulcrum</i> .   |
| Bu. Gal. | <i>Busta Gallica</i> . | Later. | <i>Lateranensium</i> .    | Sp.       | <i>Spelunca</i> .    |
| C.       | <i>Circus</i> .        | Mar.   | <i>Marcelli</i> .         | Septiz.   | <i>Septizonium</i> . |
| Cl.      | <i>Clivus</i> .        | Mic.   | <i>Mæcenatis</i> .        | T.        | <i>Theatrum</i> .    |
| Cu.      | <i>Curia</i> .         | Nau.   | <i>Naumachie</i> .        | Th.       | <i>Therma</i> .      |
| Cam.     | <i>Campus</i> .        | Ob.    | <i>Obeliscus</i> .        | Tonantis. | <i>Tovis</i> .       |
| Cap.     | <i>Capitolium</i> .    | Olym.  | <i>Olympiædis</i> .       | V.        | <i>Vicus Via</i> .   |

*Hæc mensura, habita proportionē figuræ Urbis, continet stadia octo.*





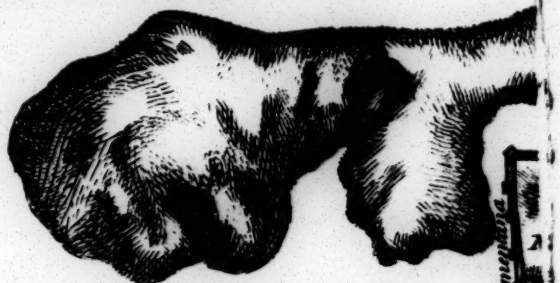
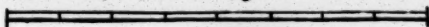
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|----------|----------------|--------|------------------|-----------|--------|
| A.       | Arcus.         | Car.   | Carcer           | P.        | Por.   |
| Am.      | Amphitheatrum. | Col.   | Columna          | Pr.       | Pra.   |
| Aq.      | Aqua.          | Const. | Constantini      | Pa.       | Pal.   |
| Aes.     | Aesculapii.    | D.     | Domus            | Por.      | Por.   |
| Aequi.   | Aequimelum.    | F.     | Forum            | Ph.       | Fide.  |
| B.       | Basilica.      | Iu.    | Iunonis          | Prax.     | Prax.  |
| Bal.     | Bathna.        | I.O.M. | Iouis, Opt. Muv. | S.        | Sepu.  |
| Bu. Gal. | Busta Gallica. | Later. | Lateranensium    | Sp.       | Spei.  |
| C.       | Circus.        | Mar.   | Marcelli         | Squlz.    | Squlz. |
| Cl.      | Clivus.        | Mec.   | Mecoenatis       | T.        | Tha.   |
| Cu.      | Curia.         | Nau.   | Naumachiae       | Th.       | Tha.   |
| Cam.     | Campus.        | Ob.    | Obeliscus        | Tomantis. | Jo     |
| Cap.     | Capitolium.    | Olym.  | Olympiadis       | V.        | Vicu.  |

Hec mensura, habita proportione figure Urbis, continet stadia octo.





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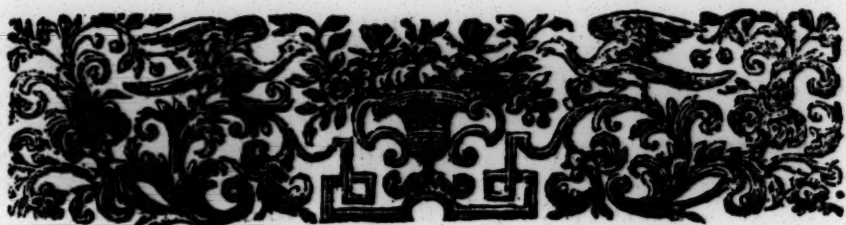
## The DESIGN of the WORK.

THE *title* of this work of *Ovid* is **FASTI**, which signifies what we mean by a *calendar*; in which the *feasts* of the *Roman* gods and goddesses, and their *lucky* and *unlucky* days, (as they esteemed them) with the *rising* and *setting* of some remarkable constellations, were particularly mark'd. But as to the genuine etymology of the word, it is derived à *fando* (i. e.) from *speaking* or *pleading*; for the *Romans* had some days which they termed *fasti*, on which their courts of judicature were open for public business, and the *pleading* of causes; and others, which they called *nefasti*, when the courts were shut up. Now as these days were also set down in this their *calendar*, it obtained the name of *fasti*. The *Romans* had also another kind of *fasti*, or *calendar*, which contained the names of their *chief magistrates* from year to year; one of which, we are told was found at *Rome* about 200

years ago, which is preserved in one of the chambers of the *capitol*, and therefore called *fasti capitolini* \*. *Ovid* writ, as we are told by himself, upon all the *twelve months*, but the latter half of them is supposed to be lost. This loss is much regretted by the curious in *Roman* learning, particularly their *antiquities* and *mythology*; because doubtless those other *six months* contained many interesting relations, and observations, made in this author's agreeable way, which would not only have been *entertaining* but *instructive*.

\* Trist. lib. 2.

JANUARY.



## F A N U A R Y.


 WHEN *constellations* set, and when appear,  
 The *various seasons* of the *Roman year*,  
 With the *occasions* of their names I sing ;  
 Support, *Germanicus*, my feeble wing ;  
 O let thy pleasing look add lively force,  
 And guide the *tim'rous poet* in his course.  
 Disdain thou not my humble suit, but be  
 Propitious to the *work* inscrib'd to thee.

B 2

From

4. *Germanicus*, to whom *Ovid* dedicates this work, was the son of *Drusus Claudius Nero*, and *Antonia*, *Augustus Cesar's* niece, and was adopted by *Tiberius* his uncle by the father's side. Before he was thirty years of age, he commanded the troops of the empire with great success in *Germany*; and when he returned to *Rome* he received the honours of a triumph. He died at

*Antioch*, A. D. 19, in the 34th year of his age. It appears from what *Ovid* says of him, in this dedication, that he was a person of great *eloquence*, a judicious *critic*, and a good *poet*; prodigious attainments in one so young, and whose principal employment had been *war*; but doubtless there is a little flattery in this encomium.



From ancient records *sacred rites* I trace,  
 And mark the *lucky* and *unlucky days* ;  
 Of *feasts* and *triumphs* here thou'lt often read,  
 To thy own glorious ancestors decreed ;  
 Nor will there want, to make the *Fasti* shine,  
 Thy brother's noble actions join'd to thine.

10

Let others *Cesar's* martial deeds rehearse,  
 His *holy altars* shall adorn my verse ;  
 The *sacred festivals* demand my song,  
 Of which to *Cesar* not a few belong ;  
 Assist, *Germanicus*, my daring lays,  
 Whilst I attempt thy *family* to praise ;  
 A smile from thee will all my *fears* disperse,  
 And give a noble vigour to my verse ;  
 A pleasing look will make my numbers rise,  
 But if thou frown'st, my *genius* droops and dies ;  
 I dread thy learned *censure* of my lay,  
 As if committed to the *god of day*.  
 When e'er thou daign'st for *criminals* to plead,  
 I see thy nervous eloquence display'd,  
 But when thou draw'st a stream from *Helicon*,  
 What floods of wit, in all thy numbers, run !

20

30  
Then

14. The brother here spoken of frequently *Germanicus's* brother only was *Drusus*, the son of *Tiberius*, con- by adoption.

Then let a *poet* be a *poet's* guide,  
And thou shalt o'er the *happy year* preside.

When *Rome's* great founder made the times his care,  
Ten months he chose to constitute the year;  
Thy skill, O *Romulus*, in stars was flight,  
For *arms* and *conquest* were thy chief delight.  
But yet that *scheme* was not so void of sense,  
His *error* will admit of a defence;

Ten *lunar months*, the infant in the womb  
Must stay before it perfect can become; 40  
Ten months the sorrowing *widow* must abide,  
Before she can be made another's bride.

These things in view *Quirinus* well might have,  
When he these laws to his *rude subjects* gave.

B 3

From

34. *Plutarch* tells us in his *Roman questions*, that some were of opinion, that the *Roman year* at first consisted but of *ten months*, several of which contained more than 30 days. But *Livy*, with most other *Roman* authors, informs us, that *Numa Pompilius* divided the year into *twelve* months; and *Eutropius* says, that the year before that time was confus'd, and without any regular division. It seems natural enough to suppose, that the *Roman year* at first had but *ten months*, beginning with *March*, and ending

with *December*. *Ovid* here declares the same; but what number of days, they made their *year* to consist of, or whether they made it agree with the course of the *sun*, is not easy to determine, considering the imperfect account that we have of those things, in ancient history.

41. This rule was very strictly observed by the *Roman ladies*; for if any *widow* married again before the expiration of that term, she was fined by the *Prætor*, and reckon'd infamous.

From *Mars*, the first of months had *March* it's name,  
 The next in honour was the *Paphian* dame;  
*Mars* was *Quirinus*' fire; the *Cesars* trace  
 From *Venus* their renown'd and godlike race.  
 The *elvers* nomination give to *May*,  
 And from the *junior* people *June* we say; 50  
 The other months, and each in order, claim  
 As they by place denote, a *latin* name.  
 But *Numa*, better skill'd in astral lore,  
 To *Romulus*'s months adjoin'd two more;  
 One *Janus* claims, another claim the *dead*,  
 For whom that month were *sacrifices* made;  
 But, to avoid mistakes, bear well in mind,  
 Each day is to a *diff'rent use assign'd*;  
 That day's *unlucky* when, (three words unheard)  
 To act in law the *Praetor* is debarr'd, 60

But

51. It appears from this place,  
 that when *Ovid* writ this, *July* was  
 then called *Quintilis*, and *August*  
*Sextilis*; but their names were  
 changed soon after, the first in ho-  
 nour of *Julius Cesar*, because he  
 had reformed the *calendar*, and the  
 latter for several reasons alledged  
 in the decree of the *senate*, made  
 upon that account, which see in

*Macrob. Saturnal. lib. 1. cap. 12.*

59. The *three* words were *Do*.  
*Dico. Addico*. Which used to be  
 solemnly pronounced by the *Prae-*  
*tor*, when he seated himself in the  
 tribunal to hear causes. The words  
 may be thus explained, *Do leges, I*  
*set forth the laws; Dico jus, I sit to*  
*judge of things according to law; Ad-*  
*dico, I pass sentence, or adjudge causes.*



But that's *auspicious*, when the people may,  
 In open court maintain their rights all day ;  
 Some days divided are, the *morn* we see  
 The courts shut up, but in the *evening* free,  
 For soon as e'er the sacrifice is made,  
 The *Praetor* gives the people leave to plead.

Some days the tribes to *Mars's field* repair,  
 For *magistrates* must be elected there ;  
 And ev'ry *ninth* revolving sun restores  
 A day of rest, and *market* for the boors.

70

The *calends* of each month throughout the year,  
 Are under *Juno's* kind peculiar care ;  
 But on the *ides*, a white lamb from the field,  
 A grateful sacrifice, to *Jove* is kill'd ;  
 But o'er the *nones* no guardian god presides ;  
 And the next day to *calends*, *nones*, and *ides*,

B 4

Is

67. There was a separate place in the *Campus Martius*, called *Septa*, i. e. *the folds*; where the people were inclosed at the time of elections of *magistrates*, which us'd to be made in this field.

70. This verse is very well explained by the following words in *Macrobius*. "*Rutilius*, says he, informs us, that the *Romans* instituted

their *Nundinae*, that country people, after working for *eight* days together, at their farms, might ev'ry *ninth* day rest from their labour, and come to *Rome* to sell their commodities, and attend the courts of judicature." *Nundinae* is form'd from *nono die*. See his *Saturnal.* lib. 1. cap. 16.

Is *inauspicious* deem'd ; for on those days,  
 The *Romans* suffer'd losses many ways ;  
 And from those *dire events*, in hapless war,  
 Those days *unlucky* nominated are ;  
 Those things once said to *every month* belong,  
 And therefore need not interrupt my song.

80

*Janus* in course, *great prince*, do's first appear,  
 And ominous forebodes a happy year ;  
 Of all the gods above, there's none but he,  
 Who *backwards* can as well as *forwards* see ;  
 Great *Janus* ! O auspiciously espouse  
 The cause of *Cesar*, and of *Cesar's* house ;  
 By whose assiduous toils and just command,  
*Peace* calms the sea, and *plenty* cloathes the land. 90  
 Be kind, O *Janus*, to the *Roman* state,  
 And with thy nod unlock each temple's gate ;

The

78. Such were their losses at the battle of *Cremera*, *Allia*, and *Caudinae*, *Furculae*, &c. But surely the *superstition* of those times was very great, to think, that the anniversary of those days must be unlucky for ever after.

83. The great prince, whom *Ovid* here speaks to, is *Germanicus*, the patron of his poem. As there is great variety of opinions concerning *Janus*, (whom some suppose to be the *Sun* ; others *Jupiter* ;

others *Noah* ; others *Moses*, &c.) which would take up too much of my room to relate, I refer the curious to *Plutarch's Roman questions* ; and the 9th chap. of the 1st book of *Macrobius's Saturnalia*.

92. This does not relate to the opening the gate of his own temple, for that would be a sign of war ; but to those of the other gods, that due worship might be perform'd there on so great a holy-day as was the first of *January*.

The joyous morn appears, let all attend  
 With *silence*, and kind salutations send  
 From house to house ; let rude contention cease,  
 And nought disturb the universal *peace* ;  
*Envy*, the poison of thy tongue restrain,  
 Nor cast on this *white day* a livid stain ;  
 See how in *aether* spicy odours rise,  
 And the *Cilician nard* perfumes the skies ! 100  
 The sacred fires upon the altars blaze,  
 And gilded roofs reverberate the rays ;  
 By people, in their *new attire* array'd,  
 To *Jove's* high tow'rs, the long procession's made ;  
 The *fascēs* *new* precede the splendid line,  
 And the *new consuls* in *new purple* shine ;  
 Fat heifers in the *Tuscan* meadows fed,  
 Before the altars grateful victims bleed ;

And

103. Upon *New-year's* day it was a custom among the *Romans* to appear abroad in their *new cloaths* ; and the *consuls*, entering upon their office that day, went in procession to the capitol, clothed in *purple*, having the *fascēs* carried before them ; the *fascēs* were bundles of *rods*, with an *ax* bound up in the midst of them, so as to appear at the top. A *dictator* had 24 bundles of rods ;

a *consul* 12 ; and a *praetor* 2 ; which were carried before them by so many officers called *lictores*. *Florus* refers the origin of the *fascēs* to *Tarquinius Priscus*, the 5th king of *Rome*. *Plutarch* in his *Roman questions* says, the reason for the *rods* and *axes* was this, that delinquents capable of being reclaimed might only feel the *rod* ; but that the incorrigible, should suffer the stroke of the *ax*.



And far as *Jove* can from his temple see,  
The distant realms, O *Rome*, belong to thee.

110

Hail, *happy day*! and each revolving year,  
More happy to imperial *Rome* appear!  
But say, O *Janus*, how thou cam'st to be;  
(For *Greece* has ne'er a god that's like to thee;)   
Why thou alone of the celestial kind,  
Canst see what is *before*, and what *behind*?

Whilst I sat musing on this theme alone,  
A sudden spreading light around me shone;  
Struck with this *prodigy*, and full of fears,  
Lo! *Janus* with his double face appears!  
I started at the sight; I stood agast;  
And chilly horror fill'd my trembling breast;  
In his right hand a long *battoon* I see,  
And in his left, he grasps a pond'rous *key*.  
When thus he spoke, *pains-taking poet*, hear  
What I shall tell, and lay aside thy fear;  
From immemorial time I have been fam'd,  
But by the first of men was *Chaos* nam'd;

120

Where

125. In the original it is,  
Edidit hos nobis ore priore sonos.  
i. e. He spoke to the poet with that

face which was next to him; which  
is natural enough to suppose, and  
therefore not so circumstantially  
express'd in the translation. But  
what

Where earth, and water, fire, and air abode  
 One vast, confus'd, and indigested load ; 130  
 But not *agreeing* in that mingled mass,  
 Each element assum'd a sep'rate place ;  
 The *fire* rose highest up, and next the *air*,  
 To lower seats the *earth* and *sea* repair ;  
 Then I, who'd been before a shapeless clod,  
 Assum'd the *limbs* and *fashion* of a god.  
 Yet in my *form*, if that you view me round,  
 Of what I was, some *semblance* may be found.

Still with attentive ear observe my speech,  
 Whilst that my various *offices* I teach ; 140  
 Whate'er thou see'st in heav'n, or earth, or sea,  
 I *shut* and *open* with my pow'rful key ;  
 'Tis *Janus*, who the universe controuls,  
 And turns it on the hinges of the *poles*.  
 Throughout the quiet world, whene'er I please,  
 I, from my temple, send delightful *peace* ;  
 But if unlock'd I give a loose to *war*,  
 Then towns in flames, and fields of blood appear.  
 I, o'er th' eternal gates of heav'n preside,  
 And *light* and *darkness*, thro' their courses guide ;

Hence

what a strange monster *Janus* must any other light, than as the *fic-*  
 have been, if we consider him in *tion* of poets ?

Hence *Janus* call'd; for me the *salted cakes*, 151  
 The priest, along with the libation, makes,  
 Would you not smile, to hear him after all,  
 Now me the *op'ner*, now the *shutter* call?  
 But *rude antiquity* did thus declare,  
 In words concise, what my *employments* are.  
 My *pow'rs* explain'd; now to my *fashion* turn,  
 And learn the causes of my wond'rous form;  
 Two sides has ev'ry *door*; one next the *road*,  
 And one within regards the *household-god*; 160  
 And as your *porter* sits before the gate,  
 To see who enters, and goes out thereat;  
 So I, celestial *janitor* on high,  
 Survey the eastern and the western sky;  
 As three-fac'd *Hecate* in public stands,  
 Three prospects o'er three diff'rent roads commands;

So

151. Some derive *Janus* from *Janua*, which signifies a gate; and a little lower he calls himself celestial *Janitor*, or *porter*, who has the care of the gates of heaven. And where he tells us he is called the *opener* and *shutter*, the old Latin words *patulcius* and *clusus*, are more expressive than our English ones; at least they sound better in poetry.

165. *Hecate*, we are told, was the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Lato-na*, or *Ceres*; and because her mother, at her birth, expos'd her in a public road where three ways met, she was worship'd as a deity, that presided over the high-ways; and her statue had *three faces*. Egregious superstition, and blindness!



So I, to lose no time, with *double face*,  
 And neck unmov'd, can look two diff'rent ways;  
 Thus *Janus* spoke, and by a fav'ring nod,  
 Still gave me leave t' interrogate the god. 170  
 I gave him thanks, and with a rev'rent look,  
 Encourag'd by his *nod*, again I spoke.

Say, *Janus*, say, why we *begin* the year  
 In *winter*; sure the *spring* is better far;  
 All things are then *renew'd*; a youthful dress  
 Adorns the flow'rs, and beautifies the trees;  
 New swelling buds appear upon the vine,  
 And *apple-blossoms* round the orchards shine;  
 Birds fill the air with the harmonious lay,  
 And lambkins in the meadows frisk and play; 180  
 The *swallow* then forsakes her *wintry* rest,  
 And in the chimney chatt'ring makes her nest;  
 The fields are then *renew'd*, the plowman's care;  
 Mayn't this be call'd *renewing* of the year?

To

181. 'Tis not yet determined by the inquisitive amongst the learned, where *swallows* go to abide for the winter. Some think they retire to a *warmer* climate; others, that they hide themselves in holes, and caverns in *clusters*, and even at the bottom of lakes and ponds, and there remain in

a state of *insensibility*, till the return of the spring: I am therefore at liberty here to adopt which *hypothesis* I like best; and *Ovid's* words seem to favour the notion I have followed in my translation,  
*Ignorataq; prodit hirundo.*  
*Prodit*, i. e. comes forth; comes out of a place, or appears abroad.

To my long questions *Janus* brief reply'd,  
And his whole answer to two verses ty'd.

The *winter tropic* ends the solar race,  
Which is begun again from the same place;  
And to explain more fully what you crave,  
The *sun*, and *year* the same beginning have. 190

But why on *new-year's-day*, said I again,  
Are suits commenc'd in courts? The reason's plain,  
Reply'd the *god*; that *bus'ness* may be done,  
And active labour emulate the sun,  
With *business* is the year auspiciously begun;  
But ev'ry *artist*, soon as he has try'd  
To work a little, lays his work *aside*.

Then I; but further, *father Janus*, say,  
When to the gods we our devotions pay,  
Why wine, and incense *first* to thee are giv'n? 200  
Because, said he, I keep the *gates* of heav'n;

That

190. If this rule of *Janus's* were observ'd, that the year should begin, when the sun begins to return from the winter *solstitial point*; which is at his entrance into *Capricorn*, it would be on the the twenty-first of our *December*. This indeed would be making the *sun* and *year* have the

same beginning.

197. It seems it was a custom at *Rome* upon new-years-day, for all tradesmen to work *a little* in their business, by way of *omen*; for luck's sake, as we say, that they might have *constant business* all the year after.

That when you the *immortal pow'rs* address,  
 By me to them you may have free access.  
 But why, on new-year's-day are *presents* made,  
 And more than common *salutations* paid?  
 Then, leaning on his staff, the god replies,  
 In all *beginnings* there an *omen* lies;  
 From the *first* word, we guess the whole design,  
 And *augurs*, from the *first*-seen bird, divine;  
 The gods attend to ev'ry mortals pray'r, 210  
 Their ears, and temples always open are.

In terms concise, when thus the *god* had spoke,  
 I soon again the pausing silence broke;  
 What can dry *figs* and *dates*, O *Janus*, mean,  
 That are with *honey* in thy off'ring seen?  
 In these three *sweets* an *omen* does appear,  
 That things may *sweetly* run throughout the year.  
 But that I may the whole completely know,  
 Why is a *piece of money* join'd thereto?  
 At this to laugh, the god could not forbear, 220  
 How ign'rant of the *world*, said he, you are!

For,

203. Some think they see *Moses* here in disguise; because as he was the *mediator* between *God* and the *children of Israel*, so *Janus* here is represented, as if the people could have access to the *gods*, only by his means; for my part I cannot discern likeness enough to make any *comparison* between them.



For, view the present times, or view the past,  
 Of all things *money* has the *sweetest* taste ;  
 So long ago as ancient *Saturn's* reign,  
 Mortals were eager for the *sweets* of gain ;  
 The *love* of which increas'd from day to day,  
 And where 'twill stop, what man, or god can say ?  
*Wealth's* more esteem'd, than 'twas in days of yore,  
 When *Rome* was *new*, and all her people *poor* ;  
 When *Rom'us* liv'd within a house of clay, 230  
 And on a bed of wat'ry rushes lay ;  
 Immortal *Jove* fram'd by a potter's hand,  
 Did in a narrow wooden temple stand ;  
 The *capitol* did only garlands hold,  
 Which blazes now with gems, and burnish'd gold ;  
 The *senators* themselves did careful keep,  
 Each, in the fields, his *little flock* of sheep ;  
 In houses thatch'd with *straw* contented lay,  
 And had no *pillows* but a truss of *hay* ;

And

223. Here is a sort of *punning* upon the word *sweet* ; but I should not have done justice to my *original* if I had neglected to follow my author in his vein of *pleasantry* upon this subject.

230. Tho' *Ovid* seems to ex-

aggerate some things, in this description of the Roman *poverty* and *frugality* ; yet in the early part of their empire, they were very *parimonious* ; many examples may be seen in *Valerius Maximus*, to whom I refer my inquisitive readers.

And he, whose table was adorn'd with *plate*, 240  
 Was deem'd a *criminal* against the *state*;  
*Rome*, from the *plow*, could then a *consul* draw,  
 Train'd up to martial *arms*, and vers'd in *law*.  
 But when that *fortune* rais'd *Rome's* head so high,  
 That her gilt temples touch'd the azure sky,  
 Her *wealth* increas'd, and the increasing store,  
 Made the *possessors* raging mad for more;  
 To *get*, and *spend*, by turns, was all their strife,  
 And *riches* caus'd a carking vicious life;  
 So those who're in a *dropsy*, like to burst, 250  
 The more they swill, the more they are athirst;  
*Wealth's* honour'd now, *wealth* only now is priz'd,  
 And ev'ry where the *poor-man* is despis'd.  
 But further still, to answer your demand,  
 Why only *coin of brass* salutes my hand?  
 Know that *brass money* only pass'd of old,  
 But now a happier *omen's* found in *gold*;

And

240. *Valerius Maximus* relates, that *Fabricius Luscinus* the censor, deprived *Cornelius Rufinus* of a place in the senate, for having silver plate to the weight of ten pounds in his house, which was deem'd a flagrant example of luxury.

256. The coining of *brass* with an impression upon it, is attributed by some to *Janus*, or *Saturn*; but *Pliny* in his *Nat. Hist.* lib. 33. cap. 3. tells us, that *Servius*, (who was the 6th king of *Rome*, and lived near 600 years before the birth

And to prefer the first to this is odd,  
 For *shining grandeur* well becomes a *god*.  
 We ancient *times*, we ancient *manners* praise, 260  
 But use the *present*, more delightful, ways.

Here paus'd the *god*, that bears the *pond'rous key*,  
 And I took courage once again to say,  
 But why has *money*, on one side imprest  
 A *ship*? the other a *two-headed crest*?  
 By this, said he, my *double-face* is shown,  
 Unless by time with rust it's over-grown,  
 And why the other side a *ship* does bear,  
 This story will unfold; the story hear. 269

When that the *god*, who holds the *scythe* of time,  
 Had rov'd obscure thro' many a diff'rent clime;  
 By *Jove* expell'd from heav'n; at last he came  
 By ship, up *Tiber's* hospitable stream;  
 And here, because he long had lain conceal'd,  
 The land from *Saturn* was *Saturnia* call'd,

And

birth of *Christ*) was the first who stamp'd brass money; and that it was a long time after that, before any *silver money* was coin'd at *Rome*.

268. *Ovid* refers the imprinting of a *ship* upon money to the

coming of *Saturn* in a ship up the *Tiber*; but *Plutarch* in his *Roman questions*, queries whether or no it might not be, because the conveniencies of life near home, and riches from abroad, were brought to *Rome* in ships.



And *Latium* ; but the grateful people wou'd,  
 To testify th' arrival of the god,  
 Imprint a *ship* upon the current bras,  
 And on the other side, a *double-face*.

In *Latium* then I bore imperial sway, 280  
 My kingdom near the banks of *Tiber* lay ;  
 The place where *Rome* now stands, and all around,  
 Were stately woods, or open pasture-ground ;  
 My *castle* stood upon a rising hill,  
 Which with my *sacred name* is honour'd still ;  
 Know further, that my gentle reign was when  
 The *gods* convers'd familiarly with men ;  
 For *justice*, which from heav'n deriv'd her birth,  
 Had not forsook the unpolluted earth ;  
 No fear of torture kept the world in awe, 290  
 But men were *just*, and *good*, without a law ;

C 2

I then

276. *Italy* was anciently call'd *Saturnia* from *Saturn* ; and also *Latium*, à *latendo*, because *Saturn* is said to have conceal'd or hid himself in that country, when he fled from *Jupiter*. This is the poetical tradition ; but *Varro* will have it called *Latium* because (*latuerit*) it lay hid as it were between the lofty heads of the *Alps* and *Apennine* hills.

285. The hill *Janiculus*, one of the seven on which *Rome* was built, (as our poet insinuates) was so called from *Janus*. But some suppose it had that name, because it was the *Janua*, or *passage*, by which the people of *Rome* antiently went into *Tuscany*. It is now called *Montorio* i. e. the *Golden-hill*, from the red-shining sand that is found upon it.

I then had nought to do with bloody *war*,  
*Peace*, and the *gates* I kept, devoid of fear;  
 This *staff* and *key*, he *staff* and *key* display'd,  
 Were all the *arms* I wanted then, or had;

Here ceas'd the *God*; but I renew'd my speech,  
 What I shall still request, O *Janus*, teach;  
 Since of thy form here many *statues* be,  
 Why is there *one peculiar* rais'd to thee,  
 Which does within the sacred *temple* stand, 300  
 Where *Rome's* great *forums* join on either hand?

Then stroking his long beard, said, you shall hear,  
 And told the story of the *Sabine* war;  
 How for the bracelets, the *Tarpeian* maid  
 The *capitol* to *Tatius* betray'd;  
 Soon as they did the hill's high summit gain,  
 That looks with *deep descent* into the plain;

T' ap-

301. That is the *Forum Romanum*, and *Forum Boarium*; viz. in that very place, where the hot water sprung up, that put a stop to the *Sabines*. But this would be better understood, by inspecting an exact *plan*, or *map* of the city.

304. This *Tarpeian* maid was the daughter of *Tarpeius* the governor of the *capitol*; she agreed to betray the *capitol* into the hands

of the *Sabine* soldiers on promise, that they would give her what they had on their left arms, meaning their *golden bracelets*; which when she had done, they threw not only their *bracelets*, but also their *shields*, which they had on their left arms, upon her; by which means she was crush'd to death; a just reward of her treachery.

T' approach the *outer-gate*, they made no stay,  
 Whose bolts fly *Juno* had convey'd away;  
 Fearing so great a goddess to oppose, 310  
 To act a crafty *counter-part* I chose,  
 A *secret fountain's* mouth I open'd wide,  
 Whence suddenly there gush'd a floating tide;  
 But first with *sulphur* I inflam'd the source,  
 That the hot stream might stop the *Sabines* course;  
 Who thus repuls'd by my immediate aid,  
 The water in its *wonted channel* stray'd;  
 And where the op'ning fountain first appear'd,  
 To me their *succourer* was an altar rear'd,  
 On which a *mingled cake*, with rich perfumes, 320  
 The fire, in holy sacrifice, consumes.

But why's thy temple *shut*, said I, in *peace*,  
 And *open* till all *war* and bloodshed cease?

C 3

My

309. *Juno* is suppos'd to carry her resentment on account of the judgment of *Paris*, towards the descendants of the *Trojans* for many ages; thus she is represented here as an assistant of the *Sabines* to gain the *capitol* out of the power of the *Romans*, who derived their pedigree from *Aeneas* the son of *Venus*, and *Anchises* the Trojan.

320. This *mingled cake*, in the original, is called *strues*, which properly denotes a *pile or stack of wood*, but in this borrowed sense, it signifies an *offering*, where several things were mix'd and heap'd up together, in the form of a great cake.

323. The poet's words are, *Motisque recluderis armis*; i. e. *Thou art*



My temple's gates in *war*, the god reply'd,  
 Unlock'd, and *open* stand, on ev'ry side;  
 That such as from the *camp* return unslain,  
 May hospitably be receiv'd again;  
 In times of gen'ral *peace*, they're bolted fast,  
 And now, long now, such *happy times* shall last.

He spoke; and lifting up his awful eyes, 339  
 With which he *forwards*, and he *backwards* sees;  
 Around the spacious earth, a look he threw,  
 And all was *peace* in his extended view,  
 Accept, *Germanicus*, the grateful lay,  
 The *Rhine* has yielded to thy pow'rful sway;  
 The conquer'd nations thy grand *triumph* grace,  
 And are fore-runners of the *times of peace*.

Now hear me, *Janus*, hear thy poet's pray'r!  
 And length of days on our *great chiefs* confer;

That

*art set open with shaken arms.* This alludes to a custom among the *Romans*; the chief commander, after war was proclaimed against any people, went into the temple of *Mars*, and first shook the *ancilia*, i. e. the sacred shields, and then the spear that was in the hand of his statue, with this expression, *Mars, wigila*; O *Mars*, awake!

334. *Germanicus* had lately a

triumph decreed for his victories over some *German* states, that inhabited near the *Rhine*; but it is a strain of flattery to insinuate, that the *Romans* had then compleated all their wars, and that the temple of *Janus* was shut up.

339. *Ovid* says *pacis ministros*, i. e. the procurers of peace; by whom doubtless are meant, *Augustus*, *Tiberius*, and *Germanicus*.

That so the *happy peace*, which they begun, 340  
May firmly last, eternal as the sun!

And on *this day*, as old memoirs relate,  
Two temples were erected by the state;  
Upon that little isle, in *Tiber's* flood,  
Each dedicated to a diff'rent god;  
To *Æsculapius* one, and one to *Jove*;  
Their temples join, an emblem of their love.

*Part* of my promise, in harmonious strains  
Is now perform'd, and *part* unsung remains;  
To tell when *constellations* set, or rise, 350  
When sink beneath the earth, or gild the skies.  
Happy the men! who made the first essay,  
And to *celestial regions* found the way!  
No earthly *vices* clogg'd their purer souls,  
That they could soar so high to touch the *poles*;  
Sublime their *thoughts*, and from pollution clear,  
*Bacchus*, and *Venus*, held no revels there;

C 4

From

342. On *this day*, i. e. on the first of January; but the situation of this little island in the *Tiber* is best understood by consulting the plan of *old Rome*.

352. The *poet* is very particular, in these ten or twelve lines, in enumerating the qualifications of a

mind dedicated to study, and particularly that of *astronomy*; which to be sure requires an intense application, and an abstraction from the grosser pleasures of sense, as much as any *science* whatsoever. *Ovid* seems to have consider'd the study of *Astronomy* as a religious affair.

From vain *ambition* free; no love of *war*  
 Possess'd their minds, nor *wranglings* at the bar;  
 No glaring *grandeur* captivates their eyes, 360  
 For such see greater glory in the *skies*;  
 Thus these to *heav'n* attain, and not like you,  
 Proud fools! who *Ossa* on *Olympus* threw,  
 And *Pelion* upon that, which after all  
 Caus'd but your greater and more *shameful* fall;  
 From *these* I also trace the starry way,  
 And when they *rise*, or *set*, declare the day.

The *third* of *January* thus we view  
 The setting of the *crab*: before the dew  
 Is by the sun exhal'd, his *claws* are lost 370  
 Beneath the ocean, on the western coast.  
 Now come the *Nones*, when that the rising *lyre*  
 Drives thro' the dusky clouds a smoking show'r.

Four days from thence the *Agonals* are play'd,  
 And sacrifices are to *Janus* made;

Of

363. This war of the *giants* against the *gods*, is described with its consequences, by our *poet*, in the first book of his *metamorphoses*: *Olympus*, and *Pelion*, and *Ossa* are high mountains in *Thessaly*.

372. *Lyra*, or the *lyre*, is a constellation in the northern hemi-

sphere, consisting, (according to the *Britannic catalogue*) of nineteen stars; the rising of this constellation is suppos'd to be attended with *stormy* and *rainy* weather.

374. The *Agonalia*, a festival of the *Romans*, in honour of *Janus* (or, as others say, of *Agonius* their god  
 of



Of this great festival perhaps the name,  
 From what the *girded priest* repeated, came ;  
 For while with sharpen'd knife, and rising hand,  
 He waited for the ultimate command,  
 Before he struck, *now shall I strike?* he cry'd, 380  
 And then the knife in purple gore he dy'd ;  
 But some derive it from a diff'rent source,  
 Because, say they, the victim's *dragg'd* by force,  
 To bloody slaughter, so the feast we name,  
 And from *Aguntur*, *Agonalia* frame ;  
 Some think, the ancients had a *lamb* in view,  
 And so from *Agnus* their *Agnalia* drew ;  
 Others, who fond of *Grecian* learning are,  
 Derive it from a verb denoting *fear* ;  
 For o'er the water when the victim's laid, 390  
 And sees his murd'rer, *is he not afraid?*  
 Others, from ancient festivals in *Greece*,  
 Think they perceive the foll'wing rise of this ;

But

of business) was held on the ninth day of this month. *Ovid* recites several *etymologies* of this word, which shows that the *Romans* themselves did not know which was the truest. Some derive it from *agon*? i. e. *shall I strike?* Others from *ago*, i. e. *I drive forcibly*. O-

thers from *Agnus* a lamb, thence making *Agnalia*, and by an epenthesis of the letter *o* *Agonalia*. Others from the Greek verb *ἀγωνία*, *I am afraid*. Others from *ἄγων*, a trial of skill in public exercises, But *Ovid* sums up all with his own opinion in line 396.

But their *conjecture* seems to me the best  
 Who say that men, in days of yore, exprest  
 All cattle by *Agonia*; hence the name  
 Of *Agonalia*, feasts to *Janus* came,  
 For on that day the priest must sacrifice a *ram*.

As by the *victor*'s hand the vanquish'd die,  
 So *victim* we to butcher'd sheep apply; 400  
 In *hostile* war because our en'mies fall,  
 The slaughter'd beast from thence we *hostia* call.

At first the gods were reconcil'd to man,  
 With *salt* and *flour*, an offering in a pan;  
 No trading ship, with aromatics fraught,  
 Had yet to *Rome* the costly *incense* brought;  
 The Indian *costus*, and Arabian *myrrh*,  
 With the red *crocus*, then were strangers here;  
*Savine* was *incense*, in those frugal days,  
 With crackling laurel to augment the blaze; 410  
 And

399. *Ovid* here derives *victima*. a victim from *vinco*, I overcome, and *hostia* a sacrifice, from *hostis* an enemy; but others form this latter word from the obsolete verb *hostire*, i. e. to strike. It is difficult to keep up the spirit of poetry, in treating of these *etymologies* in verse.

407. *Costus* is an aromatic shrub; *Pliny* writes thus of it; *Radix costi*

*gustu fervens, odore eximio*. *Pomet* tells us, that as *Costus* grows in different parts of the world, it is often different in figure, colour, and smell.

408. *Crocus* is the Latin name of *Saffron*, the best of which, in our age, is confessedly that which grows in *England*.

409. *Savine* was us'd by the an-

And he, that could the garland on his head  
 With *violets* deck, was reckon'd *rich* indeed.  
 The *knife*, that now in victim's blood is dy'd,  
 To *sacred uses* then was not apply'd;  
*Swine* first destroy'd the *corn*, and for the deed  
 By vengeful *Ceres* first were doom'd to bleed;  
 Examining her crops in spring, she found  
 The delving *bog* had rooted up the ground;  
 The *bog* was kill'd; from his example fear,  
 O *goat*, to browse the leafy vine forbear; 420  
 For once, as *one* beheld the browsing thief,  
 He utter'd thus, in loud exclaim, his grief;  
*Goat*, gnaw the vine, but yet the time will come,  
 When it shall triumph at thy fatal doom;  
 Prophetic were the words; slain for thy guilt,  
 Upon thy horns, O *goat*, the wine was spilt.

The

ancients in their religious offerings, before the use of *frankincense* was found out, or prevail'd in the world. Thus *Virgil*, in his *Culex*, says,

*Herbag; thuris opes priscis imitata  
 Sabina.*

415. From this place it appears, that the *Romans* had a tradition, that *swine* were the first animals that were offer'd in sacrifice; *Varro* asserts the same; but according

to holy writ, the first living creatures that were sacrific'd, were the *sheep* or *goats* which *Abel* offer'd.

426. It was a solemn custom among the *Romans*, when a victim was brought to be killed, for the priest to pour what was left of the *libation wine* between the horns of the beast, while some one said with a loud voice, *Macta est hostia*, i. e. the victim is now fit to be slain.



The *hog* thus suffer'd for his impious fau't,  
 And for his mischief the lascivious *goat* ;  
 But can we *oxen*, bad, or impious call ?  
 And why must harmless *lambs* a victim fall ? 430

When *Aristaeus* mourn'd his loss of *bees*,  
 And the dead swarms upon the honey sees ;  
 The *mother* fought to give her *son* relief,  
 And thus in pitying accents sooth'd his grief ;  
 Son, cease to mourn ; the loss thou dost sustain,  
 By *Proteus*' means shall be repair'd again ;  
 But lest, with *various shapes*, he should devise  
 T' escape thy force, or to deceive thy eyes,  
 Be sure his hands with able cords to chain,  
 The wish'd-for *secret* then he'll soon explain ; 440

He

131. *Aristaeus* is generally supposed to be the son of *Apollo*, and the nymph *Cyrene*, the daughter of the river *Peneus*. This story is told with a greater variety of circumstances by *Virgil*, in the last book of his *Georgics* ; but it is observable, that the poet there makes *Cyrene*, and not *Proteus* as here, give *Aristaeus* advice, how to repair the loss of his bees, from the dead carcase of a bullock. The ancients were generally persuaded of the truth of this experiment ; thus *Pliny* says, *Amissus* (*Apes*) re-

*parari ventribus bubulis recentibus cum fimo obrutis*. Nay, they held, that other insects were generated the same way, in other animals. *Nicander* has this verse,

Ἰσπτοὶ δὲ σφηκῶν γίνεσις ταύροι δι  
 μελισσῶν

i. e. *Wasps* are generated from (dead) *horses*, as *bees* from *bulls*. But this notion is quite contrary to the *maxims* of the modern philosophy, which maintains, that nothing can be generated merely from putrefaction.

He fought the *god*, the myst'ry to explore,  
 Whom fast asleep he found upon the shore;  
 With *various cords* his useless arms he ties,  
 But soon the god his wonted *magic* tries;  
 From form to form he chang'd; yet at the last,  
 The active *youth*, unweary'd chain'd him fast;  
 Then lifting up his water-dropping head,  
 To *Aristaeus* thus he calmly said;

Since of thy *loss of bees* thou dost complain,  
 Hear how that *loss* may be repair'd again; 450  
 The *carcase of an ox* hide in the ground,  
 And what thou ask'st of me will there be found;  
 With what the *god* commands, the *youth* complies,  
 And from the carcase *swarms of bees* arise;  
 You see the reason of the *boon* implor'd,  
 For one life lost, a thousand are restor'd.

Are *oxen* sacrific'd? So *sheep* must die;  
 'Tis worth your while to learn the reason why;  
 They rashly cropp'd the *vervain* as it grew,  
*Vervain*, that to th' immortal gods was due, 460 }  
 Which pious dames of old did on their *altars* strew; }  
 What

459. *Vervain* is an herb, that their religious ceremonies, adorning  
 was held in great esteem amongst their altars therewith, and some-  
 the ancient *Romans*, not only in times burning it instead of frank-  
 in-

What then is safe, that grazes in the mead?  
 Since useful *kine*, and harmless *sheep* must bleed;  
 A *horse* the *Persians* for his swiftness slay,  
 A victim to the speedful god of day;  
 To save a virgin of *Diana's* train,  
 A guiltless *deer*, in sacrifice, was slain;  
 And that revengeful *goddeſs* to appease,  
*Dogs* are a frequent offering made in *Thrace*;  
 But that all juſt demands may be fulfill'd, 470  
 The ſluggiſh *aſs* to *Priapus* is kill'd;  
 Of whom a *ſtory's* told, jocoſe and odd,  
 But vaſtly ſuitable to ſuch a god.

When *Greece* once celebrated *Bacchus'* feaſt,  
 In honour of his triumphs in the *eaſt*;  
 Thither reſorted from th' *Arcadian* plains,  
 The jovial rural gods, and merry ſwains;

*Pan,*

*incenſe*, but alſo in *civil affairs*; eſpecially when they eſtabliſhed leagues with their allies, or declared war againſt their enemies.

466. *Iphigenia*, the daughter of *Agamemnon*, was to have been ſacrificed, but *Diana* pitying her, put a *hart* in her place, and took the young lady to be her *prieſteſs*.

468. That *goddeſs* i. e. *Diana*,

or the *moon*, called *Trivia* here in the original; *Ovid* ſays, he himſelf ſaw dogs ſacrific'd to the *moon* in *Thrace*. *Ovid* had travelled in his young time, both as a *ſoldier* and a *ſcholar*.

471. The ſtatue of *Priapus* (who is ſaid to be the ſon of *Bacchus* and *Venus*) us'd to be plac'd by the *Romans*, at the entrance into their gar-



*Pan*, sylvan *satyrs*, goddesses of woods,  
 And *nymphs* inhabiting the crystal floods;  
 Here old *Silenus* on his ass appears, 480  
 And *he* who birds from fruitful orchards scares;  
 Who gather'd all to a delightful place,  
 And feasted jocund, sitting on the grass;  
*Bacchus* afforded wine in plenteous store,  
 And on their heads they flow'ry garlands wore;  
 Some of the *Naiads* tresses artless were,  
 And some were deck'd with diligence and care;  
 One, with a spritely air, tucks up her *cloaths*,  
 Another does a beauteous *breast* expose;  
 By this a naked taper *arm* is shown, 490  
 And that, in a long vestment, sweeps the lawn;  
*Pan*, and the *Satyrs*, burn'd with am'rous fire,  
 Nor could *Silenus* check his fond desire;

Old

gardens, in a very obscene attitude,  
 to fright away the birds, and  
 be a protection against thieves; a  
 strange mixture of *ignorance* and  
*pagan superstition*!

480. *Silenus* is reputed the foster-  
 father, and pedagogue of *Bacchus*;  
 usually represented as an old, tun-  
 bellied, drunken fellow, riding up-  
 on an ass.

486. The *naïds* were a sort of  
 heathen female divinities, suppos'd  
 to preside over, and dwell in ri-  
 vers, and fountains. The name  
 is deriv'd from *ναίω*, I *flow* or  
*swim*; or *ναίω*, I *inhabit*.

492. *Pan* is not express'd by  
 name here in the original; but he  
 is plainly design'd by these words

---Qui

Old as he was, the letcher would renew  
 Those pleasures, which in youthful days he knew ;  
 But of the nymphs in all that lovely train,  
 Fair *Lotis* gave the garden-god most pain ;  
 With her inflam'd, for her he sighs alone ;  
 By nods, and signs, and makes his passion known ;  
 But pride and haughtiness attend the fair, 500  
 Thus, she despis'd him with a scornful air.  
 Toil'd with the gamesome pleasures of the feast,  
 The night came on, and all retir'd to rest ;  
 All o'er the copse they diff'rent places chose,  
 And laid them down to take their soft repose ;  
*Lotis* the last beneath a maple's shade,  
 Upon the ground, reclin'd her drowsy head ;  
 Her Lover rose about the dead of night,  
 Who holding in his breath, and treading light,

Came

---*Qui pinu tempora nexa geris*, i. e. Thou, who a garland of the pine-tree wear'st. The pine-tree was sacred to *Pan* ; thus *Propertius* says---*Arcadio pinus amata Deo*.

497. *Lotis*, as our author tells us, in the ninth book of his *metamorphoses*, was a nymph, that was changed into the *lotos-tree*, upon her endeavouring to avoid an at-

tempt made upon her chastity by *Priapus*. He says nothing of this transformation here. In the month of *June*, the poet relates a frolick like this, design'd by *Priapus* ; but there *Vesta*, and not *Lotis*, was the object of his lascivious desires.

508. Her lover, meaning *Priapus* ; it is indeed in the original *surgit*

Came softly to the place where *Lotis* slept, 510  
 And all the way the utmost stillness kept;  
 He lays him gently down by *Lotis*' side,  
 Her eyes the *god of sleep* had firmly ty'd;  
 Flush'd now with *joy*, to greater he prepares,  
 And boldly with his hand her cov'ring rears;  
 When lo! *Silenus*' ass, with sudden bray,  
 Stopt short the *lecher*, in his wanton way;  
 The *nymph* affrighted struggled from his arms,  
 And with her cries the sleeping crowd alarms;  
 In form obscene, *Priapus* stood confest, 520  
 By moon-light, to the giggling *nymphs* a jest;  
 The *ass* was kill'd, because he bray'd aloud,  
 A grateful victim to the *garden-god*.

Time was, when that the *feather'd race* could rove  
 From tree to tree, in safety thro' the grove;  
 A chearful, innocent, and tuneful throng,  
 The *grove* resounded with their warbling song;  
 Their *eggs* they hatch'd with their soft-feather'd breasts,  
 And careful fed their *young-ones* in their nests;

All

*furgit amans*, which I translate term much too soft for the inten-  
 word for word, tho' I think the tion.

D



All this was disregarded, when 'twas found, 530  
 What birds pronounce has *aug'ry* in the sound;  
 And true it is; for *soaring* thro' the air,  
 They oft the *mind of gods* to men declare;  
 Some by their *chirping*, some by *flight* of wing,  
 To mortals they celestial knowledge bring;  
 For this the *gods* demand in sacrifice  
 The *liv'r* and *heart* of ev'ry bird that flies;  
 For this the *dove*, whom her fond part'ner mourns,  
 With grateful smoke on *Venus' altar* burns;  
*Geese*, that did once preserve the *Roman* state, 540  
 By the *Egyptian* priests are doom'd to fate;

The

531. *Augury* was a science in great repute among the *Romans*; there was a college of augurs at *Rome*, the members of which were usually men of wealth, learning, and experience; they were consulted, not only by private persons, but also in emergencies of state. It is strange, that such *salacious pretensions* to a knowledge, that could be gain'd from the voice or flight of birds, or the inspection of the entrails of beasts, could be maintain'd so long as they were, among so wise and knowing a people as the *Romans*; but the wonder vanishes when we

consider, that the generality of mankind, even in these more enlightened ages, is still fond of omens and presages of all kinds. *Judicial astrology*, within these two past centuries, was as much in vogue in many states of *Christendom*, as ever *augury* was at *Rome*.

540. When the *Gauls* besieg'd the *capitol*, they had like to have taken it one moon-light night, by climbing up the hill so privately and silently, that the *guards* did not observe them, had not the gagging of some *geese* awak'd *Manlius*, who had the defence of it. *Florus* says it was, *clangore anseris*, the

The *cock* is sacrific'd to *sable night*,  
Because he invokes the morning light.

'Tis now the *dolphin* rising mounts the sky;  
Forsakes his wat'ry course, to shine on high!

The following day brings *midwinter* on,  
One *half* is yet to come, and *half* is gone.

Next morn, when quitting old *Titonus'* bed,  
*Aurora* gilds the sky with blushing red;  
She sees th' *Arcadian* goddess' annual feast;  
The self same day was *Turnus'* sister plac'd  
Within her sacred temple; where the field  
Do's for the priests the *virgin water* yield;  
Who can th' *occasions* of these feasts declare,  
And what their rise, and first beginnings were?

## D 2

## How

the cry of *one goose* only; but *Livy* tells us, they were *geese*, that were consecrated to *Juno*; and that they made a noise with clapping their wings also, which awaked *Manlius* the governor.

546. Our poet here places *midwinter* on the tenth day of *January*; but some other ancient writers, as *Columella*, &c. make *midwinter* fall on the fourth day of this month.

550. The *Arcadian* goddess; i. e.

*Carmenta* the mother of *Evander*; whose story the poet is going to relate. Her feast, called *Carmen-talia*, was celebrated the 11th of this month.

551. *Juturna* was *Turnus'* sister, of whom the reader may find many things said in the 12th book of *Virgil's* *Eneid*; explanatory of her character.

553: There was a spring in the *Campus Martius*, called the *Virgin spring*; from which the priests used

to

How shall I pass this *dark* and *dubious* way,  
 Or, who can guide me through this tractless sea?  
 Do thou, *Carmenta*, give me this to know,  
 That, in full light, I may thy *honours* show.

*Arcadia* was, (if we may credit fame) 560  
 Before the *moon*, so call'd from *Arcas'* name;  
 Here once *Evander* reign'd, both great and good,  
 And by his parentage of noble blood;  
 But from his *mother* had the most renown,  
 Who as a *prophetess* was better known;  
 Her breast with holy inspiration fill'd,  
 She *future things* oraculous reveal'd;  
 By *vision* she foresaw seditions spring,  
 That would in time, she said, dethrone the king;  
 The fact so prov'd; *she*, and her *son* were sent, 570  
 By raging *factions* into banishment;

With

to fetch water for *sacred uses*, in their temples.

561. *Hyginus* informs us, that *Arcas* was the son of *Jupiter* and *Calisto*, the daughter of *Lycaon*. The *Arcadians* boasted, that they were more ancient than the *moon*; probably because their country was inhabited long before the adjacent parts. Some suppose, it

was because their year consisted but of three months, before the *lunar year* was established in *Greece*. *Eustathius*, on the 605th verse of the 2d book of the *Iliad*, has this remark, Προσιληιοι λεγεται οι Αρκαδες δια την παννυκτηος αρχαιοτητα. i. e. The *Arcadians* are called *Pro-selenioi*, because of the great antiquity of that nation.



With grief the *king*, in spite of all his pains,  
 Was forc'd to leave his dear *Arcadian* plains;  
 To sooth his grief his *mother* fondly try'd,  
 Take courage, *son*, and cease to mourn, she cry'd;  
 Yield not they heart a prey to dastard *fear*,  
 But what the *gods* decree, with *patience* bear;  
 Not for thy *crimes* this punishment is giv'n,  
 But 'tis the sacred will, and pow'r of heav'n;  
 From *guilt*, in all misfortunes, to be free, 580  
 Is what a prudent man would wish to be;  
*Guilt* causes fear; but the upright in heart  
 Feel secret *pleasure*, where the wicked *smart*;  
 Nor think, *my son*, thy punishment so fore,  
 Fam'd *chiefs* have often suffer'd *this*, and more;  
*Cadmus* was banish'd, with his faithful band,  
 And exiles settled in a foreign land;  
 What various dangers *Tydeus* underwent,  
 When banish'd for no *wilful bad intent*?

D 3

What

586. *Cadmus*, the son of *Agenor*, king of *Phoenicia*, was ordered by his father, to go in quest of his sister *Europa*; and as he could not find her, he durst not return home again, and therefore remained as a *banished-man* in a foreign country.

588. *Tydeus* was the son of *Oeneus* king of *Caledonia*, who having slain his brother *Menalippus* unawares, as they were hunting; (as *Hyginus* tells us) was forc'd to fly for safety to *Adrastus* king of the *Argives*.

What lands did *Jason*, and what seas explore, 590  
 Before he could regain his native shore?  
 Thro' whatsoever regions, he may roam,  
 The *brave advent'rer* thinks himself at home;  
 A cit'zen of the world he ranges free,  
 As *birds* possess the air, and *fish* the sea;  
 Nor does tempestuous weather always last,  
 A *calm* succeeds, when that the *storm* is past;  
 Tho' now, *my son*, the *winter* presses hard,  
 A *summer* comes, that will thy toils reward.

By this confirm'd, *Evander* plows the sea, 600  
 And to *Hesperia* cuts his liquid way;  
 When, by his mother's care, he thither came,  
 He forc'd his ship up *Tiber's* muddy stream;  
 Soon as he reach'd the place where *Rome* now stands,  
 And awful all the conquer'd globe commands;  
*Carmenta* view'd the shore with wishful eye,  
 And only a few shepherds *but*s could spy;  
 When wildly starting up with flowing hair,  
 She would no further let the *pilot* steer;

*Evander*

590. The story of *Jason*, and his expedition to *Colchis*, along with the *Argonauts*, to fetch the golden fleece, is too well known to be enlarged upon here.

601. *Hesperia* was an ancient name of *Italy*, so called from *Hesperus* the son of *Iapetus*, who being an exile came and settled there, soon after *Noah's flood*.

*Evander* scarce could hold her with his hand, 610  
 From jumping, with a bound, upon the strand;  
 For stretching out her arms in *frantic* mood,  
 She stamp'd upon the deck, and cry'd aloud;  
 All hail, ye *gods* of this long-glorious place,  
 A land that shall produce a *godlike* race;  
 All hail, ye fountains, hospitable floods,  
 And *goddesses* of silver streams, and woods;  
 O be propitious to my son, and me,  
 Whom wand'ers you receive, and strangers see;  
 Lo! I behold, in *future times*, appear, 620  
 A most renown'd, and pop'lous city here;  
 Where now those *buts*, high *palaces* shall stand,  
 Those *hills* shall all the conquer'd world command;  
*Dardanian* ships their course shall hither steer,  
 And here a *queen* shall cause a bloody war;  
 Dear *Pallas*! why in arms art thou array'd?  
 Yet nobly slain I see thy destin'd shade;

D 4

Troy,

624. *Dardanian ship*, i. e. the  
*Trojan* fleet, under the conduct of  
*Aeneas*, who coming into *Italy*, (af-  
 ter a bloody war with *Turnus* king  
 of the *Rutuli*) married *Lavinia*, the  
 daughter of king *Latins*, and suc-  
 ceeded him in his kingdom. This  
 was about fifteen hundred years

Before the birth of *Christ*, near to  
 the time that *Sampson* was judge in  
*Israel*.

626. This *Pallas* was a descen-  
 dant from *Evander*, who assisting  
*Aeneas* in his war with the *Rutuli*,  
 was slain by *Turnus*. See the tenth  
 book of *Virgil's* *Eneid*.



*Troy*, tho' destroy'd, shall glorious rise again,  
 And well revenge her sons that *Greece* has slain;  
 Tho' *Pergamus* consum'd in ruin lies, 630  
 More *lofty tow'rs* shall from her *ashes* rise;  
 The *Trojan gods*, and *fire* upon his back,  
*Æneas* brings; those gods, O *Vesta*, take;  
 The time will come, when *one* shall them adore,  
 Yet rule the world with more than *human pow'r*;  
*Him*, and his *godlike race* of potent sway,  
 Shall distant realms, to distant times, obey;  
 The *son*, and *grand-son*, of celestial mind,  
 Shall bright examples be to human-kind;  
 And as I then a *goddess* shall be deem'd, 640  
 So *Livia* must in future be esteem'd.  
 With this, she set her foot upon the shore,  
 The *inspiration* ceas'd, and said no more.  
 The exil'd hero thus, on *Latian* ground,  
 A happy exit to his troubles found;

Soon

634. This prophecy relates to *Julius Caesar*, who was the first emperor of *Rome*, and *Pontifex Maximus*; and at last deify'd.

638. The son is *Tiberius*, and the grandson *Germanicus*, whom *Augustus Caesar* caus'd *Tiberius* to

adopt. How ill *Tiberius* deserv'd the compliment here paid him, they who read his life writ by *Suetonius*, will readily judge.

641. *Livia* was the wife of *Augustus Caesar*; it must have been a strain of flattery, and meer guess-work

Soon were new houses built upon the strand,  
*Evander's* state increas'd by just command,  
 And none more *potent* grew than he throughout the  
 land.

When *Hercules* had all his labours past,  
 He here from *Spain* his oxen brought at last; 650  
 And while *Evander's* house he made his home,  
 Thro' the wide pastures did his oxen roam;  
 One morn, when the *Tirynthian hero* rose,  
 And to recount his numerous cattle goes,  
 Two *steers* he found were wanting in the whole,  
 Which *Cacus*, a notorious thief, had stole;  
 And to deceive th' inquiring searcher's ken,  
 Had dragg'd them *backwards* to his horrid den;  
 This *Cacus*, was the pest of all the place,  
 Huge in his stature, and of dreadful face; 660

A

work in *Ovid* to say, that *Livia* should be deem'd a *goddess*; yet we are told, that she had divine honours paid her, by the emperor *Claudius*, long after *Ovid's* death.

653. *Hercules* was called *Tirynthian* from *Tiryns*, or *Tiryntha*, a town in *Peleponnesus* near to *Argos*, where it is said *Hercules* was brought up, being the birth-place of his mother *Alcmena*.

656. Some derive the name *Cacus* from the *Greek* word *κακός*, which signifies *bad* or *wicked*; he is generally reputed to be the son of *Vulcan* by the poets, but historians say he was a rogue of a servant that once belong'd to *Evander*; the first supposition serves to embellish a fable, but the latter looks more like truth.

A monster, that real terror cou'd inspire  
 In stoutest hearts, and *Vulcan* was his fire.  
 Deep in a hollow rock he had his den,  
 Remote from any intercourse with men;  
 Before his gate hung mangled limbs around,  
 And bones of murder'd strangers strew'd the ground;  
 But now as *Herc'les* to depart prepares,  
 The distant lowing of his kine he hears;  
 Ho! are you there? I know your call, he said,  
 And chafing to the place he tends with speed; 670  
 With pond'rous stones, the thief had barr'd his gate;  
 Ten yoke of oxen scarce could move the weight;  
 But he that *beav'n* once on his shoulders bore,  
 From the vast gate the barricado tore;  
 When down it fell, sky echo'd back the sound,  
 And like an earthquake trembling shook the ground,

Cæus

661. A monster indeed; *Pro-*  
*percius* says he had three mouths,  
 and could speak with them all;

*Per tria partitos qui dabat ora sonos.*

See a further description of him,  
 and this story related, with vary-

ing circumstances, in the eighth  
 book of *Virgil's* *Eneid*.

673. *Hercules* is said to have  
 supported heaven on his shoulders,  
 to ease *Atlas*; this *Atlas* was king  
 of *Mauritania*; and some think,  
 that because *Hercules* learn'd astro-

nomy



*Cacus* at first on the defensive stood,  
 And fought his foe with stones and logs of wood ;  
 But when he saw no good success from force,  
 He to his *father's arts* had swift recourse ; 680  
 Forth from his mouth long flames of fire he pours,  
 And like *Typhœus*, under *Aetna* roars ;  
 Thro' fire and smoke, a push *Alcides* made,  
 And aim'd his knotty club at *Cacus'* head ;  
 Soon with redoubled blows the monster fell,  
 Who vomiting his blood, with horrid yell,  
 And welt'ring in a stream of squalid gore,  
 He fetch'd a dreadful groan, and rose no more.

One of the steers the victor instant slew,  
 A sacrifice to *Jupiter* ; and you, 690  
*Evander's* subjects, to the feast invites,  
 To be partakers in the sacred rites ;  
 And to be rear'd, that altar he commands,  
 Which now in the *Boarian market* stands ;

Car-

mony of him, and assisted him in his calculations, this fable had its rise from thence ; meer conjectures.

682. A monstrous giant, who (as fables relate) fought against the gods, and whom *Jupiter* at length struck down with thun-

der-bolts, and laid under Mount *Aetna*, in *Sicily*.

694. The Forum Boarium, or the beast-market was a noted market-place in *Rome*, in which the altar here mention'd was called *Ara Maxima*.

*Carmenta* then foretold the time drew nigh,  
 That *Hercules*, tho' son of *Jove*, must die,  
 And, leaving *earth*, resume his native *sky*;  
 And as she did herself the *gods* revere,  
 By them belov'd, she's made a *goddess* here;  
 A *goddess* she has been for ages past,  
 And on *this day* we celebrate her *feast*.

700

The *ides* to *Jove* a festival we keep,  
 To whom is sacrific'd a *weather-sheep*;  
 On which auspicious day it was decreed  
 Thy *grandfire* should, for one immortal deed,  
 Be call'd *Augustus*; to the *Roman state*,  
 He freely yielded, what was *his* by *fate*;  
 Look round thy *spacious court*, and there behold  
 The *busts* of thy—great ancestors of old;  
 There wilt thou see, *Germanicus*, the name  
 Of such as gain'd by *war* eternal fame,  
 No *family* but thine can boast the same.

709

From

701. On this day, *i. e.* on the 11th of *January*, the *Carmentalia*, or festival of *Carmenta* was celebrated, as mentioned in the notes above.

703. *A weather sheep*; in the original it is *seminaris ovis*. Our au-

thor, verse 73d of this book, tells us, a *white she lamb*, (*alba agna*) was us'd to be sacrific'd to *Jupiter*, on the day of the *ides*.

705. The poet here speaks to *Germanicus*; after the death of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, and the temple of

of

From *Africa*, from *Asia*, and from *Crete*,  
 Thou wilt the glorious, conquering *heroes* meet ;  
 Some from *Numantia*, from *Sicilia* some  
 Triumphal laurels brought to potent *Rome* ;  
 To *Drusus* a bright name the *Rhine* procur'd,  
 But soon, alas, his *glory* was obscur'd !  
 If *Caesar* names from all *subdu'd* receive,  
 He must an endless roll of *titles* have ; 720  
 One from a *crow*, another from a *chain*,  
 Did much-renown'd and lasting honour gain ;  
 Great was thy name, O *Pompey*, great in war,  
 But he, that conquer'd thee, was *greater* far ;  
 But none excell'd the *Fabii* in fame,  
 Illustrious by their birth, and *great* their name ;  
 All

of *Janus* was shut up, (there being a general peace throughout the Roman empire,) *Caesar Octavianus* deliver'd up the empire into the hands of the *senate* ; who thereupon unanimously agreed to give him the glorious title of *Augustus*. This was on the *ides*, or the 13th day of *January* (as our author asserts) in the 726th year of *Rome*, and 27 years before the birth of *Christ*.

713. *Germanicus's* ancestors here hinted at, are *Scipio Africanus*, *Pub. Servilius Isauricus* ; *Q. Me-*

*tellus Creticus* ; *Scipio Aemil. Numan-*  
*tinus* ; *Val. Max. Messala*.

717. This *Drusus* was the brother of *Tiberius*, and father of *Germanicus* ; he died in a battle fought by the *Romans* against the *Germans*, between the river *Sala*, and the *Rhine*.

721. *Max. Valerius* was surnam'd *Corvinus*, from *corvus*, a crow or raven ; and *Manlius* was surnam'd *Torquatus* from *Torquis*, an ornamental chain for the neck ; see the stories of them both told at large,  
 in



All these with *titles merely human* shine,  
 But *Caesar*, *Jove's* high name is join'd to thine;  
*Augustus* is a word that does denote  
 Whate'er *majestic* or *divine* is thought;  
 All *sacrifices* are divine decreed,  
 And *temples*, where those sacrifices bleed;  
 On the same *root* our *augury* depends  
 And whatso'er *Jove* by his pow'r defends.  
 May he preserve thee, *Caesar*, to our states,  
 And may *oak-garlands* ever guard thy gates;  
 And may thy *heir* succeed thy happy reign,  
 And *weight* of ruling *all the world* sustain.

730

When from the *ides* a middle day is past,  
 Th' *Arcadian* goddess has another feast;  
 In former times, th' *Ausonian* ladies rode  
 In specious chariots, when they went abroad;

740

That

in the 9th book of *Au. Gellius's Noctes Atticae*.

736. Among the *Romans*, he that sav'd a citizen's life in battle, was honour'd with an *oaken garland*, which was also called *corona civica*; *Ovid* therefore in compliment to *Augustus*, who by the means of introducing a general peace, had sav'd the lives of thousands, would

have *oaken garlands* ever hanging at the *imperial-palace gates*.

737. *Ovid* is suppos'd here to speak to *Augustus Caesar*, (in whose time part of these *fasti* was written) and his heir, mentioned in this place, must be *Tiberius*.

741. The *Roman ladies*, upon a public emergency, let the state have all their *golden ornaments*; see *Livy*

That *privilege* to *lose*, they could not brook,  
 And a most daring resolution took ;  
 Opposing force to *nature's* gentle laws,  
*Abortions* of their fruitful womb to cause ;  
 The state chastis'd those *guilty* of the deed,  
 But got their former *privilege* decreed ;  
*Two feasts* the goddess therefore claims at once,  
 One for the *boys*, and one for *girls* attones. 750  
 Of *leather* nought is seen in all her quire,  
 For fear it should pollute the *holy fire* ;  
 You that are friends to ancient rites divine,  
 Inyoke *these pow'rs*, and join your pray'rs with mine ;  
 New names of *goddesses* I here reveal,  
 Of *Postverta*, and *Porrina* I tell ;  
 Whether companions of *Carmenta's* way,  
 Or her own sisters, now 'tis hard to say ;

One

*Livy*, decad. i. chap. 5. in return for which they had the honourable privilege granted them of going abroad in *sedans* and *chariots*. This privilege, upon some occasion, being afterwards taken from them, they practis'd this uncommon piece of revange, which the poet here mentions.

751. We are told by *Varro*, that this superstition of not admitting

*leather*, or the *skin* of any beast, for fear of pollution, into their temples, was observ'd by others besides *Carmenta's* priests.

756. This name of *Porrina* is only to be found here, as far as I can observe ; other authors call her *Prosa*, *Prorsa*, or *Anteverta*. See what *A. Gellius* says of them, from *Varro*, in the 16th book of his *Noctes Atticae*.

One sees things *past* of the remotest date,  
And one is prescient of *impending* fate. 760

The next fair light's, *Concordia* due to thee,  
Whose temple near *Moneta's* tow'rs we see;  
Repair'd by *sacred* hands; we now behold  
All *Rome* at peace, like to the age of gold;  
When *Furius* victor from the *Tuscan* war  
Return'd, he vow'd to build *this temple* here;  
The reason was; a fatal diff'rence rose,  
The *people* would the *nobles* pow'r oppose;  
Of her own strength *Rome* justly was afraid,  
When that revolt was by *the people* made; 770  
From better *omens* now it is rebuilt,  
Thy blood, O *Germany*, was happ'ly spilt,  
For with thy spoils *Concordia* shines again,  
And that *mild goddess* triumphs in thy slain;  
And our brave *leader* conquer'd but for peace,  
His toils in *war* are crown'd with public *ease*;  
Whose mother, partner of *Augustus'* bed,  
The altar in *Concordia's* temple made.

Next

763. The temple of *concord* was in compliment to them, the poet  
repaired by *Tiberius*, and his mo- says it was done by *sacred* hands.  
ther *Livia*, the spouse of *Augustus*; The temple of *Juno Moneta* stood  
not



Next day to this, does *Phæbus* cease to shine  
 In *Capricorn*, but finds the following sign; 780  
 A sign, in which he dips his vivid flame,  
 Which from a *water-bearer* takes its name.  
 When the seventh rising sun from hence draws nigh,  
 The *Lyre* no longer shines in all the sky.

Next night, the glittering star in *Leo's* breast  
 Obscure beneath the earth will be deprest.

Thrice had I read the *Fasti* o'er with care,  
 And found not one *sementine feria* there;  
 When thus the *muse*, that watch'd my labour, cry'd,  
 Leave off to search, and lay thy *book* aside; 790  
 The

not far from it; both these temples were first built in consequence of two vows made by *M. Furius Camillus*, who after he had done great service to his country, and gained many conquests over its enemies, was forced to exile himself, to avoid the fury of a *faction*.

779. *Next day to this*; that is, on the 17th day of this month the sun quits *Capricorn*, and enters into *Aquarius*, so called from *aqua* water; because generally at this season of the year there is much rainy weather. He is called *Ju-*

*venis* in the original, for the poets supposed this *Aquarius* to be *Ganymeds*.

784. On the 23d of this month the constellation called the *Lyre* or *Harp*, begins to set; it contains in *Ptolemy's* catalogue 10 stars, in the *Britannic* 19.

788. The *feriae sementinae* were a festival appointed to be kept at the beginning of *seed-time*, when they implored their deities, particularly *Ceres* and *Tellus*, to give good success to their labours. It appears throughout the whole *Fasti*, that the *Romans* abounded in

The *rule* I shall declare attentive mind,  
 For *feasts not-stated* there thou canst not find ;  
 That *festival* regards no certain day,  
 But may be surely found another way ;  
 Soon as the farmer sows the furrow'd-field,  
 By all the clowns the *jovial feast* is held ;  
 Let then the *Ox*, with garlands on his head,  
 At the full stall with provender be fed ;  
 When *Phæbus* in the *Ram* begins to burn,  
 With spring, O *Ox*, thy labour will return ; 800  
 The husbandman now lays his *plow* aside,  
 The ground that's *frozen* must unturn'd abide ;  
 Let *farmers* then cease from their careful toil,  
 And let the *lab'ers* rest, who till the soil ;  
 With rustic mirth, let ev'ry *village* ring,  
 While strolling bards at the *lustrations* sing ;  
 Be joyful all, and of the *annual cake*,  
 That's bak'd upon the *hearth*, let all partake ;

Let

in *will-worship* ; and that in all  
 things, as *St. Paul* tells the *Athe-*  
*nians*, they were over superstitious.  
 But this feast was not fixed to any  
 certain day in the *calendar*, but the

magistrates, or priests appointed  
 it sooner or later, according as the  
 season suited for sowing their  
 corn.

797. It was a custom amongst  
 the

Let *Ceres*' due, and *Tellus*'s be paid,  
 With *corn* and *pork*, their offerings must be made ;  
*Ceres*, and *Tellus* in one service join, 811  
 To one corn's *growth*, to one we *place* assign ;  
 Their joint endeavours caus'd a common good,  
 When *acorns* were exchang'd for better food ;  
 Reward, O *goddesses*, the painful hind,  
 And for his *labour* let him *plenty* find ;  
 Preside propitious o'er the tender blade,  
 And let no *frosts* the rising crop invade,  
 While *seed-time* lasts, fair weather is our friend,  
 But when its o'er let *gentle show'rs* descend ; 820  
 Drive hence what may the standing corn annoy,  
 Nor let the *birds* in flocks your *gifts* destroy ;

E 2

And

the *Romans* on these festival days, called *feriae sementinae*, to put garlands between the horns of their plowing oxen, and to exempt them from labour.

811. *Ceres* and *Tellus*, which were numbered among the pagan deities, were chiefly honour'd at this festival. *Ceres* was pray'd to, that she would prosper the seed put into the ground: and *Tellus* was desired to be the fruitful mo-

ther. Crude notions ! unless they will bear some mythological interpretation.

815. Our poet here makes a long *prayer* ; and had it been address'd to the divine *author*, and *giver* of all good, in whose power alone it is to bless, or blast, the productions of the earth, it would have been praise-worthy. It is very probable, we have in this prayer, the *terms* and *phrases*, that the



And spare, O *ants*, the grain where now it lies,  
 When *harvest* comes, you'll have a richer prize;  
 O may the *mildew* never taint the ear,  
 Nor *blasts* destroy the farmer's hopes and care,  
 May not a *lean*, or too *luxurious* soil,  
 The niggard crop, or the redundant spoil;  
 May never the *wild-oat*, or *darnel* reign  
 Within our ground, to choak the rising grain; 830  
 But blefs, O *Ceres*, the well-labour'd field,  
 That it may *wheat* and *barley* plenteous yield;  
 Join thus with me, O *farmers*, in my pray'r;  
 And may the fav'ring gods our wishes hear.

Long had dire war our *rustic binds* employ'd,  
 Our *fields* were barren, and our *vines* destroy'd;  
*Oxen* and *plows* were laid aside to rest,  
 The *horse* for war was only in request;  
 The pond'rous iron *rake*, and delving *spade*,  
 Were into missive *darts*, or *helmets* made; 840  
 But

the devouter sort of people really made use of, in *Ovid's* time, upon those occasions.

834. The *poet's* prayer here concludes; and then the following twelve lines are added as a

compliment to *Augustus Caesar*, and his family; for after a long series of civil and detestable wars, that the *Romans* had among themselves; the conquest of many foreign nations, obtained by *Augustus*,

But thank the gods, *Germanicus*, and those,  
 Who thy *heroic* family compose;  
*War's* now confin'd in adamantine chains,  
 And *peace* throughout the world triumphant reigns;  
 Our *oxen* now again may plow the land,  
 And *peace* and *plenty* shall go hand in hand.

On the *sixth* day before the *calends* come  
 The dedication of the sacred dome  
 To the *twin-gods*, was by *two brothers* made,  
 From *Sons of gods*, those *gods* that favour had; 850  
 Near to *Juturna's* lake their temple stands,  
 And from young vot'ries reverence commands.

The last day of this month but one, we see  
 The feast they dedicate, O *peace*, to thee;  
 Well may the name of *peace* to us belong,  
 For *peace* encourages the *musés* song;  
 Crown'd with those garlands, which *Augustus* gain'd  
 At *Actium*, gracious to my pray'r attend;

E 3

Long

*us*, and his generals, brought about a *general peace*; then the temple of *Janus* was shut up, the peaceful arts revived, and agriculture flourish'd.

849. The *twin-gods* are *Castor* and *Pollux*; their temple was built and dedicated by *Tiberius*, in his own and his brother *Drusus's* name. The lake of *Juturna*, we are told, was

Long may'st thou keep what now thou do'st possess,  
 And all the world, with thy great *favours* bless ; 860  
 Fondly we now no shining *triumphs* crave,  
 So long as that no *foes* to quell we have ;  
 For greater *triumphs* from thy  *blessings* flow,  
 Than what we to the bravest *conquerors* owe ;  
 Let *arms* and *trumpets* have no further place  
 But only to preserve the *present peace* ;  
 Let all, who tread this habitable sphere,  
 From east to west the *Roman name* revere.  
 And you, O *holy priests*, with incense load,  
 The flaming altars of each *peaceful* god ; 870  
 Let the *white victim* feel the fatal stroke,  
 And then the mild celestial pow'rs invoke ;

Your

was in the eighth ward of the city, the water of which was peculiarly made use of in *sacrifices*, and was frequently called *Aqua Virginea* ; this lake, *Hoffman* says, was dry'd up by a subterraneous conveyance to other places, a great many years ago, by the direction of cardinal *Serra*.

870. The *Romans* made *peace* a goddess ; and she had a magnificent temple dedicated to her near

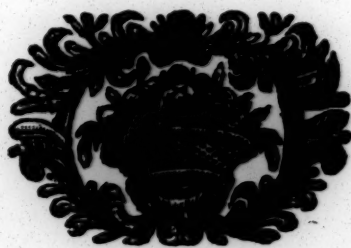
the *Forum*, and only *white cattle* were used at her sacrifices. *Ovid's* genius was wholly turned to the arts of *peace*, and *love*, and took no pleasure even in the recital of *war* and *bloodshed* ; he therefore desires the *priests* to put up their prayers and petitions to the gods (for probably he thought that *office* peculiarly belong'd to them) that they would continue the blessings of *peace*, among his country-men, which



Your pious *vows* they will propitious hear,  
If for *Augustus' house* you make your pray'r.  
But stay, my *musè*, I now no further tend,  
For here this *book*, and *month*, together end.

which had been procur'd by the emperor *Augustus*, and his family's victorious arms; and with these desireable *wishes* he concludes this first book.

*The END of JANUARY.*





## F E B R U A R Y.

**H**ERE *Janus* ends; not so the *year* expires, 1  
 Another *month* another *book* requires;  
 Proceed, *my muse*, I put again to *sea*,  
 With larger prospect of a longer way;  
 Spread all thy *canvas* now before the gale,  
 A shorter course requir'd a lesser sail;  
 In *love's* soft path I hitherto have trod,  
 A most alluring, a bewitching road;  
 Since *am'rous themes* have been my sole delight,  
 Who'd think I could the *serious Fasti* write? 10  
 But all my *skill's* in a poetic field,  
*Verse* is the only *weapon* I can wield;

My

1. The poet here speaks of the foregoing month *January*, which was dedicated to *Janus*; but intending to go on with his design thro' the following months, he compares his labour to a *ship's* putting to sea, with a prospect of a long course.



My *arms* unfit to wave the pond'rous spear,  
 Or guide the foaming steed to raging war;  
 No *helmet* guards my head, nor *sword* my side,  
 For that's an armour which I have not try'd;  
 But *Caesar*, I'll defend thy glorious name,  
 And stamp thy *titles* with eternal *fame*;  
 Daign for a moment thy *grand cares* to leave,  
 And with a placid look my *gift* receive. 20

In ancient times, *purgations* had the name,  
 Of *Februa*; various customs prove the same;  
 The *pontifs* from the *rex*, and *flamen* crave  
 A lock of *wool*; in former days they gave  
 To *wool* the name of *Februa*; and again  
 Thus call'd are *scourings* of a house made clean,  
 With *salt* and parched *corn*, they leave no stain. }  
 A pliant branch cut from a lofty *pine*,  
 Which round the temples of the priests they twine,

Is

19. When *Ovid* writ this, the emperor was engaged in a fierce war with the *Germans*, that liv'd near the *Rhine*.

22. *Varro* tells us, that all filth, dirt, or off-scourings, in the ancient *Sabine* language, were called

*Februa*; from whence that word was afterwards applied to religious *purgations* or cleansings.

23. We are informed by *Livy*, that after the expulsion of the kings, as there were some public *sacrisfical duties*, that had been usually

Is *Februa* call'd; which if the priest demand, 30

A branch of pine is put into his hand ;

In short, with whatso'er our hearts we hold

Are purify'd, was *Februa* term'd of old ;

*Lustrations* are from hence, from hence the name

Of this our month of *February* came ;

In which the priests of *Pan* processions made

Half-naked, or in goat-skins only clad ;

In which the tombs were also purify'd,

Of such as had no dirges when they dy'd ;

For our religious fathers did maintain, 40

*Purgations* expiated every stain

Of guilt and sin ; from *Greece* the custom came,

But here adopted by another name ;

The *Grecians* held that pure lustrations cou'd

Efface an impious deed, or guilt of blood ;

By

ally performed by the reigning king, the *Romans* were obliged to institute a priest with that name, who was therefore called *Rex Sacrificulus*, but, (to avoid a bad omen) he was to be subject to the *Pontifex Maximus*. The *Flamen Dialis* was the priest of *Jupiter*. *Wool* was made much use of in

expiatory sacrifices, to wipe up the blood, &c.

39. The *Romans* had a notion, that the ghosts of such persons, as had not been bury'd with proper rites and ceremonies, hover'd about their graves, and thereby occasioned an unhealthy or pestilential air ; therefore the festival called

By *Peleus* was *Patroclus* purify'd,  
 When he his sword in guiltless blood had dy'd;  
 And *Peleus* self did king *Acastus* lave  
 For fratricide in the *Haemonian* wave.  
 Tho' vile *Medea* drawn by dragons fled,  
 To distant lands to save her destin'd head,  
 Yet *Aegeus* fondly took her to his bed;  
*Alcmeon* to the sacred river cry'd,  
 O cleanse my guilt! and he was purify'd;  
 Weak men! to think that *water* can make clean  
 A bloody *crime*, or any *sinful stain*.

But don't mistake; we *January* call  
 The first of months; the next was last of all  
 O' th' ancient year; and of each sacred feast,  
 Thine, *Terminus*, was celebrated last.

49

}

60

The

called *feralia*, for quieting the *manes* of the dead, was observed in this month.

46. Our poet here enumerates several, who thought they were purify'd from the guilt of shedding innocent blood by certain *ceremonious ablutions*; and then justly censures the credulity of such as can suppose, that any *external rites* can cleanse men from *corrupt* and *wicked actions*, which are form-

ed in the mind. A remark, that breathes more the spirit and genius of *Christianity* than of *paganism*.

53. That *sacred river* was *Achelous*, which divided *Acarmania* from *Aetolia*.

58. Here *Ovid* calls *February* the last of the months of the *ancient year*; what he means by the *ancient year* is not very obvious; because, he asserts, in the beginning of these *Fasti*, that *Romulus* in-



The first of all do's *Janus*' month appear,  
 He's like the *gate*, or entrance of the year;  
 Lowest, or last, we *February* know  
 Is consecrated to the *shades below*;  
 But by long-us'd authority we find,  
 Those *distant months* are now *together* join'd.

On this month's *calends* anciently, I find  
 With rites divine was *Sospita* enshrin'd;  
 By whom is *Juno* meant, benign and good; 70  
 Whose temple near the *Phrygian mother's* stood;  
 If any ask where now her *fane* appears,  
 'Tis fallen long ago by length of years;  
 But that the rest mayn't in that *ruin* share,  
 We owe to great *Augustus*' pious care;  
 His pious care in ev'ry *temple's* seen,  
 That prince obliges *gods* as well as *men*.

Thou

instituted but ten months in all; *Numa* is suppos'd to have added two more, *viz.* *January* and *February*; and if he made *January* the first, and *February* the last, then *Ovid* doubtless calls that, *the ancient year*. But how the months came afterwards to be placed, in the order they now are

in, to wit, *January* the first, *February* the second, &c. and *December* the last, I can find no certain account, tho' our poet intimates it was done by the authority of the *Decem-viri*.

74. *Augustus* is not nam'd in this line in the original; there is only *sacratu dux*, by which I understand

Thou *great restorer* of religious fanes,  
 May the *celestial pow'rs* reward thy pains !  
 What years to *temples* thou hast giv'n we see,  
 May they in *life* and health bestow on thee ! 80

On the same day, in solemn pomp we go  
 To celebrate th' *asylum's* neighb'ring show ;  
 The grove of safety, where the *Tiber* brings,  
 To join the sea, the water from his springs ;  
 'Tis then a *two-shear sheep* in *Vesta's* fane,  
 And in the Capitol, to *Jove*, is slain ;  
 Then oft the clouds with heavy *snow's* abound,  
 Or driven *snow* lies thick upon the ground.

When the *next sun*, beneath the western strand,  
 Shall in his glorious shining car descend ; 90  
 At night, if you survey the stars, you'll say,  
 Where's now the *Lyre*, that glitter'd yesterday ?

And

derstand the Emperor *Augustus*, in whose time part of the *Fasti* was written ; some perhaps may think *Tiberius* or *Germanicus* is here meant.

81. On the same day ; that is on the first of *February*, the *Romans* us'd to go in solemn pomp to that grove, that lay between the *Salarian Way* and the *Tiber* ;

the situation thereof is best discovered by the plan of old *Rome*.

92. The *Lyre* is a constellation in the northern hemisphere ; in *Ptolemy's* catalogue it has ten stars ; but in the *Britannic* catalogue it has nineteen. It sets on the second of *February*.

And while you seek the *Lyre*, you may perceive  
The back of *Leo* dash the liquid wave.

The *Dolphin*, whom you lately saw so bright,  
Will wholly be obscur'd, the following night ;  
Whether as for a happy *spy* to love ;  
He gain'd a place among the stars above ;  
Or whether for *Arion*, whom he bore  
Upon his back, and carry'd safe to shore ; 100  
Who has not heard of sweet *Arion's* fame ?  
What country is a stranger to his name ?  
He that with *music's* all-inchanting force,  
Could stop a running *river* in its course ;  
Whose voice with magic virtue was endu'd,  
To stop a *wolf*, tho' he his prey pursu'd ;  
The *dog* and *bare* their fleeting course have stay'd,  
To listen when upon his lyre he play'd ;  
A furious *bull* his music could assuage,  
And mollify the fiercest *lion's* rage ; 110  
The *crow* and *owl*, the *hawk* and *dove* were friends,  
To sit and hear his soft melodious strains ;

And

97. According to the fabulous tradition, when *Neptune* had a mind to marry *Amphitrite*, the coy lady hid herself; but the *dolphin* found her out, and persuaded her to ac-

cept the match; and for that piece of service *Neptune* gave him a place among the stars.

111. *Aristotle* says, that the great enmity between the *crow* and the



And *Cynthia* in her orb reluctant hung,  
 As if she heard her brother's tuneful song ;  
 Long had he ravish'd the *Sicilian* plains,  
 And charm'd *Ausonia* with his lyric strains ;  
 From thence returning *home* he went aboard,  
 And in the ship his late got *riches* stor'd ;  
 Perhaps, *Arion*, thou the sea might'st fear,  
 Trust not the *ship*, there is no safety there ; 120  
 The *master* and the *crew*, with sword in hand,  
 Seize on the *lyrist*, and his *wealth* demand ;  
 But why these hostile arms, *Arion* cry'd,  
 Stick to your *tack'ling*, and the *vessel* guide ;  
 Free from all guilt, I'm not afraid to die,  
 But let me first sing my own *elegy* ;  
 They grant him leave, but laugh at his request ;  
 Then with a *chaplet* crown'd, and richly drest,  
 In a wrought mantle, which they all admire,  
 He with his fingers touch'd the sounding *lyre* ; 130  
 And, like the *dying swan*, he sweetly sung,  
 The sounding *lyre* according with his tongue ;

This

the *owl* is occasioned by the crow's  
 breaking the owl's eggs by day ;  
 and the owl's breaking the crow's  
 eggs by night.

113. *Diana*, or the *moon*, is  
 called *Cynthia* from *Cynthus*, a  
 mountain in the island of *Delos*,  
 where *Latona* is said to have  
 brought

This done, and thus *adorn'd*, without delay,  
 Springing he jump'd into the foamy sea ;  
 Where, wond'rous to relate, a *dolphin* heav'd  
 His bending back, and kind the man receiv'd ;  
 On whom he sat, and play'd with tuneful hand,  
 Till that the *dolphin* brought him safe to land ;  
 To gracious heaven let *innocency* trust,  
 The gods reward the *pious*, and the *just* ; 140  
 It was for this *Jove* made the *dolphin* shine,  
 A constellation ; and his stars are nine.

Now could I wish for that *Maeonian* tongue,  
 That erst *Achilles'* glorious actions sung ;  
 To sing the sacred *nones*, in lofty strain,  
 By which our *Fasti* lasting honour gain ;  
 Rise, *genius*, rise, and all thy skill display,  
 To paint the splendor of this glorious *day* ;  
 Sot that I was, to think I could rehearse  
 This *day*, in any but heroic verse ; 150  
 The

brought forth *Diana*, and her twin-brother *Apollo*, who was reputed the god or inventor of music.

135. The *Dolphin* heaving up his back to receive *Arion*, may countenance the usual way of

painting him so ; for otherwise he is allowed to be a very straight fish.

143. *Homer* is call'd *Maeonides*, most probably from *Maeonia* (afterwards called *Lydia*) a country in  
 F Asia-

The *day*, in which, with one united voice,  
 The *senate*, and the *people* made the choice  
 Of *father of thy country*, for thy name,  
 Which is, *great prince*, to thy immortal fame;  
 Late was the *name* bestow'd, for long before,  
 Thee, *father of this orb*, we did adore;  
 As *Jove's* o'er all celestial pow'rs supreme,  
 So here on earth, thy *title* is the same;  
 Thy glory, *Romulus*, no longer boast;  
 The ancient *Rome* is in the present lost; 160  
 Thy territories were but small, and rude,  
 But east, and west, *Augustus* has subdu'd;  
 The neighb'ring *Sabines* might revere thy name,  
 But all the world is fill'd with *Cesar's* fame;  
 Thou didst by *rapine* thy small empire gain,  
 But all *injustice Cesar* does restrain;

Fierce

*Asia-minor*; where he is supposed to have been born. Some say that his father's name was *Maeon*.

153. *Ovid*, in an ingenious strain of flattery, here exerts himself, to tell how the emperor *Augustus Caesar* was stiled *Pater Patriae*; which title was given him on the *Nones*, i. e. the 5th day of this month, by the senate and people of *Rome*, which, it is said,

he received with tears. They were doubtless tears of joy.

159. The poet here, by an agreeable antithesis, represents *Romulus*, and his dominion and actions contemptible, that he may render *Augustus* and his deeds the more glorious; the latter in reality had in many respects the advantage, for he had lately put the *Julian law* in force against adultery, and made



Fierce was thy reign with arbitrary sway,  
 But we our prince by *love*, and *law*, obey;  
 Thy passion would not let thy *brother* live,  
 But *Cæsar* to his *foes* can pardon give; 170  
 Thou wast, by birth, of a celestial race,  
 But he, in heav'n, has giv'n his *fire* a place.

Now the *Idæan youth* begins to rise,  
 His upper half adorns the crystal skies;  
 And they who rugged *Boreas*' tempests fear,  
 Now from the *Zephyrs* feel a softer air.  
 When the fifth *sun* from hence, with ruddy ray,  
 Shall bright'ning usher in the cheerful day;  
 The *spring* begins; yet dread the freezing blast,  
 For *winter*'s cold is not entirely past. 180

F 2

Three

\* made several other good regulations, in the commonwealth.

172. *Augustus* order'd *Julius Cæsar* (whose son he was by adoption) to have divine honours paid him after his death. *Suetonius* says, *In deorum numerum relatus est, non ore modo decernentium, sed et persuasione vulgi.*

173. The *Idæan youth* is *Ganymede*, *Jupiter*'s cup-bearer, who is

said to have been changed into the constellation *Aquarius*, which begins to rise on the 5th of this month.

179. *Ovid* here fixes the beginning of spring to the ninth of *February*, in his time; but we reckon the beginning of spring, from the sun's ingress into *aries*, which now happens on the nineteenth of *March*.

Three nights from thence you'll see *Boötes* rise,  
 His feet come foremost in the azure skies ;  
*Calisto* once of chaste *Diana's* train,  
 With *Hamadryads* graceful trip'd the plain ;  
 She touch'd *Diana's* bow ; O bow, she said,  
 Be witness that I'll live, and die a maid ;  
 The goddess prais'd her vow ; O faithful be,  
 And ne'er a nymph shall be prefer'd to thee ;  
 Her beauty did her faithfulness betray,  
 Men she refus'd, but unto *Jove* gave way ; 190  
 One afternoon as *Cynthia* from the chace,  
 Fatigu'd with heat, sought out a shady place ;  
 The thickest of a solemn grove she chose,  
 In which a cool, and bubbling fountain rose ;  
 Let us, *Arcadian maid*, bathe here, she said :  
*Calisto* blush'd to hear the sound of maid ;  
 The other nymphs her summons straight obey,  
 And stripp'd upon the grass their garments lay ;  
 With

181. *Boötes*, termed also *Arctophylax*, begins to rise on the 11th of this month. They are both Greek names, the first signifying a *neat-herd*, and the other, the *keeper of the bear*, called by our

poet, in his *Tristia*, *Custos Erymanthidos Ursae*. This constellation, according to Mr. *Flamsteed's* catalogue, consists of 45 stars.

182. *Hamadryads* were nymphs, or *she-divinities*, rever'd by the ancient

With ling'ring fear *Calisto* spun the time,  
 Loth in their presence to expose her crime;      200  
 Disrob'd to all her *swelling* guilt appears,  
 Too plain, alas, a tumid load she bears;  
 To whom *Diana*, perjur'd girl, refrain  
 To mix with us, nor these *chaste waters* stain.  
 Away she fled; when *nine* months had gone round,  
 The *maid* suppos'd was then a *mother* found;  
*Juno* resolv'd to punish treach'rous love,  
 (For soon she knew it was the crime of *Jove*;)   
 Transform'd *Calisto*'s shape into a bear,  
 A beast of frightful grin, and shaggy hair;      210  
 Too cruel goddess! what can *virgins* do,  
 Whom *Jove* invades with *love* and *power* too?  
 Soon as she saw the *barlot*'s monstrous face,  
 Let *Jove*, she cry'd, now take a fresh embrace;  
 In horrid form did then *Calisto* rove,  
 Thro' woods, where once she was caress'd by *Jove*.  
 When that her *son* attain'd his fifteenth year,  
 He, in his hunting, met his *mother-bear*;

F 3

She

cient heathens; and supposed      and die with them, as the Greek  
 chiefly to dwell in *oaks*, and to live      name imports.



She stopp'd, as if she recogniz'd her son, 219  
 She would have spoke, but she cou'd only *groan* ;  
 A sudden dart the youth surpriz'd had thrown,  
 And kill'd his *parent*, tho' to him unknown ;  
 But *Jove* in pity rais'd them quick on high,  
 And plac'd their *bodies* in the starry sky ;  
 Conjoin'd on earth, he would not there disjoin,  
 Their *constellations* near together shine ;  
 But injur'd *Juno* could not yet assuage  
 Her strong resentment, and unfinish'd rage,  
 But begg'd of *Tethys*, that she wou'd refrain  
 To wash th' *Arcadian* *barlot* in the main. 230

Now come the *ides*, when *Faunus*' altars smoke,  
 Where ancient *Tiber*'s running waves are broke,  
 By the repulse of intervening lands,  
 A little *island* where his *temple* stands.

This

226. Their constellations are joined together, *Callisto* the mother being chang'd into the *Bear* ; and *Arcas* the son into *Arctophylax*.

229. *Tethys* was the daughter of *Coelus* and *Vesta*, and the wife of *Oceanus*, and is here put for the sea, which may be said never to

wash *Calisto*, or the northern bear, because it never sets, but always appears above our horizon, going round the pole.

231. *Faunus* had a temple in the *Tiberine island*, the situation of which may be better notic'd, from a plan of the ancient city of *Rome*.

This is the day, when in the *fatal* field,  
 Excepting one, were all the *Fabii* kill'd ;  
 One family alone of gen'rous blood,  
 A nation of the foes of *Rome* withstood ;  
 From one same camp they march, a noble band,  
 And each deserving of a chief's command ; 240  
 The way, that leads you to *Carmenta's* gate  
 Avoid, for it portends disast'rous fate ;  
 Thro' it, fame says, their march the *Fabii* made,  
 The gate is guiltless, but the omen's bad ;  
 As soon as with a speedy pace they came,  
 Where *Crem'ra* rolls his swift and turbid stream ;  
 They pitch their tents ; then straight their arms display,  
 And thro' the *Tuscan* troops attempt their way ;  
 Like *Libyan* lions rushing from a wood, 249  
 To seize a herd, and glut themselves with blood ;  
 Some *fled*, some *slain* ; nor did they cease before  
 The hostile field was dy'd with purple gore ;

F 4

But

235. The *ides*, i. e. the 13th day of this month are here remarked for being fatal to the 306 gentlemen of the name of *Fabii*, who were all kill'd on that day ; (but *Livy* says it was on the 18th of *July*) in their engagement with the *Veientes*, an ancient people of

*Tuscany*. The gate, thro' which they marched out of *Rome*, was a long time after called *Porta Scelerata*.

246. *Cremera* was a river of *Tuscany*, that had its course in that country, passing near to *Veii*.

But when the *Tuscans* fail'd by open force,  
And frequent *rallying* made their case the worse,  
To crafty *stratagem* they had recourse.

There was an open plain, where hills around,  
And shady *woods* did all the compass bound ;  
Some scatt'ring *troops*, and *cattle* on this plain  
Appear, but more th' insidious *woods* contain ;  
Like as a *torrent*, swell'd with sudden show'rs, 260  
O'erflows his banks, and thro' the meadows pours ;  
Or when the *snow* dissolving from the hills,  
Impetuous all the flooded valley fills ;  
Just so the *Fabii* rush into the plain,  
Unknowing what th' insidious woods contain ;  
You *noble warriors*, whither do ye run ?  
Of treachery beware ; O you're undone !  
By *fraud* their gen'rous valour was betray'd,  
The *Tuscans* from the wood a sally made ; 269  
How could a *few* such numerous force withstand,  
Their foes were thousands, they a little band ;  
Like as a raging *boar* pursu'd by hounds,  
Some he to pieces tears, and some he wounds ;  
O'erpowr'd at length he cannot conquer all,  
And tho' he falls, 'tis no inglorious *fall* ;



So they by crowding multitudes oppress,  
 Submit to *fate*, not unreveng'd at last;  
 One day sent all the *Fabian race* to war,  
 Who in one day were all extinguish'd there;  
 Excepting *one*, who arms had never bore, 280  
 By whom the *gods* the fam'ly would restore,  
 Of whom our great and prudent *Fabius* sprung,  
 Whose worth by *Ennius* is so nobly sung;  
 He, that by *wise delays* prevented fate,  
 And happily preserv'd the *Roman* state.

Three constellations are together seen,  
 The *Snake*, the *Raven*, and the *Cup* between;  
 Obscur'd upon the *ides*, they're out of sight,  
 But you may see them *rise* the following night;  
 Why they're together join'd, I shall unfold, 290  
 My *Story's* short, and will be quickly told.  
 A solemn feast for *Jove* once *Phoebus* made,  
 And to his sacred bird, the *raven*, said,

I'd

282. The poet here speaks of *Quintus Fabius Maximus*, who by declining to come to an engagement with *Hannibal*, (when he had made himself master of great part of *Italy*, and was hastening to attack the city of *Rome*) so far re-

duced his forces by prudent delays, that he was the means of saving his country thereby.

286. These three constellations are join'd together, in the southern hemisphere, and begin to rise on the fourteenth of *February*.

I'd have the *feast* compleat in ev'ry thing,  
 Go fetch some water from the bubb'ling spring;  
 He took the *gilded cup*, without delay,  
 In his bent claws, and wing'd his airy way;  
 Just where the *raven* lighted on the ground,  
 A fig-tree loaded well with fruit he found;  
 The *figs*, unripe as yet, displeas'd his taste, 300  
 But heedless of his *message*, and his *haste*,  
 He loit'ring, in the adjacent pastures, stray'd  
 Till they by *heat* were soft and sweeter made;  
 At length, when full, and cloy'd with that regale,  
 He hastes to *Phoebus* with a lying tale;  
 For having caught a *hydrus* by the way,  
 This wicked *snake*, says he, has caus'd my stay;  
 With spiteful hiss, he o'er the *fountain* stood,  
 And would not let me touch the bubbling flood;  
 Thou lying varlet, and deceitful knave, 310  
 Said *Phoebus*, would'st thou vainly me deceive?  
 Me, that am known to be the *god of day*,  
 I all that's done beneath the sky survey;  
 Henceforth while *figs* hang rip'ning on the tree,  
 Thou shalt with parching *thirst* tormented be;

He

315. *Pliny* tells us, that ravens are sick, and greatly oppress'd with

He said; and in remembrance of the deed,  
*Bird, snake, and cup*, conjoining stars are made.

On the third morning, when the *ides* are past,  
 We see the priests of *Pan*; 'tis *Faunus*' Feast;  
 Say, *musè*, from whence these shameless rites arose,  
 That men dance naked, disregarding cloaths? 321

Say, from what rude, unpolish'd *land* they come,  
 How found reception, in politer *Rome*?

*Pan* was the *shepherd's* god, in days of yore,

*Pan* chiefly the *Arcadians* did adore;

Witness you smother *lakes*, where fishes play,

And *Ladon's* stream that rushes to the sea;

Witness you *hills*, begirt with lofty pines,

On whose high tops the *snow* reflected shines;

*Pan* was the guardian of the fattling *steers*, 330

And tutelary god of fruitful *mares*;

The *bleating flocks* his kind protection knew,

For which a *grateful off'ring* was his due;

Ere

with thirst for two months before that autumn has ripen'd the figs for their relief. How this observation may suit *Italy* or southern climates, I cannot say, but it is entirely false with regard to *England*. This however shows,

that *Ovid* had a vulgar opinion to found this prophecy upon.

319. This festival of *Pan* was called *Lupercalia*, and was celebrated on the fifteenth day of this month; and notwithstanding the *indecenties* of the usages therein



E'er *Rome* was built, whom nations now revere,  
*Evander* brought his gods, and settled there ;  
 Thus we *Arcadian* rites, and *Pan* receive,  
 Who priests of a *peculiar custom* have ;  
 If you to know those usages desire,  
 And why they shameless *naked* run, require ;  
 The *nimble god* in hunting took delight, 340  
 And bounding o'er the *bills* with sudden flight,  
 His game pursu'd, and when the chace began,  
 All his attendance *stripp'd*, and *naked* ran.  
*Arcadia* boasts a nation of her own,  
 Before that *Jove* was born, or *moon* was known ;  
 Their lives were *savage*, and their manners rude,  
 Alike untaught, an undistinguish'd crowd ;  
 Trees were their *houses*, common herbs their food,  
 Instead of *wine*, they drank the crystal flood ;  
 Their *oxen* were untaught to draw the plow, 350  
 No men employ'd in *reaping*, none to *sow* ;

The

in were scandalous, yet we are told, that it was continued to be celebrated at *Rome*, till near five hundred years after the birth of *Christ*, when it was abolished by pope *Gelasus*.

344. I cannot find any good

reason given in the authors I have read upon that subject, why the *Arcadians* boasted that they were before the *moon* ; they were indeed a very ancient people, and existed long before many other countries were inhabited ; which might probably

The use of *horses* wholly was unknown,  
 Sheep clad no other bodies but their own ;  
 Accustom'd, winds and beating rain to bear,  
 They *cumb'rous cloathing* did not want to wear ;  
 From hence we see how first these *rites* began,  
 And why such naked priests belong to *Pan* ;  
 But why our *Silvan Faunus* wears no cloaths,  
 An ancient little merry story shows ;  
 As the *Tirynthian hero* with his bride, 360  
 Once walk'd along, she walking by his side ;  
*Faunus* at distance saw the graceful pair,  
 And thought the lady most divinely fair ;  
 Adieu, you *mountain goddesses*, he cries,  
 This is the dame that captivates my eyes ;  
 The *Lydian dame* had flowing essenc'd hair,  
 And interweav'd with gold her garments were ;

A

bably be *ante Jovem genitum*, but not before the creation of the moon. Some think, they were stiled *ἠροσίννοι*, or *Antelunares*, because their year at first consisted but of *three* months, which was afterwards computed according to the course of the moon. Others say, it was because, they made it a point of religion to attempt

any thing of consequence immediately before the *full* or *new-moon*.

360. The *Tirynthian hero* is *Hercules* ; he is so called from *Tiryntha* a city in *Peloponnesus*, where his mother *Alcmena* was born.

366. This *Lydian dame* was *Omphale*, queen of *Lydia* ; my original

A gilt *umbrella* the sun's heat repell'd,  
 Which *Hercules* obsequiously upheld ;  
 As *Titan's* rays grew fainter in the west, 370  
 To *Tmolus' groves* they gradual came at last ;  
 A curious *grot* the weary guests receives,  
 A *riv'let* at the entrance rolls its waves ;  
 And while the servants *wine* and *cates* prepare,  
 To deck *Alcides* was the *Lydian's* care ;  
 She cloath'd him with a *vest* in purple dy'd,  
 And to surround him with her *girdle* try'd ;  
 Her *girdle* was too short, too strait the *vest*,  
 How large his arms, how spreading was his breast !  
 Her bracelets round his wrists would never meet, 380  
 Nor *shoes* would fit his great enormous feet ;  
 This done she takes his *club* into her hand,  
 Which heretofore could only wave a wand ;  
 His *lion's skin* she o'er her shoulders threw,  
 And from his *quiver* the small arrows drew ;

Thus

ginal calls her *Maeonis*, from  
*Maeonia*, another name for *Ly-*  
*dia*. It's said, that *Hercules* was  
 so fondly in love with her, that  
 to comply with her whimsical hu-  
 mours, he changed his *club* and  
*lion's skin*, the peculiar ensigns of

his valour, for a spinning-wheel,  
 and distaff.

371. *Tmolus* was a hill in *Ly-*  
*dia*, near to *Sardis*, surrounded  
 with vineyards, and therefore  
 properly dedicated to *Bacchus*.

375. *Alcides* is another name

for



Thus drest, and *supper* o'er, they went to bed,  
 That night, tho' nearly join'd, they sep'rate laid;  
 Because to *Bacchus*, on the following day,  
 They'd sacred rites with *purity* to pay;  
 Midnight arriv'd; whom does not *love* inflame?  
 In secret *Faunus* to the grotto came; 391  
 At his approach, most luckily he found  
 The servants all in *sleep*, and *liquor* drown'd;  
 He enters in, where all in *darkness* lay,  
 And cautious with his hands gropes out the way;  
 He reach'd the bed where *Omphale* was laid,  
 And thought he soon should there be happy made,  
 But felt the *lion's skin*, and started back afraid. }  
 Just as a traveller on a sudden spies,  
 A hissing *snake*, swift from the danger flies; 400  
 Then to the neighbouring *couch* with stillness crept,  
 On which *Alcides* clad in purple slept;  
 By the soft covering of the bed betray'd,  
 He boldly *rudeness* to commit essay'd;  
 But a rebuff he from the *hero* found,  
 Who kicking toss'd him sprawling on the ground;  
 The

for Hercules; some derive it from *αλκί*, strength; others from *Alcae-* us the father of *Ampihtryon*, who was Hercules's supposed father.

The sudden noise awak'd the *Lydian queen*,  
 Who call'd for lights, which show'd the comic scene ;  
 Abash'd the *lover* rises from the floor,  
 For with the hardy kicks his *limbs* were fore ; 410  
 All the *spectators*, tickl'd with the sight,  
 In laughter spent the residue of night ;  
 The *god* by cloaths deceiv'd, and made a jest,  
 Will now have *naked priests* attend his feast.

This tale, *my muse*, is of a foreign mold,  
 But let us hear it, by the *Latins* told ;  
 A sacrifice to *Faunus* once was made,  
 The guests a *roasted kid*, as usual had ;  
 And while the *priests* the spitted meat prepare,  
 (The mid-day sun was hot) t'enjoy the air, 420  
*Rom'lus* and *Remus*, with their youthful train,  
 Were sporting *naked* on th' adjacent plain ;  
 In *wrestling* some, at *cudgels* some, and *quoits*,  
 They manly strove to show their best exploits ;  
 When from a crag, a *shepherd* cry'd aloud,  
 Stop the diversions of the sportive crowd ;  
 O *Romulus*, make haste, without delay,  
*Robbers* are come, and drive the *herds* away ;

They

They could not stay to *arm*, but fleet they sped,  
 Two diff'rent bands, each *brother* at their head;  
 But *Remus*, with his troop, retriev'd the prize, 430  
 And quick return'd to *eat* the sacrifice;  
 They tore from off the *spits* the reeking meat,  
 Let none, said he, of this but *victors* eat;  
 When *Romulus* came back the bones were bare,  
 His troop was vex'd, that they had lost their share;  
 Their *leader* laugh'd, but yet was inly griev'd,  
 That *Remus* and his band, the prey retriev'd;  
 In mem'ry of the prize, that *Remus* won,  
 At *Faunus'* feast, the people *naked* run. 440

As I the *reasons* of this feast unfold,  
 Why *Lupercalia* call'd, would you be told?  
 When *Ilia* pregnant with celestial seed,  
 Became a mother of a martial breed;  
*Amulius* her uncle then maintain'd  
 The regal state he wrongfully had gain'd;  
*Ilia* had *twins*, which when he understood,  
 They shall be drown'd, he said, in *Tiber's* flood;

What

447. The story of *Mars* and *Ilia*, by whom he had those twins, to wit *Romulus* and *Remus*, is told circumstantially enough by our



What is it, *tyrant*, that thou wouldst have done ?  
The founder of imperial *Rome* is one ; 450  
With tears the *servants* his commands obey'd,  
T'oppose a tyrant's will they were afraid ;  
The *river*'s force no banks could then restrain,  
Surcharg'd with melting *snow*, and falling *rain* ;  
What's now the *forum* then was overflow'd,  
And boats were in the sea-like *circus* row'd ;  
When that the servants thither came, they stay'd,  
To look upon the *babes* ; O how, one said,  
They are alike ! in both what beauties shine !  
Their looks declare them of a *race divine* ; 460  
If to some *god* they nearly be ally'd,  
Sure now that *god* will o'er their lives preside ;  
Their *mother* wou'd ; but her in cruel chains,  
Her *uncle* most inhumanly detains ;  
This said, the servants with abhorrent eye,  
As loath to see the *helpless infants* die ;  
Threw them at once into the *rolling stream*,  
And overwhelm'd with *grief* away they came ;  
They heard their piercing *cries* ; alas, they cry'd,  
But soon were whirl'd along th' impetuous tide ; 470

The

The *box* in which they were expos'd, at last,  
 By bounding waves upon the *shore* was cast;  
 'Twas near a *tree*, the stump of which remains,  
 And name of *ficus rumina* retains;  
 Thither a *wolf* repair'd, which kindly gave  
 The *babes* her milky teats they seem'd to crave;  
 Thus they that were by *kindred bands* oppress'd,  
 Found greater pity from the *savage beast*!  
 She wagg'd her *tail*, and lick'd 'em with her tongue,  
 And to their faces laid herself along; 480  
 They eager suck'd her *milk*, devoid of fear,  
 Such were the offspring of the *god of war*!  
 From *Lupa* thus the *festival* we name,  
 And thus the *nurse* has gain'd immortal fame.  
 But yet perhaps *Arcadia* may afford,  
 A juster derivation of the word, }  
 Where *Faunus* term'd *Lycæus* was ador'd;  
 New-marry'd wife, would'st thou a mother be,  
 When *charms* and *drugs* are of no force to thee?

G 2

The

474. *Ficus Rumina*, or *Ficus Ruminalis*, quasi praebeus rumen; fo:  
*rumen* signifies a dug, or teat.

483. The festival *Lupercalia* is  
 denominated from this *lupa*, or  
 the

The lasses of *prolific hands* receive, 490  
 Which the *Lupenci* in their ramblings give,  
 Before the sun shall run his annual round,  
 A happy *fire* thy husband will be found.  
 Once in the feeble infancy of *Rome*,  
 The marry'd ladies mourn'd a *barren womb*;  
 What profit is it, *Rom'us* fretting said,  
 A rape of *Sabine* virgins to have made?  
 That *rape* has added nothing to my pow'r,  
 My wants are greater, and my people fewer;  
 For *barren wives*, shall we engage in war, 500  
 And make our forces thinner than they are?  
 Better by far, for us, it would have been,  
 Had we these *Sabine ladies* never seen!

By the *Esquilian* hill, there long had stood,  
 A thick, uncut, and venerable wood;  
 Great *Juno* claim'd the honours of the place,  
 Fam'd for *devotion* in those early days;

Thither

the *she-wolf* that suckled *Romulus*  
 and *Remus*; or, as others relate,  
*Lupa* was the name of the shep-  
 herd's wife, (otherwise called *Acca*  
*Laurentia*) who took up and nou-  
 rished those *twins*, when they were  
 expos'd by their uncle *Amulius*. But,

according to *Ovid*, *Lupercalia*  
 might be so named from *Lycæus*, a  
 mountain in *Arcadia* sacred to *Pan*,  
 and where *Faunus* was peculiarly  
 worshipped.

504. *Mons Esquilus*, or *Esquili-*  
*us* is one of the seven hills, on  
 which



Thither the *husbands* with their *wives* repair,  
 And on their knees put up a fervent pray'r;  
 With *sudden noise* the grove all trembling shook, 510  
 And thus in *phrase obscure* the goddess spoke;  
*Let a shagg'd goat ascend th' Italian dames,*  
*And wantonly augment their am'rous flames;*  
 At this they all were struck with wild amaze,  
 A strange command, in such a *dubious phrase*;  
 An *augur's* call'd, (by time his name is lost,)  
 A stranger banish'd from the *Tuscan coast*;  
 He kills a *goat*, and of his shaggy hide  
 Long thongs he cuts, and *lashes* ev'ry bride;  
 Ten of her rounds, when that the *moon* had been,  
 Their husbands *fathers*, they were *mothers* seen; 521  
*Lucina* had their thanks; to her the grove,  
 Was consecrated, and the spouse of *Jove*;

G 3

Be

which *Rome* was built; the situation thereof is best understood by the plan of old *Rome*. This hill was added to the city by *Servius Tullius* the sixth king of *Rome*. Some derive the name from *excubiae*, because a watch us'd to be kept there, in times of danger. Others denominate it from *Quisquiliae*, because the filth and refuse of the city was

laid there, before it was built upon. It is now called by the Italians, *Monte de St. Maria Maggiore*.

522. *Lucina* the Roman goddess of child-bearing is so called à *lucendo*, because she ushers children into *light*, or the world. Or, as *Ovid* here intimates, from *Lucus* the grove, where these devotions were

Be kind, *Lucina*, to the pregnant fair,  
 And let their *throws* be thy peculiar care;  
 Gently, O gently, let them feel their *pain*,  
 That they may joyfully be *lask'd* again!

Soon as the mornings ruddy light you see,  
 Trust not the *winds*, they will unfaithful be;  
*Six days* together sudden blasts will rise,  
 And cause commotions in the turbid skies.

539

*Aquarius* now bends lightly o'er his urn,  
 And with ethereal fires the *Fishes* burn;  
 You fishes once, if stories be not feign'd,  
 Upon your backs two pow'rful *gods* sustain'd;  
 When the ambitious *Titans* madly strove,  
 To take possession of the throne of *Jove*;  
 From dreadful *Typhon* *Venus* trembling fled,  
 And no delay in all her passage made;  
 Till she, along with *Cupid*, safely came,  
 Where great *Euphrates* rolls his fruitful stream;  
 Thick on the bank tall *reeds* and *willows* stood,  
 And *poplars* spread their branches o'er the flood;

540

Hid

were paid. By *Lucina*, *Juno* is  
 sometimes understood, and some-  
 times *Diana*, or the moon.

533. On the 15th day of this  
 month, the sun leaving *Aquarius*,  
 entered into the sign *Pisces*, as it  
 is

Hid there, they thought they should their safety find,  
 But *reeds* and willows ratt'ling with the wind,  
 Disturb'd their quiet, and increas'd their fear,  
 At ev'ry blast, they thought the *giant* there;  
 With *Cupid* in her arms, the *goddeſs* ſaid,  
 Have pity, *nymphs*, and lend your friendly aid;  
 Then ſudden leapt into the rolling wave, 550  
 Two fiſhes *Cupid* and the *goddeſs* ſave;  
 For which they now, a double ſtarry ſign,  
 Brightly in the ceſtial *zodiac* ſhine;  
 For this, of fiſh the *Syrians* never taſte,  
 But tim'rous think they ſhou'd pollute the feaſt.

The *ſixteenth* day no obſervations claims,  
 But then the following bears *Quirinus*' names;  
*Quirinus* now, but *Romulus* of old;  
 Whether becauſe the *Sabines* (as we're told,)  
 In ancient ſpeech, did *Curis* call a ſpear, 560  
 And thence apply'd to mark a *god of war*;

G 4

Or

is ſet down in the *Roman calendar*; for which reaſon they are ſaid to burn with ethereal fire. According to our preſent aſtronomical calculations, the ſun makes his ingreſs into *piſces*, with us on the 18th of

of *February*, three days later than in the time of *Ovid*.

554. For this cauſe, according to *Ovid's* ſtory, the *Syrians* abſtain from fiſh. But *Diodorus Siculus*, (lib. ii. cap. 5.) gives a very dif-



Or that because, he did with wise design,  
*Romans* and *Cures* in one people join.

When *Mars* beheld his fav'rite city rise,  
 And point her tow'rs aspiring to the skies ;  
 As *Rom'us*, with a strong successful hand,  
 Reduc'd the neighbours under his command ;  
 O *Jove*, he cry'd, what pow'r to *Rome's* decreed ?  
 They now no longer my assistance need ;  
 One *brother's* lost ; but *Romulus* I claim,  
 The sky shall give him everlasting fame ;

570

Then

different account of it. " There  
 " is, says he, in *Syria* a city cal-  
 " led *Ascalon* ; near to which is  
 " a great lake, that abounds with  
 " fish ; and also a temple dedi-  
 " cated to a famous goddess, whom  
 " the natives of the country call  
 " *Derceto*. Her image has the  
 " head and face of a woman, but  
 " all the rest of its body is in the  
 " shape of a fish ; the reason why  
 " it is made in that form, the learn-  
 " ed amongst them say is this :  
 " *Venus*, being once very much  
 " displeas'd with *Derceto*, caused  
 " her to fall violently in love with  
 " a handsome young priest, by  
 " whom she had a daughter ; but  
 " afterward that action appeared  
 " so disgraceful to herself, that she  
 " made away with her paramour ;

" and having also expos'd the  
 " child in a rocky desert place,  
 " she threw herself into that lake,  
 " where her body was changed in-  
 " to a fish ; whence it is, that the  
 " *Syrians* will eat none of the fishes  
 " that breed there, but reverence  
 " them as deities." Our learned *Sel-*  
*den*, *De Diis Syris*, p. 267, says, that  
*Derceto*, *Dercé*, *Adergatis*, *Atargata*,  
*Atergatis*, *Adargidis*, *Atargatis*, (by  
 which names different authors call  
*Derceto*) are all corruptions of these  
 two Hebrew words, אֲדִיר־דַּג  
 i. e. *Addir-dag*.—the great, or  
 magnificent fish.

570. *One brother's lost* ; my ori-  
 ginal says, *intercidit alter*. It is  
 generally supposed, that *Remus* was  
 kill'd, by the order of his brother  
*Romulus*, because he made a jest of  
 some

Then let *Jove's* words be ratify'd at last,  
 That he immortal shou'd in heav'n be plac'd ;  
*Jove* nodding gave assent ; his awful nod,  
 Declar'd the pow'r of a majestic god ;  
 The solid *earth* her central point forsook,  
 And both the *poles* of heav'n tremendous shook.

Not far from *Rome* there was of old a field,  
 Where *Rom'us* frequently a council held ;  
 One day as there he with his *nobles* sat, 580  
 And grand affairs were manag'd in debate ;  
 A sudden darkness cover'd all the plain,  
 With horrid thunder, and effusive rain ;  
 The *sun* was lost, but dreadful *light'nings* blaze,  
 The *council* fled, with horror and amaze ;  
 Just then, as his *paternal car* was nigh,  
*Rom'us* in flames was carry'd to the sky ;  
 The *Romans* mourn'd ; a rumor did obtain,  
 That by the nobles *Romulus* was slain ; 589

But

some of *Romulus's* fortifications of their new-built city. *Florus's* words indeed carry a doubt in that case, viz. *Cujus (Valli) dum irridet Angustias Remus, idque increpat saltu,*

*dubium an jussu fratris, occisus est.* Lib. i. cap. 1.

578. That field, *Ovid* says, was anciently called *Capream Paludem*, the marsh of *Caprea* : it lay a little

But this was clear'd; one night, returning home,  
 From *Longa Alba*, *Proc'us* came to Rome; 591  
 The *moon* in her refulgent orb was bright,  
 And twink'ling *stars* adorn'd the silent night;  
 A sudden *rushing motion* fill'd the air,  
 He started back, and stood agast with fear;  
 Lo! in the *road*, appear'd before his face  
 Rome's founder, cloath'd with more than mortal grace;  
 Who said, go bid my *subjects* mourn no more,  
 Lest they offend, whom now they must *adore*;  
 Before my *altars* let them rev'rent fall, 600  
 And there with incense on *Quirinus* call;  
 In *military arts* let them improve,  
 Then trust their fate to *justice* and to *Jove*;  
 He spoke; and vanish'd into empty air;  
 But *Proc'us* to the *Senate* did repair;  
 And told, in full assembly to the state,  
 What *Romulus* had charg'd him to relate;  
 They temples built to their great *founder's* name,  
 A *god* ador'd, and of immortal fame;

And

the distant from the city towards  
the sea.

594. This sudden motion, or  
noise, as the poet tells us, came

2

from the clouds on the left hand  
of *Proculus*; *nubes crepuere sinistrae*.

The left hand thunder was ac-  
counted a *happy* omen by the Ro-  
mans,



And on his *bill*, for many ages past,  
Is yearly held the *Quirinalian* feast.

610

Now learn in brief, my story is but small,  
For what this day the *feast of fools* we call;  
The land at first few skilful tillers had,  
*War*, rugged *war*, was then the only trade;  
The *sword*, and not the *plow* could honours yield,  
While barren and *unfruitful* lay the *field*;  
Some *wheat* indeed was by the ancients sown,  
But strong and *plenteous crops* were rarely known;  
The first and best, by grateful custom led, 620  
To *Ceres* they a sacred offering made;  
In better ways untaught, they *parch'd* their corn,  
Some hardly felt the fire, and some they burn;  
Much *loss* they suffer'd, tho' their *pains* were great,  
They often swept up *ashes* with their *wheat*;  
Unmindful of the *flames*, that would aspire,  
Sometimes they set their *cottages* on fire;

Hence

*mans*, but by the *Greeks* and *Barbarians* it was thought otherwise. So inconsistent are superstitious observations! See *Tully de divinatione*. Lib. ii. cap. 39.

610. *His bill*.—That is *Mons Quirinalis*, one of the hills of *Rome*,

now called *Monte Cavallo*. Some think it receiv'd its name *Quirinalis* from the *Cures*, a people of the ancient *Sabines*; who, when they united with the *Romans*, settled there principally.

Hence goddesses *Fornax* had her useful rise,  
 The *farmers* in her curious art rejoice ;  
 To her they humble *supplications* made, 630  
 That kind she would not *overbake* their bread ;  
 The master of the *city-wards* proclaim'd  
 Her solemn feast then *Fornacalia* nam'd ;  
 No *stated day* the sacred *fasti* show,  
 But that the people might *th' appointment* know,  
 There round the *forum* little tablets hung,  
 Declaring to what *fane* what wards belong ;  
 But such as cou'd not *read*, and *foolish* were,  
 And knew not to what *temple* to repair ;  
 By ridiculing *wags* were made a jest, 640  
 And only in the ev'ning kept the *feast*.

At *graves*, and *tombs* let all devotion shew ;  
 That pious office to the *dead* is due ;  
 A little gift departed *ghosts* receive,  
 A *pious mind* is what they chiefly crave ;

Vain

628. The *Fornacalia* were instituted, as *Pliny* tells us, lib. 18. cap. 2. by *Numa Pompilius*, the second king of *Rome*. It is strange, that the use of *ovens* was not known to the *Romans* before his

time ; and it is yet stranger that they should be so superstitious, as to make a deity of meer human invention ; for what can *fofnax* here signify more than an *oven* ?

*Vain lust* descends not to the dark abodes,  
*Styx* has no greedy, avaritious, gods;  
 Upon a tile a slender offering's made,  
 On which some *scatter'd corn* and *salt* is laid;  
*Bread* dipt in wine, and *violets* strow'd around, 650  
 Which leave upon the consecrated ground;  
 Let them that will, add *better things* than these,  
 But *such* will the departed ghosts appease;  
 And when on *altars* fires begin to blaze,  
 Let all your voices join in *pray'r* and *praise*;  
 This custom first was by *Aeneas* taught,  
 When he the *Trojan gods* to *Latium* brought;  
 A *solemn dirge* he for his father made,  
 From whom this pious *rite* the people had;  
 But once, as long engag'd in *foreign war*, 660  
 The people of these *duties* took no care;  
 The *parentalia* pass'd without regard,  
 And at the *tombs* no *solemn pray'rs* were heard;

A

651. What I here call *consecrated ground*, in the original is *Mediâ viâ*; because anciently graves were made, and monuments to the memory of the dead, were erected, by the side of the high-

ways; which was a good method of putting the *living*, as they pass'd by, in remembrance of their *mortality*; and for that reason also, *Siste Viator*, was often the beginning of what was cut upon the



A crime so great not unreveng'd could pass,  
 Fires issued from the *graves* with dreadful blaze;  
 And *fame* relates, tho' it be strange to tell,  
 The *dead* arose by night with horrid yell;  
 In beaten *streets*, or where the *fields* were green,  
 A crowd of *ghosts*, in frightful shapes, was seen;  
 But soon as they the *ancient rites* restore, 670  
 Those dismal prodigies appear'd no more.  
 But let not *maids* attend the *feral rite*,  
 Let purer flambeaux grace their wedding-night;  
 Let *none*, who are their tender mother's care,  
 In curious folds tie up their *virgin hair*;  
 Nor thy bright torches, *Hymen*, now display,  
*Dire* are the sights, and *om'nous* is the day;  
 Let all the temples of the *gods* be shut,  
 No burning incense on their *altars* put;  
 For now the fleeting *manes* of the dead, 680  
 Come from their *dark abodes*, and here are fed;  
 But

the tomb-stones. The charge will fall heavier upon *christians*, than upon the ancient *heathens*; but to me it seems a senseless piece of *superstition*, to pretend to consecrate ground (if any *holiness* is understood thereby) to lay dead bodies in. 666. These prodigies, which Ovid says succeeded the neglect of the *Parentalia*, are not mentioned,

But yet observe, beyond the *eighteenth day*,  
 These wand'ring *ghosts* are never known to stay;  
 Of the *feralian days* that is the last,  
 T' appease the *manes* of the dead, a feast.

Amongst a train of *girls* of trifling wit,  
 See there, see that old prating gossip sit;  
 To *Tacita* the silent rites belong,  
 And yet the *chatt'rer* cannot hold her tongue;  
 Three grains of incense, with *three* fingers press'd,  
 Beneath the *threshold* of the door are plac'd; 691  
 And then, *three thrumbs* to a black reel she ties,  
 With magic words, the thrumbs of diff'rent dies;  
 While *seven black beans* she mumbles in her mouth,  
 A *pilchard's* head she sews up in a cloth;  
 A slender needle made of polish'd *brass*,  
 With *pitch* instead of *wax*, compleats the case;  
 The *case* and *head* into the fire are thrown,  
 And then some *wine* is gently pour'd thereon;

What

tioned, that I know of, in any other ancient author. Probably our poet relates this from some traditionary, vulgar story, that was current in his time.

684. On the *feralian days*, was

celebrated a festival called by the Romans *Feralia à ferendis ad tumulum epulis*, when divers duties were paid to the deceased.

688. *Tacita*, a Roman goddess, was also called *Muta*, and *Lara*, whose

What wine remains the comp'ny drinks with care,  
 But the old *gossip* topes the greatest share ; 701  
 Now have I ty'd all *fland'rous tongues*, she cries,  
 Now are we safe from all *malicious lies* ;  
 And having said her *tittle-tattle say*,  
 With tipsey steps, she tottering reels away.

Of goddess *Muta* if you should demand,  
 And what by *such a name* we understand ;  
 Altho' the *story's* not of modern date,  
 What ancient men have told, I'll here relate :  
*Jove* with the nymph *Juturna* fell in love, 710  
 And suffer'd many flights unworthy *Jove* ;  
 Sometimes in *fillberd* groves herself she hid,  
 Sometimes into her *kindred waters* slid ;  
*Jove* summon'd all the nymphs of *Latin* race,  
 To meet together in a proper place,  
 And as he in the shining *circle* stood,  
 He thus harrangu'd th' attentive beauteous crowd ;

Your

whose story our poet is going to relate. It is very strange, that so knowing a people as the *Romans* were, should adopt and retain such a rabble of stupid, and ridiculous deities. But *superstition* has a place, more or less, amongst all people ;

tho' the present age (to its honour be it spoken) has renounced many *usages* of that sort, that have pleaded prescription of a long time.

710. This *Juturna*, we are told, was the sister of *Turnus* king of the  
*Ru*



Your *sister-nymph* much wrongs herself, alas,  
 By striving to avoid a *god's* embrace;  
 My soft caresses do's *futurna* flee? 720  
 To her the loss is greater than to me;  
 Then all assist my *pleasure* to obtain,  
 Which will be vastly to your *sister's* gain;  
 If e'er she to the river's *bank* should run,  
 When my *pursuits* she does unkindly shun;  
 Prevent her plunging in the crystal flood,  
 And by that favour gratify a *god*;

He said; the *Naïds* which in *Tiber* sport,  
 Or in the gelid *Tev'rone* keep their court,  
 Gave freely their assent; but one whose name 730  
 Was *Lara* then, but first by way of blame,  
 Was *Lala* call'd; and who from *Almo* sprung,  
 Had not the gift of a retentive tongue;

Learn

*Rutuli*, who so warmly contested a right to *Lavinia*, with *Aeneas*, as the story is related at large in *Virgil's* *Eneid*.

729. The river *Teverone* was anciently called *Anio*; it falls into the *Tiber* about three miles from *Rome*: the epithet I have given it, I borrow from *Lucan*.

*Gelidas Anienis ad undas.*

My original calls this river *Ilia's* *bridal bed-chamber*; because the poets say, she threw herself into it, and became *Anio's* wife. Absurd fables!

732. *Lala* properly denotes a *Tattle-Basket*, being derived from the Greek verb *λαλεω*, i. e. to talk much.

734. *Almo* is another river near *Rome*, now call'd *Il Rio d'Appio*, be-

H

Learn silence, daughter, *Almo* often cry'd,  
 But *Lala* tattling would not be deny'd ;  
 In haste she to *Juturna's* lake repair'd,  
 And amplifies the story she had heard ;  
 She recommends her safety to her care,  
 And bids her of the *dang'rous bank* beware.  
 Straight with the news she then to *Juno* goes, 740  
 And all her husband's scheme minutely shows ;  
*Jove* highly vex'd at this abusive wrong,  
 Depriv'd the tat'ling *Lara* of her tongue ;  
 His vengeful orders then lets *Merc'ry* know,  
 To lead her to the *silent shades* below ;  
 True she's a *Naid*, let her *Naid* be,  
 But she shall swim, O *Stygian lake*, in thee ;  
 As he perform'd the orders of the god,  
 They took their journey through a *lonesome wood* ;  
 Where *Hermes*, captivated by the fair, 750  
 By her soft eye, and by her easy air,  
 To quench his flame by *force* he did prepare ;  
 What

because of its running from the  
*African Way* into the *Tiber*.

746. A *Naid* is a water-nymph :  
 the word is derived from the greek  
 verb *naio* to flow, or swim. *Ju-*

*piter* seems very smart in his speech,  
 by saying she shall be *inferna*  
*nympha Paludis*, as our poet ex-  
 presses it.

What could she do? to struggle was in vain,  
 She'd lost her *tongue*, how could she now complain?  
 Could *looks* alone his *violence* restrain?

*Twins* consequent of that embrace there came,  
 And from their mother *Lares* was their name;  
 Our *streets* by day these careful guardians keep,  
 And watchfully defend us while we sleep.

Next day the social *kindred feast* is held, 760  
 In which relations join, *Charistia* call'd;  
 For as we in the *Tombs* have made a stay,  
 'Tis some relief to rise to chearful day;  
 And having been where *death* and *darkness* reign,  
 We're pleas'd to see our living friends again:  
 Fly far from hence, you who *polluted* are,  
 Nor at this *holy festival* appear;  
 Let *mothers* who have us'd their *children* ill,  
 And *brothers*, who a *brother's* blood would spill;  
 Let those who pry into their *parents* age, 770  
 And with their *exit* from the mundane stage,

H 2

Let

761. *Charistia* is originally a friends and relations met together to make merry; or sent one among the *Romans*, when near another *presents* for that purpose.



Let *stepdames* who their husbands' children chase,  
 From home, and force 'em to destructive ways,  
 Let none of these the *friendly feast* disgrace ;  
 Let such, whom horrid *cruelty* delights,  
 Or practise *witchcraft* and its cursed rites ;  
 Or, like to *Ino*, or like *Progne* dare  
 Destructive scenes of *treachery* prepare ;  
 Or those, who for the sake of sordid gain,  
 Will not from *stealth*, or *sacrilege* refrain ; 780  
 Far, far from hence, your feet unhallow'd take,  
 Nor the *sweet peace* of this assembly break ;  
 Here piously paternal gods adore,  
 To day sweet *concord* has the ruling pow'r ;  
 A pure libation, with a chearful heart,  
 Unto the girded *Lares* now impart ;

In

775. This verse in my original is,

*Tantalidae fratres absint, et Jasonis uxor.*

by which he means *Arteus*, who impiously feasted his brother *Thyestes*, with the child, that his wife *Aerope* had by his said brother ; and *Jason's* wife was *Medea*, that notorious forceress.

777. A large account of *Ino*,

(who is said to have treacherously given the husband-men *parched corn* to sow, that it might never come up) may be read in the month of *June*, beginning at the 543d verse.

786. The antique marble and brass figures of the *Lares* represent them in a *girded-up* dress ; for which reason *Ovid* here distinguishes them by the epithet *Incincti*.

In a small *platter*, from a *grateful* hand,  
 A frugal *meals*, is all that they demand;  
 And when the long *devotions* of the night,  
 To gentle *sleep*, and calm repose invite; 790  
 Let each a glass of *Bacchean nectar* taste,  
 And with the foll'wing *pray'r* conclude the feast;  
 All hail, you *Lares*! long may *Cesar* live,  
 And *peace*, and *plenty* to the empire give;  
 Long may he *father of his country* reign,  
 And at the last *celestial honours* gain!

When that the following night is over-past,  
 Due honour's paid to *Terminus's* feast;  
 A *god* that does all *boundaries* decide,  
 And with strict justice, land from land divide; 800  
 Him, whether *stake*, or *elevated stone*,  
 From ancient times, a *deity* we own;  
 Two *garlands*, for each side, two parties make,  
 And to the festival each brings a *cake*;

H 3

An

793. I have taken the liberty here to lengthen the *concluding prayer*, which is very concise in my original; but this addition, that I make, seems to be included in the *poet's* words; and moreover, that the wine, which the

votaries left, was to be thrown upon the ground, as a ratification of their prayers.

798. This festival called *Terminalia* was celebrated on the 21st of this month, as it is set down in the *Roman* calendar.

An *altar's* rais'd, and then the *farmer's* wife,  
 Of aukward manners, and unpolish'd life,  
 Brings, in a *broken pan*, in humble guise,  
 A burning coal, to light the sacrifice ;  
 Whilst the *old man* a pile of faggots lays  
 Of riven wood, to make a glorious blaze ; 810  
 He kindled *touch-wood* to the pile applies,  
 And gently blows it till the flames arise ;  
 Close by, the *son* with due observance stands,  
 And holds the *loaded basket* in his hands ;  
 Then thrice the corn into the fire they threw,  
 Which the aspiring blaze did thrice renew ;  
 Their *daughter*, who yet with her parents lives,  
 A *boney-comb* in little slices gives ;  
 And the attendants reach the *sacred wine*,  
 While all in the *up-beav'd libation* join ; 820  
 Cloath'd in *white robes* they all the feast attend,  
 And *solemn words* the sacred rites commend ;  
 Then, *Terminus*, to thee a *lamb* is slain,  
 Or *sow*, that's offer'd by a grateful swain ;  
 To thee the *rural crowd* their voices raise,  
 And fill the echoing welkin with thy *praise*,

To



To *towns*, and *kingdoms* thou hast set the bounds,  
 And limited the utmost pow'r of *crowns* ;  
 Wer't not for thee, what *field* could lie at rest ?  
 Eternal *suits* the owners would molest ; 830  
 Thee no *ambition*, no *corruption* stains,  
 What thou receiv'st in charge, it safe remains ;  
 If at *Thyrea* thou hadst fix'd the bounds,  
 Six hundred men had 'scap'd their deadly wounds ;  
 Nor had the *Spartan* with deceitful spoils,  
 Involv'd his country in contentious broils.

When that the *Capitol* to *Jove* was rear'd,  
 And stately grand with majesty appear'd ;  
 The *other gods*, which then were not a few,  
 From off that hill contentedly withdrew ; 840  
 But *Terminus* resolv'd to keep his ground,  
 His temple still is in the *Thunderer's* found ;  
 For in the roof a little *hole* was made,  
 Thro' which nought but the *sky* could be survey'd ;

H 4

From

835. *Thyrea* was a city, that stood between the territories of the *Argives* and *Lacedemonians*. A tract of ground, lying about it, was contested by the two nations; and they agreed that 300 men deputed on each side should fight for it; and that the conquering party should entitle their-countrymen to the just right thereof; two *Argives*, and one *Spartan* only surviv'd the battle. But the latter, whose name was *Oibryades*, when the two *Argives* were gone away, car-

From thence, *O Terminus*, thy station's sure,  
 And where thou stand'st for evermore endure;  
 By no intreaties from thy *place* remove,  
 Lest thou should'st favour *mortals* more than *Jove*;  
 If *plow* or *rake* transgress its proper bound,  
 Cry out, forbear, t'invade another's ground. 850  
 To the *Laurentine* plains there lies a way,  
 Where once *Aeneas* bore imperial sway;  
 Six miles from *Rome*, where now a stone we see,  
 They sacrific'd, *O Terminus*, to thee  
 One of the fleecy race; for there was found,  
 The utmost limit of the *Latian* ground;  
 Some certain bounds belong to other lands,  
 But *Rome* o'er all the universe commands,  
 The banishment of the last *Roman* king,  
 In rising strains, I now attempt to sing; 860  
 Six days before this month concludes, that light  
 Call *Regifugium*, from that monarch's flight;

*Tar-*

carrying home some of the spoils  
 of the dead, made his countrymen  
 believe the victory was theirs. But  
 this *deceit* engag'd the two parties  
 once more in a more general war  
 (which *Ovid* here alludes to) in  
 which the *Lacedaemonians* gain'd the  
 conquest.

853. That way was called *Via*  
*Laurentina*, which lay between that  
 which led to *Ostia*, and the *Appian*.

864. The 21st of this month  
 was called *Regifugium*, because  
*Tarquin the proud* and his sons  
 were banish'd from *Rome* on that  
 day.

*Tarquin*, who had the regal pow'r in trust,  
 Last king of *Rome*, was cruel and unjust ;  
 But yet in arms he no repulse would brook,  
 Some cities he *destroy'd*, and some he *took* ;  
 In *villainy* and *fraud* his skill was great,  
 And thus he gain'd the wealthy *Gabian* state ;  
 The youngest of his sons repair'd by night,  
 Into the *Gabian* camp, as if by flight ; 870  
 The *Gabii* drew their swords, when him they spy'd,  
 O kill me, for I am unarm'd, he cry'd ;  
 My father *Tarquin*, and my *brothers*, wou'd  
 Be glad to see me weltring in my blood ;  
 See how with wounds my body is defac'd,  
 With *wounds* he'd let his body be disgrac'd ;  
 They saw by *moon-light* what he said was true,  
 And from his breast their pointed swords withdrew ;  
 With *pity* they his artful fictions hear,  
 And beg he would assist 'em in the *war* ; 880  
 The hypocrite seem'd thankfully content,  
 And to their thoughtless counsel gave assent ;  
 And

870. *Gabii* was a town belonging to the *Volsci* an ancient people of *Latium*. It stood in the midway between *Rome* and *Prænestæ*, about ten miles distant from each of them.



And as he did their *confidence* acquire,  
 He slyly sent a servant to his fire ;  
 To beg he would direct him in the way,  
 How he the *Gabian* city should betray.  
 As *Tarquin* in his garden took the air,  
 Sweet breath'd the *flow'rs* that he had planted there ;  
 In twain divided was the garden seen,  
 And a soft-murmuring *riv'let* ran between ; 890  
 Here he receiv'd the *message* from the man,  
 Then topp'd the *beaded lillies* with his cane ;  
 The messenger return'd ; told what he saw ;  
 My *father's* meaning, says the *son*, I know ;  
 Straightway he to his bloody purpose flew,  
 And treacherously the *Gabian rulers* flew ;  
 This done he took possession of the town,  
 And put in *guards* and *captains* of his own.

But lo ! a frightful prodigy appears,  
 A *serpent* from beneath the *altar* rears 900  
 His sparkling crest, and greedy bears away  
 The *victim*, as it on the *altar* lay ;  
 What's to be done, (the *omen* seem'd so dire,)  
 They at *Apollo's* oracle enquire ;

Who

906. *Titus* and *Aruns* the sons were sent to *Delphi* on this message of *Tarquin*, along with *Brutus*, sage.

*Who to his mother first shall give a kiss,*  
*Shall Conqu'ror be ; the dubious answer this ;*  
 The meaning of the god misunderstood,  
 To *kiss* their mothers all in haste they croud ;  
 But wisdom did thro' *Brutus*' folly shine,  
 His cunning, *Tarquin*, far exceeded thine ; 910  
 Prone to the ground, which gave all beings birth,  
 He stumbling fell, and kiss'd his *mother earth*.

*Ardea* mean while 's close beleaguer'd round,  
 With *Roman* forces, yet maintains her ground ;  
 The siege went slowly on, the soldiers lay  
 In *tents* at ease, and spent their time in play ;  
 A gen'rous treat one night young *Tarquin* made ;  
 In *sports*, and *revels* he was always head ;  
 Since this *curst town*, said he, our arms retards,  
 And robs the *gods*, and *us* of our rewards ; 920  
 While that this plaguy siege goes on so slow,  
 Our home affairs, who'd not be glad to know ?

And

911. The father of this *Brutus* was *M. Junius*, whom *Tarquin* put to death for the sake of his riches, and also the elder of his two sons ; but *L. Junius* the younger, to save his life, pretended to be a fool,

both in his discourse and behaviour, on which account he was surnamed *Brutus*, and *Tarquin* kept him to make sport for his children.

915. *Ardea* was an ancient city of

And if our *wives* expect with anxious care  
 Our safe return, and for the joy prepare?  
 Each prais'd his *own*, and, with becoming strife,  
 Contended he had got the *choicest wife*;  
 And as the wine their *spirits* did renew,  
 Warmer, and warmer, by *dispute* they grew;  
 On this, rose up a man of worth and fame,  
 To whom *Collatia* gave a lasting name, 930  
 What need of *words*, said he, let's prove the deed,  
 This night, let ev'ry *boaster* mount his steed;  
 And to the *city* ride, without delay;  
 So said, so done, they swiftly post away;  
 And to the *royal palace* first repair,  
 No *guards* before the palace gates appear;  
 And ent'ring in, young *Tarquin's* wife they found,  
 Feasting half-drunk, and with a garland crown'd;  
 Then to *Lucretia's* house their steps they bent,  
 Who there was at her *spinning-wheel* intent; 940  
 Her

of *Latium*, built before *Rome*, and  
 about twenty miles therefrom; it  
 was the metropolis of the *Rutuli*.

929. This man was *Lucius Tar-*  
*quinius Collatinus*, the husband of  
*Lucretia*; who was ravished by  
 young *Tarquin* her cousin, in the

city of *Collatia*, in the manner  
 our poet is going to tell that mov-  
 ing story. *Collatia* stood about  
 five miles from *Rome*; and, as  
 some writers say, was so called  
 from *Collata à populo pecunia*, to  
 build it withal.



Her *maids* employ'd around a little light,  
 Each at her *distaff* pass'd the growing night;  
 Work, work, *my girls*, the cheering *mistress* said,  
 'Tis for my *Collatine* this coat is made;  
 But what, my maidens, say they of the war?  
 For you the reigning *news* are apt to hear;  
 Thou wicked *Ardea*, torment of our lives,  
 That keep'st our *husbands* from their lonely wives;  
 May sharp and sudden be thy final doom,  
 And they return with *joy* and *safety* home! 950  
 But *mine*, alas, too daring is in war,  
 His heart's uncapable of dastard fear;  
 Whene'er I think I see him in the *fight*,  
 The dreadful image does my soul affright;  
 A chilly *horror* runs through all my veins,  
 I sinking faint, and scarcely *life* remains;  
 Here the *full tear* ran trickling from her eyes,  
 Her drooping head sunk in her bosom lies;  
 The falling tears her *modesty* became,  
 And added lustre to the beauteous dame; 960  
 Straight

946. By this passage it appears, in ours. But where shall we find  
 that *maid-servants* were too often now-a-days, such a pattern of in-  
 gossips, in Ovid's time, as well as duncy among our modern mis-  
 tresses,

Straight *Collatine* cry'd, lay aside thy fear,  
 My joy, *Lucretia*, see thy husband here!  
 His words reviv'd her, and in soft embrace,  
 With gushing *tears of glee* she bath'd his face,  
 She her delight express'd with *fault'ring tongue*,  
 And eager round his neck and shoulders hung;  
 This did the *royal youth* with love inflame,  
 A *passion* seiz'd his breast he could not tame;  
 Her *form*, her beauteous face, her auburn hair,  
 Her voice, her words, and unaffected air; 970  
 Nay more, her *chaste deportment*, all conspire,  
 T' augment the flames of his too raging fire.  
 The near approach of day the *cock* declar'd,  
 By his shrill voice, when they again repair'd  
 Back to the *camp*; but *Sextus* there could find  
 Nor peace, nor ease, for his distemper'd mind;  
 A spreading fire do's in his bosom burn,  
 Fain would he to the *absent fair* return;  
 The image of *Lucretia* fills his breast, 979  
 Thus at her wheel she sat! and thus was drest!

What

tresses as *Lucretia* is here repre-  
 sented to be? However, we must  
 have some regard to the different

way of life, and usages, of those  
 distant times.

967. The *Royal youth*, i. e.  
 young

What spark'ling *eyes*, what pleasure in her *look* !  
 How just her *speech*, and how divinely spoke !  
 Like as the *waves*, rais'd by a boist'rous wind,  
 Sink by degrees, but leave a *swell* behind :  
 So tho' by *absence* lessen'd was his fire,  
 There still remain'd the *kindlings* of desire ;  
 Unruly *lust* from hence began to rise,  
 Which how to gratify he must devise ;  
 All on a *rack*, and stung with mad designs,  
 He *reason* to his *passion* quite resigns ; 990  
 Whate'er's th' event, said he, I'll try my fate,  
*Suspense* in all things is a wretched state ;  
 Let some assistant *god*, or *chance* attend,  
 All bold attempts they usually befriend ;  
 This way, said he, I to the *Gabii* trod ;  
 Then girding on his sword, away he rode ;  
 The day was spent, the *sun* was nearly set,  
 When he arriv'd before *Collatia's* gate ;

Like

young *Tarquin*, who at this interview had conceived a violent unlawful passion for his cousin *Lucretia* ; to which, perhaps, he

gave a more easy entrance, from the late disgusting conduct of his wife.



Like as a *friend*, but with a *sly* intent,  
 To *Collatinus*' house he boldly went; 1000  
 There he a kind reception met within,  
 From fair *Lucretia*, for they were akin.  
 What *ignorance* attends the human mind?  
 How oft we are to our misfortunes *blind*?  
 Thoughtless of harm, she made a handsome feast,  
 And o'er a *cheerful glass* regal'd her guest,  
 With lively chat; and then to bed they went,  
 But *Tarquin* still pursu'd his vile intent;  
 All dark, about the dead of night he rose,  
 And softly to *Lucretia's* chamber goes; 1010  
 His naked sword he carry'd in his hand,  
 That what he could not *win*, he might *command*;  
 With rapture on her *bed* himself he threw,  
 And as approaching to her lips he drew,  
 Dear cousin, ah, *my dearest life*, he said,  
 'Tis I, 'tis *Tarquin*, why are you afraid?  
 Trembling with fear, she not a word could say,  
 Her spirits fled, she *fainted* quite away; 1019  
 Like as a *lamb*, beneath a *wolf's* rude paws,  
 Appall'd and stunn'd, her breath she hardly draws;  
 What

What can she do? *resistance* would be vain,  
 She a weak woman, he a vigorous man.  
 Should she cry out? his *naked sword* was by,  
 One scream, *said he*, and you this instant die;  
 Would she escape? his hands lay on her *breast*,  
 Now first by hands of any *stranger* prest; 1028  
 The *lover* urg'd by threats, rewards, and pray'rs,  
 But neither pray'rs, rewards, nor threats she hears;  
 Will you not yield? *he cries*, then know my will,  
 When these my *warm desires* have had their fill;  
 By your dead corps, I'll kill and lay a *slave*,  
 And in that *posture* both together leave;  
 Then feign myself a witness of your *shame*,  
 And fix a lasting blemish on your *fame*;  
 Her mind the fears of *blemish'd fame* controul,  
 And shake the resolutions of her soul;  
 But of thy conquest, *Tarquin*, never boast,  
 Gaining that *fort*, thou hast a kingdom lost; 1040  
 Vengeance thy complicated guilt attends,  
 Which both in *thine*, and *family's* ruin ends;  
 With rising day the sad *Lucretia* rose,  
 Her inward grief her outward habit shows;

Mournful she sat in *tears*, and all alone,  
 As if she'd lost her only darling *son*;  
 Then for her *husband*, and her *father* sent,  
 Who *Ardea* left in haste to know th' intent;  
 Who, when they saw her all in *mourning* drest,  
 To know th' occasion of her *grief*, request; 1050  
 Whose *funeral* she mourn'd, desir'd to know,  
 Or why she had put on those *robes of woe*?  
 She long conceal'd the *melancholy* cause,  
 While from her eyes a briny fountain flows;  
 Her aged *fire*, and tender *husband* strive,  
 To heal her *grief*, and words of comfort give;  
 Yet dread some fatal consequence to hear,  
 And begg'd she would the *cruel cause* declare;  
 Thrice she began the unexpected tale,  
 And thrice her feeble *voice*, and *spirits* fail; 1060  
 Her next attempt with down-cast eyes she made,  
 And must I utter *my disgrace*, she said?  
 Are these the *conquests* we to *Tarquin* owe?  
 And all she could with modest language show,  
 She then related; while with weeping eyes,  
 Her words create their *anger*, and *surprize*;



But yet from *guilt*, or any shew of blame,  
 Her *fire* and *husband* both absolve the dame;  
 What you, said she, *forgive*, I can't *forgive*,  
 Her *honour* lost, how can *Lucretia* live? 1070  
 Then straight the *poniard*, hid beneath her vest,  
 She boldly plung'd into her snowy breast;  
 Before her *father's* feet she tumbled down,  
 Adjusting, as she fell, her *flowing gown*;  
 This was her last, this was her dying care,  
 That she might then with *decency* appear;  
 Her *husband* piercing griefs and *fire* assail,  
 Who o'er her corps their common loss bewail;  
*Brutus* was by, and from her bosom tore 1079  
 The *poniard* reeking with her *guiltless* gore;  
 And while his hand the *bloody weapon* held,  
 With grief, and rage, and indignation fill'd,  
 By *this*, said he, and this *chaste blood* I swear,  
 And by the *ghost* of her that's dying here,  
 My *hand*, and *sword*, from *war* shall never cease,  
 Till *justice* seize on *Tarquin* and his race;  
 Too long has *valour* lain in mean *disguise*,  
 But now to tardy vengeance *Brutus* flies;

I 2

These

1087. By this line *Brutus* means, that he now had acted the part  
 of

These words are thought to reach *Lucretia's* ear,  
 Who seem'd to give assent ; her eyes appear, 1090  
 To roll their last, and gently shook her hair.

The *heroine* had a public fun'ral made,  
 When *Brutus* the atrocious fact display'd ;  
 Exciting *envy*, and a gen'ral *bate* ;

Against the *Tarquins*, and a *regal* state ;  
 From all the murder'd lady pity found,  
 When they beheld the dismal gaping wound ;  
 And all with *Brutus* join'd from *Rome* to chase  
 The haughty *Tarquins*, and their hated race ;  
 From thence the *consuls* took their annual sway, 1100  
 And to the *kings* this was the final day.

Am I deceiv'd ? does not the *swallow* bring,  
 Now welcome news ; *forerunner* of the spring ?  
 But thou hast, *Progne*, often cause of moan,  
 For coming back before the *winter's* gone ;

And

of a fool long enough ; *Livy* also relates most of these circumstances attending this wicked attempt of *Tarquin* against *Lucretia*, and in particular this solemn oath of *Brutus's* almost in the same words ; so that *Ovid's* poetry, however pathetic it may appear, is, in this story, only historical truth.

1102. The 24th of *February* is mark'd in the ancient *Roman* calendar, for the day in which *swallows* began to appear in *Italy* ; but I believe their appearing in *England* is not so soon by a month or more.

1104. *Progne* was the wife of *Tereus*, a king of *Thrace*. The fabulous

And at thy woe, and thy complaining voice,  
 Resenting *Tereus* surely will rejoice.

When of this *second month* two nights remain,  
 We see the rapid courfers scour the plain ;  
 The riding festival belongs to *Mars*, 1110  
 When *racers* try their skill in gilded cars ;  
 From these high sports *Equiria* take the name,  
 In his own field the *god* beholds the game ;  
 Welcome, *O Mars*, will now thy presence be,  
 For the next month we dedicate to thee ;  
 But lo ! the *port*, to which I sail, is near,  
 My *course*, and *month*, together ending here. 1117

bulous writers tell us, that she  
 serv'd up her son *Irys*, at a ban-  
 quet to her husband, because he  
 had ravish'd her sister *Philomela*.  
*Progne* was changed into a swal-  
 low. See the whole story in the  
 8th book of *Ovid's metamorphoses*.

1112. These games called *Equi-  
 ria* were instituted by *Romulus*, in  
 honour of his supposed father  
*Mars* ; they were celebrated with  
 horse-racing in the *Campus Mar-  
 tius*, on the 27th day of Febru-  
 ary.

*The END of FEBRUARY.*





## M A R C H.



REAT god of *war*! now for a while forbear,  
To raise thy *shield*, or shake thy threat'ning  
*spear*,

Pull off thy *helmet*, nor with scornful eye,  
Thy *gentle poet's* humble suit deny;  
But what to *Mars* can the *soft poet* bring?  
The *feasts* and *honours* of thy *month* I sing.  
*Pallas* presides o'er fierce destroying *war*,  
And yet she makes the *lib'ral arts* her care;  
Then let thy *spear*, like hers, be now resign'd,  
*Mars* tho' unarm'd may some employment find; 10  
Thou wast unarm'd when *Ilia's* soft embrace,  
Produc'd for *Rome* a godlike martial race;

I 4

That

11. *Ilia* was the daughter of *Numitor*, king of the *Albani*; and *Sylvia*; *Ovid*, because she was a *Vestal* virgin, calls her in this place only *Romana Sacerdos*, she had also the name of *Rhea*,

That *Vestal*, (why may'nt I the story tell?)  
 Went to fetch water from the sacred well,  
 To wash the *holy things*; and when she came  
 Nigh to the margin of the bubbling stream,  
 She took the *empty pitcher* from her crown,  
 And on the grassy surface laid her down;  
 Where she adjusts the *ringlets* of her hair,  
 And in her *open breast* receives the air; 20  
 The murm'ring *stream* and grateful *willow shade*  
 With warbling *birds*, that a sweet concert made;  
 To easy *rest* the languid fair dispose,  
 And by degrees her falling *eye-lids* close;  
 Her *hand*, that did a while support her *head*,  
 Sunk down, 'till stretch'd at her whole length she laid;  
*Mars* saw her lie; he clasp'd her in his arms,  
 And made an easy *conquest* of her charms;  
 She wak'd; and felt a seeming heavy *load*,  
 Unconscious of the *frolick* of the god; 30  
 Well might she *heavy* seem, for in her womb  
 Then lay the *founder* of immortal *Rome*;

Languid

14. This sacred well was the source of the little river *Numicus*. the water from the *Tiber*; I know not what authority they had for saying so.  
*Hoffman* and *Mercerj* in their dictionaries say, that *Ilia* fetch'd

32. Or rather the two founders of



Languid she rose, but 'gainst a *willow* stay'd,  
 Thoughtful and grave, the foll'wing speech she made;  
 May good success attend my *foolish dream*,  
 Or may it then deserve a better name;  
 Lo! as I made the *sacred fire* my care,  
 Methought my *fillet* dropt from off my hair;  
 Soon was it burnt by the devouring flame, 39  
 And, strange! two *palm-trees* from its ashes came;  
 One larger than the other widely spread,  
 And all *the globe* was shaded with its head;  
 To cut them down my *cruel uncle* sought,  
 Methinks I see't, and tremble at the thought;  
 But their defence, a *wolf* and *whitwall* took,  
 And warded off the dire impending stroke.  
 This said, her *pitcher* fill'd, she home retires,  
 But much *confus'd*, to watch the *sacred fires*;  
 Of *twins* she daily felt th' increasing load,  
 Till *Sol* had run *ten months* his starry road; 50

Then

of Rome, to wit, Romulus and Remus, which might make her more heavy. Observe also the ingenious turn of our poet, in representing her talking of this affair, as the effect only of a dream; a speech well becoming a Vestal.

45. What I here translate a *Whitwall*, in the original is *Martia Picus Avis*. It is a little bird, which makes holes in trees, and picks

Then pregnant *Ilia* was a mother made,  
 But *Vesta's* image (this at least is said,)  
 Lift up her hands before her conscious eyes,  
 And fight to the disgraceful fact denies;  
 And while the *vestal* of her pangs partook,  
 The altar of the *goddeſs* trembling ſhook;  
 The languid *flame* could ſcarce emit a ray,  
 But hid beneath the ſmoth'ring *aſhes* lay;  
 When this report came to *Amulius'* ear,  
 Indignant he could not the *action* bear; 60  
 Tho' what he then poſſeſs'd was *fraudful gain*,  
 Which from his *brother* he'd unjuſtly ta'en;  
 The *babes* he orders ſhould be ſtraightway drown'd,  
 But, lo! the *river* left them on the ground:  
 A *wolf* in pity dragg'd them to the wood,  
 With milk ſhe fed them, and a *bird* with food;  
 But

picks her food from under the bark of 'em. It is alſo called, in ſome counties, a *Wood-pecker*, a *ſpecki* (which is the German name,) a *French-pie*, &c.

52. Here our poet certainly forgot himſelf; for we are told even by him, that there was no *image* at all in *Veſta's* temple. See verſe 325 in June.

62. *Numitor* the father of *Ilia*

*Ilia* (or *Rhea Sylvia*) was *Amulius's* brother; he deprived *Amulius* of his kingdom, kill'd his ſon *Lausus*, and made his daughter *Rhea Sylvia* a *Veſtal*, that he might quietly enjoy his uſurped power. But *Romulus* and *Remus*, as we ſhall ſee by and by, ſlew *Amulius*, and reſtored their grandfather *Numitor* to his crown.

66. What that *bird* was, I have noted

But thou, *Laurentia*, must not be forgot,  
 Nor *Faustulus*, who took 'em to your cot ;  
 The *martial offspring* was brought up by you,  
 To whose kind deed eternal praise is due ; 70  
*December* will your just encomiums bring,  
 When I shall of the *Laurentalia* sing.

While, in their care, these sons of *Mars* remain'd,  
 They to the age of *eighteen years* attain'd ;  
 Where by degrees they gain *despotic sway*,  
 Them all the *shepherds*, all the *boors* obey ;  
 They triumph'd oft in *robbers* blood and spoils,  
 And took their *cattle* to reward their toils ;  
 Soon as they knew from what a *stock* they sprung ;  
 With gen'rous ire, and martial ardor stung ; 80  
 No longer in the *fields* they fought renown,  
 But seiz'd *Amulius*' the usurper's crown ;  
 Which they with *right* and *justice* soon restore  
 To *Numitor*, for it was his before ;  
 This done, of *Rome*, they the foundations laid,  
 Which at the first a mean appearance made ;

But

noted above, in my remarks upon  
 line 45 foregoing.

72. The *Laurentalia* are mark'd,  
 in the ancient *Roman kalendar*, on  
 the



But *Remus*, thou with frivolous disdain,  
 Despis'd'st the *walls*, and for the fact wast slain ;  
 Thus, what was once a *wood*, and *pasture ground*,  
 Became a *city* lastingly renown'd ; 90

Then *Romulus* this speech to *Mars* addrest,

“ O thou, who art the *good of arms* confest ;

“ From whom I am believ'd my *birth* to take,

“ Thy warlike deeds I will my *pattern* make ;

“ And that thy *honours* always may appear,

“ We *Romans* will with thee begin the year ;”

Thence *March* from *Mars* the first of months was

An honour which the *god of war* esteem'd ; [deem'd,

Indeed the warlike *Latins* long before,

Did *Mars* above all other gods adore ; 100

*Pallas* at *Athens*, *Dian'* had in *Crete*,

*Vulcan* in *Lemnos*, their peculiar seat ;

But *Spartans* with *Mycenians* well accord,

*Juno* was principally there ador'd ;

And in *Arcadia*, *Faunus* crown'd with pine,

Had honours paid him sacred and *divine* ;

But

the 23d of December. But that never compleated, or has been  
 part of our poet's *Fasti* either was hitherto unhappily buried in ob-  
 livion.

But o'er his *Latium Mars* did chief preside,  
 The nation's guardian and the people's Pride;  
 Do but on foreign *Fasli* cast your eye,  
 Sacred to *Mars* a month in them you'll spy; 110  
*Albans* the third, the fifth *Falisci* make,  
 The *Hernici* the sixth in order take;  
 With *Alban* rules, the *Aricines* agree,  
 And city built, *Telegonus*, by thee;  
 The *Æqui* tenth, the fifth *Laurentum* shows,  
 But 'twas the fourth the ancient *Sabins* chose;  
 And with the *Sabins*, the *Peligni* join,  
 They the fourth month to *Mavors* both assign;  
 These to excel did *Romulus* aspire,  
 The first of months ascribing to his fire; 120  
 Nor were the months the same they now appear,  
 By two months shorter was the *Roman year*;  
 Thy arts, O *Greece*, with us had yet no place,  
 Learn'd were thy sons, but not a warrior race;

To

livion. May-time discover that  
*treasure*, for enriching the genius  
 of some future poet!

110. All these places, men-  
 tioned by our poet, in these *eight*  
 succeeding lines, were either in

ancient *Latium*, or in the neigh-  
 bourhood thereof, within the li-  
 mits of what was afterwards cal-  
 led *Italy*. The city that *Telegonus*  
 built was *Tusculum*, distant about  
 12 miles from the city of *Rome*.  
 Con-

To handle well the *Sword*, or missive *dart*,  
 Was then at *Rome* the *master-piece* of art ;  
 Who then of *Hyads*, or of *Pleiads* spoke,  
 Or *notice* of the *Poles* observant took ?  
 Who knew the *greater*, or the *lesser* Bear, 129  
 By which the *Greeks*, or the *Phœnicians* steer ?  
 Who knew, that in a month the *moon* cou'd run  
 A course, that took a twelve-month for the *sun* ?  
 The *stars* might then unnotic'd set, or rise,  
 The *gods* was all they minded in the *skies* ;  
 No starry *signs*, but *ensigns* in the war,  
 Were made, O *Romans*, your peculiar care ;  
 Which, tho' of *hay*, to lose was great disgrace,  
 Tho' *hay*, it held our present *eagle's* place ;  
 On an extended pole a *wisp* was ty'd,  
 And that in *battle* was the soldiers guide ; 140  
 Thus they unskill'd in *astronomic* art,  
 Made ev'ry *Lustrum* just *ten months* too short ;  
 When that the *moon* ten times had shewn her face,  
 Thro' *full* and *change*, this made their annual space ;  
 This

Concerning the ancient *Roman*  
 year's consisting but of *ten months*,  
 see the notes on line the 34th in  
*January*.

137. The *Romans* in the begin-  
 ning of their poor state, had only  
 wisps of *hay* or, *straw* set upon  
 pike.



This was the *Roman year*, and much renown'd;  
 Either because there are *ten fingers* found  
 On both our hands; or children in the womb,  
 In *ten months* time to their perfection come;  
 Or else because, in *numbers* we restrain  
 The last to *ten*, and then begin again; 150  
 Hence *Romulus's* chief and chosen band,  
 By *tens* was subject to supreme command;  
 By *tens* the *spear-men* and the *sword-men* had  
 A captain, who th' inferior soldiers led;  
 By *tens* were number'd, who brought up the rear,  
 Or who on *horseback* foremost urg'd the war;  
 The three first *tribes* by *tens* he did divide,  
 The number *ten* was *Romulus's* pride;  
 Ten months to mournful *widows* were assign'd,  
 And thus *ten months* the *Roman year* confin'd. 160  
 At first, the *calends*, *Mars*, belong'd to thee,  
 As by the following *tokens* we may see;  
 The *laurel wreaths*, that hanging all the year,  
 In all the houses of the *priests* appear,

Were

pike-staves for their *standards* in ing people, they rejected the *bay*  
 war; but in after-times, when and *straw*, and placed *eagles* in  
 they became an opulent flourish- their military *banners*.

Were then renew'd ; then at the *palace gate*,  
 And in the *courts*, with pomp and glorious state,  
 Was *laurel* seen ; then *Vesta's* altar stood  
 Crown'd with fresh *Laurel*, ev'ry *March* renew'd ;  
 Then was again restor'd the *holy fire*,  
 With *secret rites*, that it might ne'er expire ; 170  
 And that which my belief confirms the more,  
 That *March* was the *first month* in days of yore,  
 Is that the *Anna* we *Perenna* call,  
 In *Mars* his month was worshipp'd first of all ;  
 And till the time the *Punic war* arose,  
 The magistrates, the *first of March*, were chose ;  
 Besides, the month we still *Quintilis* call,  
 That does from *March* the *fifth* in order fall ;  
 Thence to *December* we observe the same,  
 Each month as-number'd has a Latin name. 180  
*Numa*, who from the hardy *Sabines* sprung,  
 First show'd the *Romans* that their year was *wrong* ;  
 Whe-

173. See an account of this *Anna Perenna* upon verse 654 in this book.

177. Before *July* was so called in honour of *Julius Cesar*, it was named *Quintilis*, i. e. the fifth

month, from the Latin word *quinque*, five. *August* also received that name from *Augustus Cesar*, which before was called *sextilis*, being so denominated, from the Latin word *sex*, six.

Whether the *Samian sage* this knowledge brought,  
 Or it was by divine *Egeria* taught;  
 Yet still increasing *errors* long appear,  
 Till *Caesar's* happy skill reform'd the year;  
 Tho' high his station, honour'd as a god,  
 He on the *calendar* much pains bestow'd;  
 And as to *heav'n* he *would* by merit rise,  
 So went he not a stranger to the skies;  
 He nicely scann'd the motion of the *sun*,  
 And in what time his *annual course* could run;  
 Three hundred sixty five the days he found,  
 And quarter part, in which his yearly round  
 Bright *Sol* perform'd; that single day we add  
 Each *Lustre*; thus the year's compleatly made.

190

If

183. The *Samian sage*, i. e. *Pythagoras*, who was brought up, and resided many years in the island of *Samos*; but he was born at *Sidon*, (a city of *Phœnicia*,) near 600 years before the commencement of the Christian æra. He liv'd to be 90 years of age. *Ovid* here commits a grand Anachronism, because *Numa* flourished a hundred years before *Pythagoras* was born.

184. This nymph *Egeria* is by some supposed to be the wife of

*Numa*; but others say, that being a nymph she was changed into a fountain by *Diana*, in a grove near to *Rome*, whither *Numa* often resorted, and pretended to have secret commerce with her; and to have receiv'd instructions from her in modelling the civil, and religious polity of that city. *St. Augustine* thinks, that this *Egeria* was only *Hydromancy*, or divination by water, which *Numa* superstitiously practis'd.

K



If *bards* the secrets of the *gods* may know,  
And that they may *old authors* will allow ;  
Say, *Mars*, since all thy duties manly are,  
Why is thy festival the *womens* care ? 200  
On this he laid his *awful spear* aside,  
And to my question graciously reply'd ;  
Tho' *god of war*, I now am call'd to show,  
What honour I to *peaceful* arts allow ;  
I quit the *martial*, for another *field*,  
In which, I will not all to *Pallas* yield ;  
Hear then, *laborious bard*, and learn from me,  
What may for thy intention useful be ;  
If you the infant state of *Rome* review,  
Mean were her *buildings*, and her *people* few ; 210  
Yet such a thriving lively *look* she bore,  
As well declar'd her future glorious pow'r ;  
Her *walls* too strait for the increasing race,  
Included then a deal of *empty space* ;  
If *Romulus's* palace you would know,  
The walls were *mud*, and it was thatch'd with *straw* ;  
On *straw* he slept, yet from a bed so mean,  
He did at last in *heav'n* a mansion gain.

Now,

Now, tho' the *Romans* fame extended wide,  
 Each led an irksome life without a *bride*; 220  
 The neighb'ring states their *poverty* contemn,  
 Their only *glory* was their *warlike* fame;  
 Nay, at a distance, it was scarce believ'd,  
 That *Romulus* from me his birth deriv'd;  
 To live in *buts*, to plow a little land,  
 Or a few *sheep*, or straggling *oxen* tend,  
 Cou'd not abroad their *reputation* raise,  
 The *richer* nations scorn'd their *meaner* ways.  
 Such is the *pleasure* of a marry'd state, 229  
*Birds* in the woods have each his *cheerful* mate;  
 The savage beasts, that in the *desart* rove,  
 Find *conforts* out, and join in mutual love;  
 The *reptile* kind, that creep upon the ground,  
 The male and female are in *couples* found;  
 But such was my unhappy *Romans* lot,  
 All-round for them no *wives* were to be got;  
 At this provok'd, I *Romulus* inspire,  
 To make a bold attempt, with martial fire;  
 Soft pray'rs, said I, to *whining* lovers leave,  
 But *daring* seize on what your *arms* can give; 240

For *Consus* now a public feast prepare ;  
 What's to be done, this *Consus* will declare ;  
 When singing at his feast thou shalt appear.

Robb'd of their *daughters* arm'd the *Sabins* rose,  
 And treated these bold *sons-in-law* as foes ;  
 And *others* whom the same affliction join'd,  
 Did all assistance from the *Sabines* find ;  
 In various battles they prolong'd the war,  
 Till mothers made the ravish'd *daughters* are ;  
 When they to meet in *Juno's* fane agreed, 250  
 Where my *son's spouse* this short oration made ;  
 " O you, who join'd with me could not escape,  
 " One common fortune in the gen'ral *rape* ;  
 " We can no longer *piously* observe,  
 " *A neutral part*, and not from duty swerve ;  
 " Drawn up for battle the *two armies* stand,  
 " Our *husbands* this, and that our *fires* command ;  
 " For whom shall we invoke the *pow'rs above* ?  
 " For both our *duty* pleads, for both our *love* ;

" The

241. This *Consus* was an ancient deity of the *Romans*, the same as *Neptunus Equestris*; his altar stood in the *Circus*, in which they celebrated his festival called *Consualia*, on the 21st of August. Du-

ring the time of this feast, *Romulus* and his subjects made the rape of the *Sabine virgins*. *Consus* is deriv'd à *Consulendo*, as being the god of *secret counsels*.



" The *conquering side* alike we justly dread, 260  
 " By which we're *widows*, or we're *orphans* made ;  
 " That both may *conquer*, and that both may *live*,  
 " Hear the bold *counsel* which I have to give ;"  
 They heard, obey'd, and loos'd their flowing hair,  
 And mournful all in *fun'ral robes* appear ;  
 And just before the *battle* was begun,  
 Between their angry *fires* and *husbands* run ;  
 Bath'd all in *tears*, and with dishevell'd hair,  
 Each at her breast a tender *infant* bare ;  
 There they in sad and suppliant posture stood, 270  
 To stop th' effusion of much *kindred* blood ;  
 The *infants* seem'd as if they griev'd, implor'd  
 They might not suffer by the *cruel sword* ;  
 Their *cries* instead of *words* prevailing spoke,  
 And warded off the dire impending stroke ;  
 The *men* on either side their *arms* let fall,  
 And did each other *sons* and *fathers* call ;  
 Their *wives*, and *daughters* they with joy embrace,  
 And on their shields bear home their *infant race* ;

K 3

From

266. *Livy* tells this story also, with these moving circumstances. *patres, hinc Viros orantes, ne se sanguine nefando, soceri generique re-*  
*Crinibus passis, scissaque Veste, hinc spergerent.*

From hence a *privilege* the *women* claim 280  
 A privilege of great and lasting fame,  
 To *celebrate* the day that's sacred to my name;  
 Either because they *bravely* without fear,  
 Put then a period to that *fatal war*;  
 Or else because by me a *mother* made,  
 A godlike offspring fruitful *Ilia* had;  
 Or else, as *Phæbus* now returning round,  
 Creates a *genial warmth* within the ground;  
 The trees begin to be re-cloath'd with *green*,  
 And on the *wine* the swelling buds are seen; 290  
 The plants, that hidden all the *winter* lay,  
 Their beauteous *verdure* now again display;  
 The *fields* new-plow'd receive the *fertile seed*,  
 And *cattle* couple to renew the breed;  
 The *birds* employ'd in ev'ry hedge and grove,  
 Now build their nests, and pass their time in love;  
 This fecund season *mothers* justly claim,  
 Fit for the warfare of each fruitful dame.

Besides,

282. The *Matronalia*, or ladies feast was celebrated in honour of *Mars*, on the first of *March*; for which *Ovid* here assigns three different reasons. The last of which

being a subject he delighted in, the reader will perceive he expatiates upon it, in his usual agreeable manner.

Besides, for *Romulus* a constant guard  
 On mount *Esquiliae*, kept their watch and ward ; 300  
 Where, on the *first of March*, a temple rear'd  
 To *Juno* by the *ladies*, first appear'd ;  
 But why need I these various things repeat ?  
 Behold before your eyes that *sacred seat* ;  
 In *Juno's* love new-marry'd ladies share,  
 For which they make this *solemn feast* their care ;  
 She's pleas'd with *flow'rs*, with *flow'rs* her feast adorn,  
 Let flow'ry garlands on your heads be worn ;  
 Say, thou *Lucina* ! didst our birth befriend,  
 So at our *labour* graciously attend ! 310  
 Let her that's big with child *unloose* her hair,  
 And then address the *goddess* with her pray'r ;  
 That she would the tormenting pains appease,  
 And bring the *birth* into the world with *ease*.

But who can tell me, why the *Salian priests*,  
 Dancing in armour, celebrate these feasts ?  
 Why, as they carry *Mars's* shields along,  
 They often name *Mamurius* in their song ?

K 4

Instruct

300. See an account of this Mount *Esquiliae*, in my notes upon the 504th verse in *February*.

309. *Lucina* is another name for *Juno* ; thus *Terence* joins them both

together, in a lying-in woman's prayer.

*Juno Lucina, ser opem ; serva me, obsecro.*

318. This *Mamurius* was the name



Instruct me here, *Egeria*, nymph divine!  
 Come to thy feast, and now attend thy shrine. 320  
 A gloomy lake that near *Aricia* lies,  
 Is shaded round with venerable trees;  
 Here has the chaste *Hippolytus* his tomb,  
 Whose frightened horses caus'd his cruel doom;  
 From whence in *horror* of his sad disgrace,  
 No horse is suffer'd to approach the place;  
 On *tablets* hang, on all the trees around,  
 What  *blessings* men have from the *goddeſſes* found;  
 And when that women have attain'd their *vows*,  
 With *flow'ry* chaplets on their chearful brows, 330  
 They flaming torches from the city bring,  
 And grateful of *Diana's* favours sing;  
 The *priest*, preſiding o'er this holy place,  
 Is call'd a *king*; which honour, by a *race*,  
 Or *ſtrength of arms*, muſt always be obtain'd,  
 Sometimes it's loſt by whom it had been gain'd;

Hard

name of the workman, who made the brazen *Ancilia*, or ſhields, ſo like that which fell from heaven, in the reign of king *Numa*, that they could not be diſtinguiſhed one from another. A further relation of this the reader will find, as he goes along in this book.

323. The ſtory of *Hippolytus* may be ſeen, as related by our author, in the latter end of *June*, beginning at verſe 829.

333. The prieſt, that officiated in this grove of *Diana*, was called *Rex Nemoreſis*; and this office he obtained

Hard by a *brook* with various murmur runs,  
 Where it is dash'd against the bord'ring stones;  
 Here you may *drink*, but tho' with heat you rage,  
 By *little draughts* you must your thirst assuage; 340  
*Divine Egeria* gives this grateful stream,  
 A goddess worthy of the *poet's* theme;  
 Let her be sung, by every tuneful *muse*,  
 To *Numa* both a counsellor and spouse.

At first the *Romans* were too prompt to war,  
 To mend *this temper* was good *Numa's* care;  
 He form'd their minds to a *religious awe*,  
 And regulated their affairs by *law*;  
 By this was check'd that impotence of *pow'r*  
 That wou'd, whate'er is in its reach, devour; 350  
 By this their *savage nature* milder grew,  
 And *gods* and *men* receiv'd their proper due;  
 To *fellow-citizens* regard was paid,  
 And *rancour*, and *revenge* aside were laid;

And

obtained from his competitor, either by strength in *fighting*, or by swiftness in *running*; or, as some understand this place, the priest must be a *fugitive*, who kills his predecessor in single combat, and then succeeds him in his office.

339. The reason assigned, why they drank *little draughts* at that rivulet, was because the water was exceeding *cold*, and consequently dangerous, if they were very thirsty.

And he that lately minded not the *gods*,  
With wine and off'rings now the *altar* loads.

But lo! what thund'ring show'rs of *rain* descend!  
Which thro' the sky corruscant flames attend;  
Broad sheets of *light'ning* overspread the air,  
The *king's* and *people's* hearts dissolve with fear; 360  
To whom appall'd, *divine Egeria* said,  
Let not your minds be over-much dismay'd;  
The wrath of *Jove*, which in this storm is shown,  
By *proper sacrifice* you may atone;  
*Faunus* and *Picus* shall those rites declare,  
As *deities* they both are worshipp'd here;  
But without *force* they nothing will unfold,  
They must be *bound*, before these *rites* are told;  
She then instructs them, where they might be found,  
And how they might by *human art* be bound. 370  
Below the mount call'd *Aventine* there stood,  
Of shady oaks a venerable wood;

Within

365. *Picus*, we are told, was the son of *Saturn*, and father of *Faunus*; but afterwards were considered as deities, that frequented *Mount Aventine*, before it was built

upon. To take these deities to the number he had before, the religious king *Numa* added that hill to the city.



Within this wood a bubbling *fountain* rose,  
 Whose *margin* green was overspread with moss;  
*Picus* and *Faunus* here their thirst allay'd,  
 And here enjoy'd the grateful ev'ning shade;  
 Hither, retir'd from bus'ness *Numa* came,  
 And to that *fountain* sacrific'd a lamb;  
 With the choice off'ring he the *altar* loads,  
 And pours out *wine* in plenty to the gods; 380  
 This done, he to his private *grotto* went,  
 Hard by, and waited for the wish'd event;  
 The *sylvan* gods as usual came, and quaff'd  
 The consecrated wine that *Numa* left;  
 Then went to rest, and while in soft repose  
 They lay, the *monarch* from his *grotto* rose;  
 Who bringing with him strong and proper *bands*,  
 He safely ty'd, with ease, their helpless hands;  
 When they *awoke*, they struggling strove in vain,  
 To loose, or break, the strongly-twisted chain; 390  
 You gods, that haunt the groves, then *Numa* said,  
 Forgive this fact, this most audacious deed!  
 You know, that I have nothing *bad* in view,  
 And only make this short *request*, to shew,

What

What will the wrath of *thund'ring Jove* appease?  
 Then *Faunus* answ'ring spoke; his words were these,  
 What thou requir'st, is hard for *men* to know,  
 And more than what we *Sylvan gods* can show;  
 Our pow'r extends but o'er the *hill* or *grove*,  
 To dart the thunderbolt belongs to *Jove*; 400  
 Whom to bring down from the ethereal sky,  
 Without our *aid*, thou wilt but vainly try.

Thus *Faunus* spoke, and *Picus* with him join'd,  
 And then desir'd he would their limbs unbind;  
 By *Styx* they swore, to try their pow'r with *Jove*,  
 And bring him down from his bright seats above;  
 But what they did, when from their *bondage* freed,  
 What *charms* they us'd, to do the *wondrous deed*,  
 No *man* may know; I only can unfold,  
 What *marv'lous things* by *pious bards* are told; 410  
 From heav'n, O *Jove*, by charms they brought thee  
 Whom by the name *Elicius* now we own; [down,  
*Jove's*

396. *Faunus*, it seems, was a  
*borned* deity; for the original of  
 this line is,

*Sic quatiens cornua Faunus ait;*  
 He is supposed to have appeared  
 in the shape of a shaggy be-goat;

in which form, the ancient *Jews*  
 imagined the *devils* shewed them-  
 selves to mankind. It is probable,  
 that *fancy* and *superstition* gave rise  
 to both opinions.

412. *Elicius* is one of *Jupiter's*  
epi-

*Jove's* presence shook the *mount* on which he stood,  
 His awful glory shook the trembling wood ;  
 The *monarch's* heart was sunk with panic fear,  
 Chill'd was his blood, and rose erect his hair ;  
 But soon as he could speak, he cry'd, O *Jove* !  
 O king, and father of the gods above !  
 Say, with what *rites* we shall thy pow'r adore,  
 When o'er our heads the dreadful *thunders* roar ;  
 Grant this *request*, if I pure hands have laid, 420  
 Upon thy altars, and sincerely pray'd ;  
*Jove* nods assent ; but yet in *doubtful phrase*,  
 He terrifies the *king* with what he says ;  
*Cut off a head*, said *Jove* ; the king replies,  
*A head of garlick* will, I hope, suffice ;  
 Nay, of *a man*, said *Jove* ; I will not fear,  
 Reply'd the king, to cut *a head of hair* ;  
 Once more in short, the god demands *a life*,  
*A fish*, for that shall feel the fatal knife, 430  
 The monarch said ; *Jove* smiling made reply,  
 How can I, *Numa*, thy request deny ?

Then

epithets ; it is derived *ab eliciendo*, brought down from heav'n by  
 i. e. from drawing down ; because, *Faunus'* and *Picus'* magic verses.  
 as *Ovid* here tells us, *Jupiter* was



Then *garlic*, *hair*, and *fish* together take,  
And for the *thunder* expiation make :  
Soon as to-morrow's *sun* restores the day,  
I'll certain *tokens* of my *pow'r* display ;  
He spoke, and wrapt in *thunder* mounts the skies,  
While on the ground adoring *Numa* lies ;  
Joyful the king then back again repair'd,  
And to his subjects all these *facts* declar'd ; 440  
Strange were the facts, and wondrous to believe,  
They to his words could hardly *credit* give ;  
You will *believe* the words I speak, he cry'd,  
When they to-morrow shall be verifi'd ;  
Soon as to-morrow's *sun* restores the day,  
Sure *tokens* of his *pow'r* will *Jove* display ;  
In *doubt* they part, and think the hours move slow,  
Till on the morrow they the *truth* should know ;  
Next morn, a *rimy frost* o'erspread the ground,  
The people thick the *palace gate* surround ; 450  
The *king* came forth, and in the open air,  
He seats himself upon a *lofty chair* ;  
That *chair* of state was made of *maple* wood,  
The multitudes in silence round him stood ;  
When

When *Phæbus* first with ruddy beams appears,  
 How fluctuating were their *hopes* and *fears* !  
 The *king* rose up with reverential dread,  
 A milk-white diadem adorn'd his head,  
 And lifting up his hands to *heav'n*, he said,  
 Daign now, O *Jove*, thy wond'rous pow'r to shew,  
 And let thy *promise* and my *words* be true ; 461  
 While yet he spoke, they all the *sun* descry,  
 And a great crack of *thunder* rent the sky ;  
*Thrice* in the air serene, they heard the sound,  
 And *thrice* the *light'ning* glar'd upon the ground ;  
 But what is still more wondrous to declare,  
 Yet true, they saw an *opening* in the air ;  
 Afraid the king, and people turn'd their eyes  
 From gazing on *this wonder* in the skies ;  
 When, lo ! from thence, a *shield*, with gentle fall,  
 Descending dropt *unhurt* amongst them all ; 471  
 With sudden *shouts* from ev'ry joyful tongue,  
 The hills, the dales, and all the welkin rung ;  
 A *beifer* then, which ne'er had born the yoke,  
 To *Jove* did on the grateful altar smoke,  
 And from the ground the *sacred shield* they took ;

This

This was *Ancile* call'd, which all around  
 Was smooth'd alike, that not a notch was found;  
 And as the *king* was giv'n to understand,  
 The fate of *Rome* should on this *shield* depend; 480  
 He artfully contriv'd a number more,  
 (Which of *this first* th' exact resemblance bore,)  
 Should then be made, that whoso'er should try  
 To steal the *true*, might be deceiv'd thereby;  
*Mamurius* was in *art* esteem'd divine,  
 His *morals* did with equal lustre shine,  
 He made those *shields*; to whom *the monarch* said,  
 Ask what reward thou wilt, it shall be paid;  
 The institution of the *Salian priests*,  
 Who sung, and danc'd in *armour* at their feasts; 490  
 The king ordain'd; I only *glory* crave  
 For my reward, let that *Mamurius* have;

And

489. The *Salii*, or *Salian* priests  
 were twelve in number, instituted  
 by *Numa*, each of them carry'd  
 at the feast of *Mars*, one of the  
*Ancilia*, or sacred shields, eleven of  
 which were made by *Mamurius*, so  
 like that which fell from heav'n,  
 that the true one could not be di-  
 stinguished from the rest. At this

feast the *Salii*, dress'd in a par-  
 ticular garb, ran dancing thro'  
 the city singing verses, in which  
*Mamurius's* name was often re-  
 peated. This celebrated *Ancile*  
 was the secret guardian of the ci-  
 ty of *Rome*, as the *Palladium* was  
 of *Troy*.



And to secure this boon of future fame,  
 Let all their tongues repeat *Mamurius'* name;  
 From thence, in *Salian chorus*, when they sing,  
 The streets with echo's of *Mamurius* ring.

Let *lovers* now, who burn with equal fires,  
 Put off a while t'accomplish their desires,  
 The din of arms to *Hymen* is no friend,  
 Wait, *lovers*, till this festival shall end; 500  
 A short delay will better omens give,  
 And you will more, and lasting joys receive;  
 The wife of *Jove's high-priest* durst not appear  
 Drest all that time, nor ever combs her hair.

When the third night from hence reveals the stars,  
 Of the *two fishes* only one appears;  
 The *southern's* set; but to th' observant eye,  
 The *northern* still illuminates the sky.

When with her ruddy cheeks, on the fifth day,  
*Aurora* shall her lively rays display; 510  
 The lazy driver of the *northern wain*,  
 Shall sink into the deep *Hesperian* main;  
 Not so the *Vintager*, whose hapless fate,  
 (The story's short) I briefly will relate;

L

'Tis

'Tis said, that *Ampelos* of blooming face,  
 A *nymph* and *satyr's* son, the hills of *Thrace*  
 Adorn'd, whom *Bacchus* fondly did caress,  
 And let him from the grapes the vintage press;  
 Once, as a lofty, and a spreading vine,  
 Did thro' the branches of an *elm* entwine;  
 Th' advent'rous youth climbs up the tree-clate,  
 And falling, met with his untimely fate;  
*Bacchus*, in pity of his mournful case,  
 Gave him amongst the starry signs a place.

On the sixth day, when in his shining car,  
*Phoebus* shall rise, and brighten all the air;  
 Let all attend, who *Vesta's* flames adore,  
 And on her altars grateful incense pour;  
 To all the glorious titles *Caesar* had,  
 This day did that of holy pontiff add;  
 To fix th' eternal power of *Rome*, we join,  
 O *Caesar*, *Vesta's* sacred powers with thine;

520. It was usual for the ancients, in *Italy* and *Greece*, to run up their vines against *elm-trees* in particular. Our poet writes to his friend *Maximus* from *Pontus*, thus,

*Non hic pampineis amicitur vitibus  
 almus*

(That is, the)

*No leafy vines here cloathe the  
 spreading elms.*

That *guardian pledge*, which from his native shore,  
When *Troy* was burnt, to *Rome Aeneas* bore;  
Sprung from *Aeneas* does *Augustus* shine,  
Guard, *holy Vesta*, guard thy kindred line;  
And hence recorded in the rolls of *fame*,  
May *Caesar* live, as lasting as thy flame.

On March's *Nones*, the shrine of *little Jove*,  
Was dedicated near the *double grove*; 540  
By *Romulus* the place was wall'd around,  
And there the people an *Asylum* found;  
Whoe'er, *he said*, unto this place shall flee,  
Him I'll protect, he shall in safety be;  
How little then was *Rome*, and now how great,  
And how *unenvy'd* was its rising state!  
But further that I may the thing explain,  
What by the name of *little Jove* I mean;  
What *god's* so call'd, and *why*, you justly ask,  
To answer both is now my present task; 550  
If you a glance but o'er his *statue* pass,  
You'll find his features *small*, and *young* his face;  
Observe his hands; what mortal men revere,  
No dreadful, forked, *thunder-bolts* are there;



When that the *giants* heav'ns firm basis shook,  
*Jove* first the *Thunder* for his armour took ;  
 Till then unarm'd ; new light'nings *Ossa* burn'd,  
 And the *vast mountains* into ashes turn'd ;  
 Close by his statue stands a *goat*, 'tis said,  
 By *Cretan* nymphs *Jove's* infant mouth was fed ;  
 The *goat* afforded *milk*, theirs was the care, 560  
 A pious charge, the *little god* to rear ;  
 And as that *Ve* denotes whate'er is small,  
 So *Vejovis* this *little Jove* we call.

Soon as the *stars* adorn the azure skies,  
 You'll see the head of *Pegasus* arise ;  
 He sprung, they tell us, from *Medusa* slain,  
 The bloody spots appear upon his mane ;  
 Above the *clouds*, he could the sky survey,  
 And with *wing'd-feet* cut his aethereal way ; 570  
 But curb'd too much, low droop'd his falling wing,  
 When with his *beel* he made *th' Aonian spring* ;

Now

566. The constellation *Pegasus* rises heliacally on the 7th of March. *Ovid* says it consisted in his time of 15 stars ; but in *Ptolemy's* catalogue there are 20 ; in *Tycho's* 19 ; and in the *Britannic* 93.

572. *Aonia* was the hilly part of *Boeotia* in *Greece*, in which was mount *Helicon*, at the foot of which were the two fountains *Aganippe*, and *Hippocrene*. See the note upon verse 8th in May.

Now *heav'n* his further wand'ring flight confines,  
Where splendid with his *fifteen stars* he shines.

See *Ariadne's* crown, the following night,  
Above th' *horizon* first appear in sight;  
Ungrateful *Theseus* left his mournful wife,  
Who from the *Minotaur* had sav'd his life;  
Rejoic'd, she thought she had much better sped,  
When *Bacchus* kindly took her to his bed; 580  
Thy crime, she said, O *Theseus*, was my rise,  
Bless'd be the day, that I was marry'd *twice*!  
What *folly*, that for thee I shed a tear?  
Thy *perfidy* has made me *happy* here.  
Mean while in *India* *Bacchus* conquests made,  
And a long time from *Ariadne* stay'd;  
Amongst the young, and beauteous captive train,  
A *royal maid* the conqueror's heart did gain;  
How could such charms of beauty be withstood?  
They made a *conquest* of the conquering god; 590

L 3

Poor.

575. On the 8th of March *Ariadne's* crown is seen above the horizon, in the evening. This constellation, in the *Britannic* catalogue, has 21 stars; of which 3 are called *Lucidae*, or bright; but in *Ovid's* time, there were but 9 in all.

577. They that understand *English* only, may read at large the story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, drawn up by our author, with curious invention, and in the moving strains of poetry, in his *Epistles* translated by various hands.

Poor *Ariadne* now again complains,  
She sorrowing fills the shore with plaintive strains;  
In *dishabille* upon the beach she stood,  
And thus in grief address'd the briny flood;  
Fresh woe, *O sea*, my tortur'd bosom heaves,     111  
More streaming *tears* again augment thy waves;  
As *Theseus* then, so *Bacchus* now I moan,  
By both *ungrateful* am I left alone!  
Let ev'ry *woman* ev'ry *man* distrust,  
They all in *love*, are perjur'd, or unjust;     600  
Had I not chang'd the state, I had before,  
Poor *Ariadne* now had been no more;  
Why, *Bacchus*, didst thou come to my relief?  
That boon has caus'd another scene of grief;  
O fickle *Bacchus*, changing as the wind,  
Light as the *leaves*, that do thy temples bind!  
Cause of my *tears*, and of this vile disgrace,  
Must then a *foreign barlot* take my place?  
What were the oaths, and promises you made,  
Yet violating thus the *marriage-bed*?     610  
Hard is my lot, for ever to repeat  
The plaints of *woe*, and meet with fresh deceit;  
How



How often didst thou perjur'd *Theseus* blame,  
 And yet art basely guilty of the same?  
 But let me not these scenes of grief relate,  
 Lest some should think me *worthy* of my fate;  
 For should they reach unconstant *Theseus'* ear,  
 He wou'd less guilty of his *crime* appear;  
 Is it because, forsooth, that I am *brown*,  
 That you, for that *fair harlot* me disown? 620  
 How can you doat upon that *tawny face*?  
 The thought must sure appall the fond embrace;  
 O *Bacchus*, then be just, nor wand'ring rove  
 From her, whose greatest pride is *constant love*;  
 I, and my mother, both did *borns* admire,  
 Her's was a *base*, but mine a *noble fire*;  
 Let not my *love* for thee be thought a shame,  
 For me thou boldly did'st confess thy *flame*;

L 4

Thy

625. *Pasiphae* was the mother of *Ariadne*, whose unnatural desire for a bull was gratify'd by the means of *Daedalus*. *Bacchus* is also represented with *borns*, according to *Pompeius Festus*, for this reason; *Cornua Liberi Patris Simulacro adjiciuntur, quem inventorem*

*vini dicunt, eò quòd homines nimio vino truces fiunt.* Some think, because *Moses* is usually pourtray'd with *borns*, that *Bacchus* and the Jewish lawgiver is one and the same person; but this opinion I take to be meer fancy.

Thy plighted vows thou didst with *ardor* press,  
 Thou sprung'st from *fire*, how could thy *love* be less?  
 In *heav'n* didst thou not promise me a place? 631  
 Instead of *heav'n*, behold, I find *disgrace*!  
 As she these words express'd, in plaintive mood,  
*Bacchus* some time unseen behind her stood;  
 He dry'd her tears, and clasp'd her to his breast,  
 In *heav'n*, said he, we will together rest;  
 Join'd in one *bed*, one *name* us both shall join,  
 I'm *Liber* call'd, and *Libera* shall be thine;  
 A *crown* thy glorious monument shall be,  
 To *Venus Vulcan* gave it, *she* to thee; 640  
 The *promise* he made good, for in the *crown*  
*Nine* spark'ling *gems* of brightest lustre shone;  
 These into *stars* he chang'd, and plac'd on high,  
 Which in a circle now adorn the sky.

When the *bright ruler* of the azure skies,  
 Six times is seen to set, and six to rise;  
 Another *race of horses* thoult behold,  
 In *Mars's field*, which *Tiber's* waves enfold;  
 Unless his swelling flood o'er-run the plains, 649  
*Mount-Coelius* then the dusty honour gains. Near

650. *Mount Coelius* is one of the hills, on which *Rome* was built.

Near to thy banks, O *Tiber*, where thy wave  
 Does first of *Rome* the utmost bound'ry lave;  
 Upon the *Ides*, a day of sportful rest,  
*Anna Perenna* holds her genial feast;  
 The common people frolick on the grass,  
 Topping, and ev'ry *lad* enjoys his *lass*;  
 Some sit in *tents*, and some in open air,  
 And some green *branches*, shady bowers, rear;  
 Others erect long *canes*, which overspread 669  
 With cloths, keep off the *beat* above their head;  
 Then warm'd with wine, the *healths* go briskly round,  
 And ev'ry *year* is with full bumpers crown'd;  
 Here by their glasses *this* a *Nestor* lives,  
 A *Sibyl's* years *that* to his mistress gives;

Some

It was so called, according to *Pomp. Festus*, from one *Coelius*, a *Tuscan* general, who came to assist *Romulus*, in his war against the *Sabines*. The name of it now is, *Monte de S. Giovanna Laterana*. This horse-racing by the Romans called *Equiria*, was performed on the 13th day of this month.

674. The ancient *Romans* had a custom of *toasting* their mistresses, by drinking so many glasses to their health, as there were letters

in their mistresses name. This is told us by *Martial* in these two lines,

*Narcia sex cyathis, septem Justina  
 bibatur,*

*Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida  
 tribus.*

That is,

*Six glasses Narcia claims, Justina  
 seven;*

*Five Lycas, Lyde four, and Ida  
 three.*



Some rant and sing, tho' but in mangled words,  
 The newest songs the *theatre* affords;  
 While others form a *male* and *female* train,  
 Who bound in frisky *dances* o'er the plain.  
 At night they *stagger* home, and on the road,  
 All, whom they meet, their happiness applaud. 680  
 Late, in my walks, this gallant *pomp* I saw,  
 And to compleat the humours of the *show*,  
 A fuddled *wife*, with noisy fault'ring tongue,  
 Came tugging of her drunken *carl* along.

But that you certainly may be appriz'd,  
 (For many stories have the *Truth* disguis'd,)  
 What *goddesses* gave occasion for this feast,  
 A full account shall briefly be exprest.  
 Unhappy *Dido* lov'd the *Trojan* chief,  
 But found from his returns no kind relief; 690  
 A fun'ral *pile* she for herself prepar'd,  
 And o'er her urn a cenotaph was rear'd;  
 Whereon inscrib'd she left the following verse,  
 Which does concisely her *last words* rehearse;  
*Cause of my death, this sword Aeneas gave,*  
*Both which brought hapless Dido to her grave.*

Soon

Soon on her kingdom the *Numidians* seize,  
 And revel in her *palace* as they please;  
*Iärbas*, who had *Dido* lov'd of late,  
 With haughty *triumph* now applauds his fate; 700  
*That bed* now shall be mine, he vainly cry'd,  
 Which *Dido* to my suit so oft deny'd.

The *Tyrians* fled, by sea and land were tost,  
 Like roving bees, when that their *king* is lost;  
 Three *harvests* now had felt three summers-suns,  
 And thrice the juicy grapes had fill'd the tuns;  
 When *Anna* banish'd from her darling home,  
 Took her last farewell of her *sister's* tomb;  
 Put in the urn the *cuttings* of her hair,  
 And o'er the *ashes* dropt a mournful tear; 710  
 Then kissing the remains of the lov'd *shade*,  
 Adieu, for evermore adieu, she said;  
 Thus *Anna* taking ship put forth to sea,  
 With only one companion of her way;

With

699. This *Iärbas* was king of *Numidia*, or *Getulia*, in *Africa*, who was refus'd on the score of marriage by *Dido*; but when she was dead, he came and took *Carthage*, and forced her sister *Anna* to flee for safety, where she could; many circumstances of whose story our poet is now going to relate, in his *embellishing* way.

With many a wishful look, and anxious mind,  
 She view'd those *dear-lov'd-walls* she left behind;  
 To *Malta's* fruitful island then she steers,  
 Which in the *Libyan deep* well-known appears;  
*Battus* was there the king, both rich and just,  
 Her former guest, him she could safely trust; 720  
 Who having heard *hers*, and her *sister's* fate,  
 Enjoy with me, said he, my *little state*;  
 And here she might, long as she liv'd, have stay'd,  
 But *Battus* of *Pygmalion* was afraid;  
 Two years was *Anna* there a welcome guest,  
 Then forc'd to seek another place of rest;  
 To wage in war, lo! *Battus* much too weak,  
 Bids *Anna* fly, and her own safety seek;  
 To winds and seas she now commits her fate,  
 No *seas* so dang'rous as her *brother's* hate; 730  
 Near

724. This *Pygmalion* was king  
 of *Tyre*, brother of *Dido*, and *An-  
 na*, but a cruel, and a covetous  
 wretch. He murdered *Sichaeus* his  
*eldest* *Dido's* husband, and violently  
 took possession of what he left.  
*Anna* therefore might well be a-  
 fraid of the monster.

731. *Calabria* is the most sou-

thern part of the kingdom of *Na-  
 ples* in *Italy*. My original says,  
 the place that *Anna* intended to  
 land at in *Calabria*, was then cal-  
 led *Camere*,

*Purus ager, Cameren incola Turba  
 vocat.*

I cannot say what the modern  
 name of it is, if it has any.



Near the *Calabrian* shore, an open field  
 There lies, that does its fruits in plenty yield;  
 Thither she bent her *course*, and when she came,  
 Within about nine bow-shot of the same,  
 No longer would the breeze the *canvas* swell,  
 The winds, all on a sudden, hushing fell;  
 Tug hard, the *pilot* cry'd, at ev'ry oar,  
 If that you mean to make the neighb'ring shore;  
 But while they *furl* the sails, a rapid gust 739  
 (Which from a *bov'ring cloud* approaching burst)  
 With hasty *whirl* drives back the ship again,  
 Maugre their skill, into the foamy main;  
 Where in the *ocean's* rolling surges tost,  
 The sight of ev'ry land was quickly lost;  
 From the low *channel* of the hoary deep,  
 Th' impetuous winds the gulphy bottom sweep;  
 The *storm* surmounts the seamen's force and care,  
 For help they then implore the gods by pray'r;  
 Poor *Anna* rolling in the surgy deep,  
 Could nothing do but hide her face and weep; 750  
 Now first she blest her *sister's* happy state,  
 Compar'd with her *uncertain* cruel fate;

But,

But, driv'n by various winds, the ship at last  
 Was on the coast near fair *Laurentum* cast;  
 Where soon as e'er all safely got on shore,  
 The ship *sunk* foundring, and was seen no more.

*Aeneas* now of great and pious fame,  
 Had to the *Trojan* join'd the *Latin* name;  
 Who, as he with *Achates*, his dear friend,  
 Was walking serious on the *dotal strand*, 760  
 Spy'd *Anna* wand'ring in a lonely field,  
 But scarcely to his eyes could credit yield,  
 Till that *Achates* also thought the same,  
 And call'd to *Anna* loudly by her name;  
 The *pensive wand'rer* then lift up her eye,  
 But knew not what to do, nor where to fly;  
 Where could she hide, or whether could she run?  
 She, like her *sister*, thought herself undone.  
 The *Trojan* hero *Anna* then address'd,  
 But 'twas with tears that he his words express'd; 770  
 For, *Dido*, the remembrance of thy love,  
 Did still th' affections of the hero move;  
*Anna*, said he, now by this *land* I swear,  
 This *land* of which you did so often hear,

And

And by those gods, who promis'd me this land,  
 I left you only at their dread command;  
 Far from my thoughts was the atrocious deed,  
 For me, why, dear *Eliza*, didst thou bleed?  
 Her wounded breast, with anxious grief I saw,  
 When I descended to the shades below;  
 But whether, thou to these our coasts art driv'n  
 By choice, or the peculiar will of heav'n;  
 Whatever blessings in my kingdom are,  
*Anna* shall always have a welcome share;  
 I owe to *Dido's* kindness and to thine,  
 Whatever grandeur now is called mine;  
 Thus for thy own, as well as *Dido's* sake,  
 Of this my country's wealth thou shalt partake;  
 To this kind offer, *Anna* gave consent,  
 And with *Aeneas* to the city went;  
 Who, as she with the courteous *hera* goes,  
 Relates her travels, and her various woes;  
 Who then conducts her, in her *Tyrian* dress,  
 And to the queen does thus himself express,  
 'Tis I, who once was *Eliza*, now *Anna* am.

780. The curious reader may find, that *Anna* is not a new name, but a name which *Virgil* has written on this descent of *Aeneas* to the shades below, in the 6th book of the *Aeneid*. They that cannot digest the fables, may admire, and be delighted with the poet's invention and harmonious numbers.



Succour, *Lavinia*, once this lady lent  
 To *me*, and *mine*, in deep distress and want;  
 On *Libya's* dreary coast, where she supply'd  
 The means of what I ever since enjoy'd;  
 Then let her like a *sister* treated be,  
 For all her former *kindnesses* to me. 800

She promis'd fair, but yet a *secret wound*,  
 That gall'd her sore, was in her *bosom* found;  
 And when the *presents*, that were sent, she saw,  
 Her *jealous mind* did false conclusions draw;  
 With deadly *bate*, she does resent the *fact*,  
 But doubted how her *dark designs* to act;  
 The foll'wing night, as *Anna* took her rest,  
 A dreadful vision terrify'd her breast;  
 Her sister *Dido*, in a bloody guise,  
 And frightful hue, appear'd before her eyes, 810  
 And said, *fly from this wicked palace; fly*  
*Without delay, or thou art doom'd to die;*  
 No sooner had the *ghastly vision* spoke,  
 But *Anna* with a rattling noise awoke;  
 And fright'ned to the *window* quickly flew,  
 From whence herself into the field she threw;  
 Away

Away she fled, and still her pace renew'd,  
 Just like a *bind*, that's by a *wolf* pursu'd ;  
 And in her flight, 'tis thought *Numicius* proud  
 Of such a booty, forc'd her in his flood ; 820  
 For when strict *search* and *call* were made around,  
 The prints her feet had left were plainly found ;  
 And on the *river's* bank more plain appear'd,  
 When from the flood the foll'wing words were heard,  
*Numicius'* spouse, I now possess the deep,  
 Where *Naid-nymphs* their sportive revels keep ;  
 And from the fond, belov'd *perennial stream*,  
*Perenna* now is added to my name.

Thus satisfy'd the *searchers* fall to meat,  
 And their *provisions*, on the *grass*, they eat ; 830  
 Where, as in jocund merriment, they lay  
 Carousing, they in *wine* dissolv'd the day.  
 I know some for the *moon* this *Anna* take,  
 Her *Themis* some, and some her *Iö* make ;

Nay,

819. *Numicius* was a small river of *Latium* ; the poet here has found out a pretty way of excusing women who drown themselves. 'Tis said also, that *Aeneas's* dead corpse was found in this river.

834. *Themis* is said to be the

sister of *Saturn*, and was reputed the goddess of *Justice*. The Greek word *Θίσις* indeed signifies that which is *right*, or *lawful*. *Iö*, who is also called *Inachia*, and *Isis*, was the daughter of *Inachus*, the first king of the *Argives*.

M

Nay, there are those, who reas'ning strive to prove,  
 This *Anna* was the nurse of *Cretan Jove* ;  
 But yet a story, which has reach'd my ears,  
 Much nearer to the *truth* than those appears ;  
 Before the Roman people *Tribunes* chose,  
 To guard their rights, and vindicate their cause ; 840  
 Disgusted at the *fathers* haughty state,  
 They to the *sacred mountain* did retreat ;  
 Where when their stock of *bread* and *corn* was spent,  
 And they began to be oppress'd with want ;  
 There an *old woman* from the neighb'rhood came,  
 Tho' poor, yet neat, and *Anna* was her name ;  
 A plaited hood adorns her silver hairs,  
 And in a basket homely cakes she bears ;  
 Which ev'ry morning piping hot she gave,  
 Among the *people*, which their lives did save ; 850

To

836. In the original, this nurse is called *Nymphæ Atlantida* ; but the more common tradition is, that *Amalthea* was *Jupiter's* nurse.

842. This mountain, called *Mons sacer* in *Latin*, lay near to the city *Tibur*, about sixteen miles from *Rome*. The common peo-

ple thinking themselves oppress'd by the *patricians*, left the city, and retir'd to that mountain, and continued there one whole winter, in the year U. C. 260. They were persuaded to return again, by the prudent address of *Menenius Agrippa*, one of their *consuls*.



To whom in gratitude, when *peace* was made,  
 And they return'd, this joint respect they paid;  
 An *altar* with a *statue* there they rais'd,  
 And benefactress sacrificing prais'd;  
 And that her deed to latest times might live,  
 They to her former name *Perenna* give.

There still remains, that I should now explain,  
 Why songs are sung of a lascivious strain,  
 By *maidens* at this feast; for it belongs  
 To them to chorus it with *wanton songs*; 860  
 Soon after *Anna* was a *goddess* made,  
*Mars* to her came, and thus in private said;  
 My *month*, in part, may now be called *thine*,  
 Wherein thou art ador'd, with rites divine;  
 A *boon* I crave; on thee my hopes depend,  
 And beg in this thou'lt be my trusty friend;  
 The *god of war*, inflam'd by pow'rful love,  
 Would fain connubial joys with *Pallas* prove,

M 2

Kind,

856. To perpetuate their benefactress's name, they added the epithet *Perenna* to *Anna*; *perennis* is *Latin* for perpetual or everlasting. This *Anna*, our poet tells us, (tho'

I have not express'd it in my translation) was born at *Bovillae* a village on the *Appian way*, not far from *Rome*.

Kind, good old dame, all soft endeavours try,  
 That *Pallas* with my wishes may comply; 870  
 In this kind *office* if thou would'st engage,  
 The task will well become thy prudent age.  
 To his request she *seem'd* to give consent,  
 But quite another thing was her intent;  
 His *hopes* were rais'd by ev'ry word she says,  
 But still deluded by her feign'd delays;  
 As he more instant grew, well, now she cry'd,  
*Pallas* at last consents to be your bride;  
 She does at last to my intreaties yield,  
 Come, *god of war*, and joyful take the field; 880  
 With eager haste he went to press the bed  
 Where *Anna*, like a *bride*, with muffled head,  
 Was laid; but when just ready for th' embrace,  
 How great was the deluded god's disgrace, }  
 At seeing *Anna's* old and ugly face!  
 The new-made goddess grinn'd at the deceit,  
 And *Venus* titter'd when she hear'd the cheat;  
 Hence came the use of singing wanton songs,  
 Expressing the *deluded lover's* wrongs.

Well nigh I had omitted to relate, 890  
 The horrid scene of *Caesar's* tragic fate; But

891. The fifteenth of *March*, being the *ides* of that month, and  
 the

But that neglect chaste *Vesta* would not brook,  
 And thus from her fair *blazing* altar spoke;  
 Fear not to mention the atrocious deed,  
 His *murders* thought they saw the *hero* bleed;  
 But that was all *appearance*; as he lay,  
 I came, and snatch'd his fleeting soul away;  
 He was my *sacred priest*, to me the crime  
 Was really done, which was design'd to him;  
 But now, in the celestial *choir above*, 900  
 He lives immortal near the throne of *Jove*;  
 While that the *murderous crew*, O dismal state!  
 Are ev'ry where pursu'd by wretched fate;  
 Witness *Philippi*, where their bones are found,  
 Unbury'd, rotting, strow'd along the ground;  
 This just revenge *Augustus* has fulfill'd,  
 Due to a famous *chief*, and *father* kill'd.

When the next morn exhales the fragrant air,  
 One part of *Scorpio* only will appear.

When from the *ides* a middle sun is past, 910  
 There comes a jovial day; 'tis *Bacchus'* feast;

M 3

Affix

the day on which *Julius Caesar* was  
 barbarously murdered in the se-  
 nate, is styl'd in the *Roman* ca-  
 lendar, *Parricidium*.

911. On the 17th day of this  
 month the feast of *Bacchus* was ce-  
 lebrated. *Bromius* was one of  
*Bac-*



Assist thy poet, Bromius, and his lays,  
 Exalt, whilst I record thy deeds and praise;  
 Had not the *Thund'rer Semele* compress'd,  
 In flames, thy birth unnotic'd might have past;  
 But in thy father's thigh thou did'st obtain  
 A manly form without a mother's pain;  
 'Twould be a task too tedious to rehearse,  
 Thy *Thracian* triumphs, and thy *Scythian* wars;  
 Or to recite what num'rous vict'ries grac'd 920  
 Thy glorious arms throughout the conquer'd east;  
 Nor will I here, in pitying strains relate,  
 The *Theban* king's, or poor *Lycurgus*' fate;  
 Nor do's it to my present work belong,  
 With *Tyrrbene* monsters to enlarge my song;  
 How *Mariners*, who thy great pow'r deride,  
 Chang'd into fishes, thro' the billow's glide.

But,

*Bacchus*'s names, derived from the Greek; *αὐτὸ τὸ Βέβαιον*, from the clamorous noise, made by his female concomitants the *Bacchae*.

923. This *Theban* king was *Pentheus*, who was torn to pieces by his mother *Agave*, and her frantic companions the *Menades*, because he despis'd the festival rites

of *Bacchus*.—This *Lycurgus* was king of *Thrace*, who observing his subjects too fond of the juice of the grape, endeavoured to destroy all their vines; in cutting down of which he wounded himself desperately in the knee. The wise people, of those times, consider'd that as a judgment upon him, for the insult shown to the god of wine,

But, *Bacchus*, I must show, why at thy feast,  
 A poor *old-woman* of a homely cast,  
 Invites the people as they pass along, 930  
 To buy her *cakes*, and cries them thro' the throng.  
 Before thy birth, in fields the *victims* graz'd,  
 No fires upon th' unhonour'd *altars* blaz'd,  
 But when from *Ganges* and the *East* return'd,  
 Then hallow'd flames the victor's off'rings burn'd;  
 For thou, O *Bacchus*, ceasing from thy toils,  
 To *Jove* did'st dedicate thy choicest spoils;  
 Then first did *Frankincense*, with rich perfume  
 Of *Cinnamon*, the sacred flames consume;  
 Then first the fatt'ned limbs of *oxen* laid 940  
 On holy fires, a sacrifice were made;  
 From *Liber* so *libations* take their name,  
 And dulcet cakes, that moulder in the flame.

Sweet cakes with *boney* made, and gen'rous *wine*  
 Do's *Bacchus* love? he planted first the *vine*.

M 4

But

929. Some suppose, that not only *one* old woman, but that *several* were employed in making and hawking these *dulcet cakes* about the streets, during the time of *Bacchus'* festival, which the votaries bought, and burnt part of them upon the altars. These

cakes in *Latin* are call'd *Liba*, which our poet here derives from *Liber*, one of the names of *Bacchus*, but some etymologists think both *libamina*, i. e. *libations*, and *liba* took their names from the *Greek* verb *λίσσω*, i. e. I pour out.

But while upon this subject yet I dwell,  
 A merry little story let me tell;  
 From sandy *Hebrus* as the god did stray,  
 Attended by the *satyrs* in his way;  
 The jolly crew with tinkling cymbals pass, 950  
 O'er the sweet-scented flow'ry lawns of *Thrace*;  
 Mov'd by the tinkling sound, great swarms of *bees*,  
 Pursu'd the *noise*, and settled in the trees;  
 To hollow trunks retir'd, they soon abound,  
 Where *Bacchus* plenteous store of honey found;  
 The *Satyrs* grinn'd, and old *Silenus* laugh'd,  
 As they the bev'rage made of honey quaff'd;  
 Pleas'd with the taste, they search'd the woods about,  
 To find the combs of *yellow treasure* out;  
 In an old elm by chance *Silenus* spies, 960  
 A humming swarm, as he suppos'd, of *bees*;  
 He joy'd at the discovery he had made,  
 Yet to his *comrades* not a word he said;

But

952. By this story it appears,  
 that the beating upon *warming-*  
*pans*, and other things made of  
 brass, that make a tinkling sound,  
 to gather bees together, when  
 they swarm, is of very great an-

tiquity. But shall we say that  
 sound affects their hearing in this  
 case, or does it cause an agree-  
 able *undulation* in the air, which  
 affects their bodies, and brings  
 them thus together? *Judicent periti,*



But close, astride his ass, the tree he press'd,  
 And pok'd for *honey* in the noisy nest;  
 When sudden from the *buzzing hollow* spring,  
 A thousand *hornets*, which with fury sting  
 His face, and neck, and ears, and hairless crown;  
 And the stung ass soon threw his rider down;  
 Who, sprawling on the grass, cry'd out amain, 970  
 For help, and succour, from the *shaggy train*;  
 The *satyrs*, when they saw him in that plight,  
 Grinn'd with rude mirth, and chuckled at the sight;  
 For his big face was swoln around his eyes,  
 And the unwary fall had lam'd his knees;  
*Bacchus* himself to laugh could not forbear,  
 But bid him with soft *mud* the tumor smear;  
 The muddy plaster put upon the part,  
 Took down the swelling, and allay'd the smart.

As *Bacchus* thus first found out honey's use, 980  
 To him we give the rich nectareous juice;

And

977. I am not so well skill'd in surgery, as to judge whether a plaster of *clay* or *mud* (*Ovid* makes use of both words, *limus* and *lutum*) be good to heal the stinging

of hornets: but *Daniel Crispinus*, the commentator of the *Fasti in Usum Delphini*, prescribes *radish-leaf-water*, for that purpose.

And why a *woman* here presides, it's plain,  
 He with his *Thyrſus* drives the *Bacchic train*;  
 But why muſt ſhe be old? the reaſon tell;  
 Becauſe *old-women* love *grape-juice* ſo well.  
 And why with *ivy* deck'd? when *Juno* ſought  
 To find young *Bacchus*, in her fury, out;  
 The nymphs *green ivy* o'er his cradle laid,  
 By which diſguiſe the child was not betray'd. 989

But how, O *Bacchus*, ſhall I make it known,  
 Why, at thy feaſt, youths take their *virile gown*?  
 Is it becauſe a young, and blooming grace,  
 Appears for ever on thy *beardless* face?  
 Or, that becauſe thou *father Bacchus* art,  
 And ſo o'er *children* claim'ſt a father's part;  
 Or, as thy title *freedom* do's denote,  
 Do they aſſume new freedom with their *coat*?

Or

983. The *Thyrſus* was a kind of ſpear, ty'd about with ivy, or vine leaves.

988. My original ſays, *Nyſiades Nymphae*, i. e. nymphs that inhabited *Nyſa*, a city of *Arabia*, where *Bacchus* was brought up.

991. This *virile gown*, in Latin *toga virilis*, or *libera*, or *pura*, be-

gan to be worn by the *Romans*, in the 15th year of their age; having then laid aſide the *praetexta*, which they wore during their infancy.

997. Here is an alluſion to one of *Bacchus's* names, viz. *Liber*, which properly ſignifies *free*, or *at liberty*.

Or is't because, when that, in days of old,  
 Brave *Romans* turn'd the glebe, and penn'd the fold;  
 When *senators* came from the furrow'd field, 1000  
 Which their hard hands industriously had till'd;  
 And could with equal lustre grace the *bar*,  
 Or bear the *ensigns* of victorious war;  
 The *rustic crowds*, to see some public game,  
 To *Rome*, in honour of a goddess, came;  
 For *Ceres'* festival, great god of wine,  
 In those *primaeval* days, was join'd to thine;  
 And, that the *youths* the concourse might adorn,  
 Then first the *free*, or *virile gown* was worn.

But, *father Bacchus*, with thy horns appear 1010  
 Propitious, while these myst'ries I declare;  
 And as I sing of thy great *deeds*, and praise,  
 Assist my *genius*, and inspire my lays.  
 On this, and day before, with grave parade,  
 To the *Argæi* a procession's made;  
 And verging to the north, in cloudless skies,  
 You'll see at night the *starry kite* arise;

Would

1015. The *Argæi*, or *Argæa* (as some write it) were sacred places in *Rome*, where, as it is supposed, some illustrious *Argives*, or *Greeks*, who accompany'd *Hercules* into *Italy*, and dy'd before they return'd home, were bury'd,



Would you know why that bird, so highly grac'd,  
A *constellation* 'mongst the stars was plac'd?

*Saturn* by *Jove's* superior force was driv'n, 1020

From his possessions, and the throne of heav'n;

Enrag'd the *Titans* he to arms excites,

To right his cause, as far as *fate* permits.

A monster from the earth, (the story goes,)

Part *bull*, part *serpent*, hideous arose;

This monster furious *Styx*, in a dark stall

Shut up, inclos'd within a triple wall;

The *fatal sisters* 'stablish'd a decree,

Whoe'er should sacrifice this *bull* should be

Superior to the gods: *Briarëus'* arms, 1030

Whose adamantine ax the deed performs,

The *monster* slew; and being about to lay

His carcase on the fire, 'twas snatch'd away,

By *Jove's* command; the *kite* the carcase bare

To *Jove*, and for the fact now shines a star.

Next day but one, begins *Minerva's* feast,

Five days continu'd the *Quinquatria* last; The

1028. These *fatal sisters* were the  
ethic *Greek*, and *Roman* destinies.  
They were three in number, cut it off. *Crude notions!* if we  
*Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*. The allow 'em a place any where but  
first was suppos'd to hold the dis- in poetical figments.

The first's the *goddess'* birth-day; then appear  
 No bloody scenes, or show of hostile war;  
 But the next four, with sand the *Circus* strow'd,  
 Is dy'd with cruel gladiator's blood; 1041  
 For naked swords is *Pallas's* delight,  
 With pleasure she beholds the champions fight;  
 Let *youths*, and *girls* the goddesses now appease,  
 She'll be propitious, and a friend to these;  
*Young maidens*, if you would her favour win,  
 Now ply the distaff, learn to *card*, and *spin*;  
*Pallas* first taught the use of *wool*, and *tow*,  
 And the fleet *shuttle* thro' the web to *throw*;  
*Fullers*, and *dyers*, consecrate your art, 1050  
 To *Pallas*; she did first your rules impart;  
 And know, O *gentle craft*, without her aid,  
 No *shoes* are well cut out, or neatly made;  
 Nor can the *architect* improve his skill  
 In any work, against *Minerva's* will;  
 And you the *art of bealing* who profess,  
 Owe to this goddess practice and success;  
 Nor

1052. In these two lines *Ovid* tells us, made the Trojan horse.  
 mentions a famous shoe-maker in Now, tho' I have not kept close to  
*Homer*, whose name was *Tychius*; the letter, in my translation, I  
 and in the two next, the cele- think the sense is clearer than if I  
 brated architect *Epeus*, who as *Vir-* had.

Nor let *imperious masters* of the schools  
 Place all their glory in repeated rules;  
 Would you have *scholars*, and be justly paid? 1060  
 Beg the assistance of the blue-ey'd maid.  
 The *graver*, *painter*, *statuary* owe  
 To *Pallas* all the curious skill they know;  
 She's the inventress of a thousand arts,  
 And to the *poets* sacred fire imparts;  
 Then deign, O goddess, to direct my *pen*,  
 While I describe thy wond'rous works to men.

Down where mount *Cælius* verges to the plain,  
*Capta Minerva's* temple may be seen;  
 Which on her *birth-day* as old annals show, 1700  
 Was rais'd, and consecrated long ago;  
 But why she's *Capta* call'd is still a doubt,  
 And by *conjecture* we must find it out;  
 Is it because, in *Roman* speech we name,  
 A *capital*, and *ready* wit, the same?  
 Or is't because, that she no mother had,  
 But from *Jove's* head burst out, in armour clad?

Or

1077. Amongst the various reasons here given why *Minerva* has the epithet of *Capta*, our poet, in this line, and in 1081 following, derives *capta* from *caput*, the head in Latin. But that allusion cannot



Or that, when the *Falisci* were subdu'd,  
 Was she brought *captive* with the conquer'd crowd?  
 Or is it, that a *law* by her was made, 1080  
 That punishes some thefts with loss of *head*?  
 But, *Pallas*, let that name be what it will,  
 Do thou protect thy fav'rite *Romans* still;  
 Of the *Quinquatrian* days we call the last  
 The *Tubilustrium*, which concludes the feast.

If now the sun you carefully survey,  
 You'll find he enter'd *Aries* yesterday.

By wicked *Ino*'s fraud the farmers threw  
*Parch'd* corn into the ground, which never grew;

*Apollo*

not be preserv'd in an *English* translation; in many other places of the *Fasti*, his derivations are hard to be imitated, with any tolerable degree of elegance in our language.

1085. On the 23d of this month was held the *Tubilustrium*, when the trumpets, and other musical instruments, destin'd for sacred uses, were purify'd. There was another *Tubilustrium* kept on the 23d of *May*.

1087. This is supposed to be spoken on the 1st day of the *Quinquatria*; for the sun enter'd into *Aries*, on the 18th day of *March*, in *Ovid*'s time. The poet thus,

having just mentioned the *Ram*, opportunely introduces the story of *Phryxus* and *Helle*.

1088. This *Ino*, the daughter of *Cadmus*, was married to *Athamas* king of *Thessaly*, but she was his second wife; his first wife's name was *Nephele*, by whom he had *Phryxus* and *Helle*. *Ino* prov'd a cruel step-mother to them, which occasioned terrible disorders in the family. There is a good moral in this story, for those who engage in *second marriages*, where there are former children. Great prudence, with a discreet and mild behaviour, is very necessary in such cases.

*Apollo* was consulted why the earth 1090  
 Was *barren*? what would give the *seed* a birth?  
 The messenger, suborn'd by *Ino's* gold;  
 A lying answer from the *Tripod* told;  
 That for relief, the *Delphic* god advis'd  
*Phryxus*, and *Helle* should be sacrific'd;  
 The cruel *queen*, and *citizens* demand  
 The horrid execution out of hand;  
 But the reluctant *parent* long withstood  
 Their clamorous desires, and thirst of blood;  
 At length before the *altar*, hand in hand, 1100  
 With garlands crown'd the *destin'd victims* stand;  
 And jointly their unhappy lot bemoan,  
 With many a *tear*, and many a doleful *groan*;  
 From *Aether* *Nephele* beheld the pair,  
 And swift descending thro' the stormy air,  
 Snatch'd up her *children*, who from thence convey'd  
 Upon a golden *ram's* soft fleece were laid;  
 The *ram*, as order'd, bore them both away,  
 And for their greater safety swam the sea;

Poor

1106. This is supposed to be done at *Thebes* in *Boeotia*, which *Ovid* here calls *Draconigenam Urbem*, i. e. a city sprung from a dragon's teeth; alluding to the fable of *Cadmus's* killing a great serpent in that place, and sowing its teeth, which sprung up into armed men.

Poor *Helle* holding weakly by his *horn*,  
 As she was thro' the swelling surges borne,  
 Fell prone into the deep; and from her fall,  
 That narrow sea the *Hellepont* we call;  
 Her brother *Phryxus* strove her life to save,  
 By which well nigh he'd perish'd in the wave;  
 He wept her lost, unknowing that the tide  
 Had born her safe to *Neptune* for a bride;  
 Soon as the *ram* had reach'd the neighb'ring shore,  
*Phryxus* his golden fleece to *Colchis* bore;  
 And for his merit now the *ram* appears 1120  
 A splendid sign, amongst the *zodiac stars*.

When the third blushing morn from hence you see,  
 The day and night exact will *equal* be;  
 And then when *four times* more the pearly dew  
 Have satiated kids, and grazing ewes,  
*Janus* and *Concord* have another feast;  
 And altars are for *Pax*, and *Salus* drest.  
 O'er months the *moon* has an imperial sway,  
 And on *Mount Aventine* the following day,

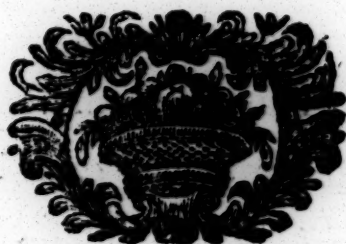
To

1119. *Phryxus*, after having sacrificed the ram to *Mars*, carry'd of *Colchis*, where it remain'd till the famous expedition of *Jason* his golden fleece to *Oëris*, king and the *Argonauts*.



To her the *Romans* sacred honours give, *March 1430*  
 And in her *patronage* this month I leave. *new edn. A*

The END of MARCH.



APRIL.

## A P R I L.

 AIR queen of love! thy kind assistance  
deign, I

And give my *muse* a soft and easy strain:  
The goddess to her poet turn'd her head,  
And what is your petition now, she said?  
Sing you of *sacred things*? or do you feel  
The wound of *love*, within your bosom still?  
Thou know'st, O goddess, when I felt the smart,  
The keen effects of *Cupid's* pointed dart;  
At this she smil'd, and sudden in the air  
A pleasing gleam of *brightness* made appear; 10  
Wounded, or whole, said I, I'll keep the field,  
And never to another *conquerer* yield;

N 2

In

1. My original is here, *Geminorum mater amorum*. But why *Venus* is called *the mother of two loves*, is a question that has puzzled the commentators, and I don't pretend to solve the diffi-

culty; for I cannot find, that *Venus* was ever the mother of any more than one *Cupid*. But what is it that *fiction*, in the hands of an ingenious poet, cannot create?

In my young years of *gentle themes* I sung,  
 But now to stronger notes my *lyre* is strung;  
 My *subject* now requires a greater force,  
 Rough is my way, and longer is my course;  
 From ancient *annals* I new knowledge bring,  
 How constellations rise, and set, I sing.  
 Fam'd queen of *love*! this month of all the year,  
 We consecrate to thy peculiar care;  
 Then let thy *poet* in thy honours share!  
 The goddesses seem'd well pleas'd with what I said,  
 And gently wav'd her *myrtle* o'er my head;  
 Go on, she cry'd, and by thy *labours* raise  
 Thyself a lasting monument of *praise*;  
 Fresh *life* I felt, and *vigor* in my veins,  
 And new *discoveries* amplify my strains.

This month, *Germanicus*, with special grace  
 Claims thy regard, and dignifies thy race;

This

23. The *Myrtle-tree* was consecrated to *Venus*, because of its agreeable *smell* and *beauty*. It was anciently much in use at *weddings*. The *door-posts* of the wedding-house were adorn'd with it; and the *musicians* at the feast had *garlands* made of it, mix'd with *lau-*

*ris*. Thus *Claudian* in his *Epithalamium* of *Honorius*, and *Maria* says,

*Hi nostrâ nitidos postes obducere  
 myrto contendant.*

And again,

*Haec quoque velati Lauro myrtoque  
 canebant.*



This month adds lustre to thy *natal line*,  
 And by deriv'd nobility is thine ;  
 This our great *founder* had at first in view,  
 When that the model of the year he drew ;  
 Thus he the first of months to *Mars* assign'd,  
 To his great father gratefully inclin'd ;  
 To *Venus April*, in the second place,  
 A distant parent in his glorious race ;  
 For searching his *descent* thro' ages past,  
 He mounted to his kindred gods at last ;  
 Full well he knew, that *Dardan* sprung from *Jove*,  
 Fruit of a god's, and fair *Electra's* love ;  
 As birth to *Erichthonius Dardan* gave,  
 So *Erichthon* gave birth to *Tros* the brave ;  
*Affaracus* did *Tros* his father claim,  
 And *Capys* him, from whom *Anchises* came ;  
 Whose bed the *Paphian goddess* deign'd to own,  
 Whence sprung *Aeneas* of supreme renown ;

N 3

Who

31. *Germanicus* was adopted by his uncle *Tiberius Caesar* into the *Julian* family, which was originally descended from *Venus*. See what our poet says, between the 100 and the 110th line following.

47. This genealogy, and succession of kings down to and from *Aeneas* are somewhat differently related by *Livy* ; but the affair is of no great consequence to us at this time ; no divine claim, or hereditary right depends upon it.

Who on his back, when *Troy* was all on fire,  
Brought off his household gods, and aged fire;  
From him *Iulus*, happy name, arose, 50  
Whose godlike race the *Julian* fam'ly shows;  
Him *Sylvius* next succeeds; that rustic name  
From woods, where he was born in *Latium* came;  
Sire to *Latinus*, who was *Alba's* fire;  
The kingship next did *Epytus* acquire;  
*Capys*, a Trojan name, next fill'd the throne,  
As afterwards did *Calpetus* his son;  
Then *Tiberinus*, who bestow'd a name  
On *Tiber*, for he perish'd in the stream;  
But yet he saw his son *Agrippa* born, 60  
And *Romulus* his grandson reign'd in turn;  
But *Romulus* by sudden light'ning slain,  
To *Aventinus* fell the vacant reign;  
From him a hill in *Rome* its name receives,  
And *Proca* takes the crown his father leaves;  
Him *Numitor* succeeds, both just and brave,  
Who birth to *Ilia*, and to *Lausus* gave;  
Not from his uncle's sword could *Lausus* flee,  
But *Ilia* was belov'd, O *Mars*, by thee;

And

And soon a mother made, when she brought forth,  
*Remus* and *Rom'lus* at a single birth;  
 From *Mars*, and *Venus* thus our founder sprung,  
 Who well deserves to have his praises sung;  
 And that this *fact* to latest times might live,  
 He did their names to *March* and *April* give.

As from the foamy sea the goddess sprung,  
 Her month's deriv'd from the old Grecian tongue;  
 And why should Greek deductions now be blam'd?  
 For *It'ly* then the greater Greece was nam'd;  
*Evander* came, and settled in this place,  
 Here came *Alcides*, both of Grecian race;  
 On *Rome's* green hills *Alcides'* oxen fed,  
 And *Albula's* cool waves their thirst allay'd;  
 As *Circe's* name, and *Lestrigon's* appear,  
 Along our coasts, this plainly does declare,  
 That the *Neritian leader* once was there.

N 4

Still

76. *Ovid* delivers this as his opinion here that *April* is derived from 'Απρῶν, which is the Greek name, for the froth of the sea. A meer compliment to *Venus*! who is fabulously suppos'd to have sprung from thence. Others derive *April* ab aperiendo, because in that month the productions of

the earth, trees and vegetables, begin to open by the genial warmth of the sun. But *Scaliger* will have it form'd of *Aper*, from hunting of boars in that month. This shews how little certain truth can be established by etymologies.

86. *Neritian leader*; that is *Ulysses*; so named from *Neritos*, a mountain.



Still *Tusculum*, and still damp *Tibur* stands,  
 Which are the work of former Grecian hands ;  
 By various fates *Halesus* here was driv'n,  
 From whom the name was to *Falisca* giv'n ; 90  
*Antenor* too, of whom *Patavium* boasts,  
 Came here, and built that city on our coasts ;  
 And *Diomed*, who, *Daunus*, in thy ground,  
 Altho' a Greek, a wife and city found ;  
 Late after these with gods *Aeneas* came,  
 Which pious he preserv'd from *Ilium's* flame ;  
 With whom from *Phrygia* *Solymus* arrives,  
 Whose name is honour'd, and in *Sulmo* lives ;  
*Sulmo*, my native place, alas, how far  
 From thence, the places where I'm banish'd are !  
 But, *mus*e, forbear now longer to complain, 101  
 My present theme permits no *doleful* strain.

But whither will not *envy* make her way ?  
 Upon thy honours, *Venus*, she would prey ;  
 For of thy name some would this month deprive,  
 Which to the spring's soft op'ning pow'r they give ;

Soon

mountain in *Ithaca*, of which island  
 he was king.

89. *Halesus* was the son of *Agamemnon*, the general of the *Greeks*,

in their expedition against *Troy*.  
 The *Falisci*, an ancient people of  
*Italy*, pretended to be (as our poet  
 says) the descendants of this *Halesus*.

Soon as the rugged blasts of winter cease,  
 Then *genial spring*, they say, yields her increase;  
 But, *pow'rful goddess*, still protect thy name,  
 And from usurpers vindicate thy claim; 110  
 No *power* upon the globe has greater sway,  
 She is a *pow'r* whom *gods* and *men* obey;  
 She reigns in earth, and seas, and heav'n above,  
 All nature's nourish'd by almighty *love*;  
 'Tis she gives growth to *trees*, and to the *grain*,  
 Whose vivid liv'ries deck the fruitful plain;  
 From her of *life* the various blessings flow,  
 The *gods* themselves to her their being owe;  
*Love* polish'd first th' uncultivated mind,  
 And taught rough *males* to be to *females* kind; 120  
 Her *pleasures* couple all the feather'd race,  
 And savage herds, more than their pastures please;  
*Ram* will with *ram*, in cruel fight engage,  
 But a kind female softens all his rage;

The.

99. It appears from this verse, that *Ovid* was in banishment when he wrote this part of his *Fasti*. *Tomos* was the place of his exile, belonging to *Scythia*. We have here in the original *Scythico solo*.

109. How luxuriant is our poet

in this page, and the next! It is a theme that he had often meditated, no wonder then that he expatiates so largely upon the effects of *love*; this may be properly called his darling subject.

The *bull*, who's fierce to all the herd beside,  
 Walks pleas'd, and loving by his fav'rite bride;  
 The *watry deeps* does the same pow'r pervade,  
 From whence the floods and streams are fruitful made;  
 From *love* men learnt an elegance in dress,  
 And ev'ry *mode*, that has a charm to please; 130  
 The *lover* who would his coy mistress gain,  
 Attacks her in a soft, engaging strain;  
 And she, whom *vulgar charms* could never please,  
 By *eloquence* is often won with ease;  
 A thousand various arts unknown before,  
 Will prying *love*, ingenious *love* explore;  
 Then who will dare to rob her of the fame  
 This *month* bestows, ennobled with her name?  
 That sacriligious thought be far from me,  
 What god in *Rome* is honour'd more than she? 140  
 For *Troy*, O Roman, *Venus* arms would bear,  
 And there was wounded by a hostile spear;

But

When

142. *Venus* was wounded, for-  
 soch, in the hand by *Diomed*.  
 This fact is warranted by *Homer*;  
*Her squavy hand the razing steel*  
*profan'd,*  
*And the transparent skin with*  
*crimson stain'd.* *Iliad V.*

And *Virgil* makes *Diomed* say, in  
 the 11th book of the *Eneid*.

*What could I hope but these, or*  
*greater harms,*  
*Since I attack'd immortal gods in*  
*arms,*  
*Wounding fair Venus' hand.*

It



When *Paris* judg'd three goddesses request,  
 Well was she deem'd superior to the rest;  
 May no *resentment* urge the vanquish'd pair,  
 Nor slighted beauty in remembrance bear!  
 She, tho' a goddess, deign'd to grace the bed  
 Of good *Anchises*, and a mortal wed;  
 Us to *Iulus* this alliance brings,  
 From which celestial lineage *Caesar* springs. 150

No time more fit for *love* than *spring* is seen,  
 When ev'ry mead, and ev'ry field is green;  
 The flow'ry grass then beautifies the ground,  
 And swelling blossoms on the trees are found;  
 Now *Venus* in her grandest pomp appears,  
 And adds fresh glory to her fav'rite *Mars*;  
 Sprung from the sea, she now with gentle gales  
 Impels the jocund *sea-man's* bending sails;  
 He now no longer fears the *winter's* blast,  
 But spreads his canvas wide on ev'ry mast; 160

You.

It was a question in *Plutarch's* time, *On which of her hands was Venus wounded?* This is plainly answered by *Virgil* in this line,

*Veneris violavi vulnere dextram,*  
 150 Our poet artfully improves

every favourable incident in flattering *Augustus*; as here, by deriving his descent from *Venus* and *Anchises*. But the whole is built upon fable.

You *Roman ladies*, who with loose attire  
 Fan am'rous thoughts, and kindle soft desire;  
 Of all your blooming *charms* display the store,  
 'Tis *love's* enticing goddess you adore;  
 Take from her iv'ry neck the golden lace,  
 And strip her of her ornamental dress;  
 The washing of the *goddess* all attend,  
 And dextrously your kind assistance lend;  
 Then all her gaudy *ornaments* restore,  
 And dress her out, as she was dress'd before; 170  
 And what the gardens plentiful allow,  
 Such *vernal flow'rs* around her *image* strow;  
 You also must be wash'd, with *myrtle* crown'd,  
 The reason learn, for here the reason's found;  
 As naked on the beach she comb'd her hair,  
 A crowd of wanton *satyrs* spy'd her there;  
 But soon with *myrtles* she her beauties veil'd,  
 From whence this annual custom was entail'd.

Now, ladies, learn why *manly fortune* claims  
 A boon of *frankincense* from *Roman* dames, 180  
 And why it must be paid near *Tiber's* streams.

That

179. *Manly fortune*; the *Fortuna Virilis* of the *Romans*, was so called, to distinguish her from others of that name, with other epithets,

That place beholds your bodies all undress'd,  
 When ev'ry *blemish* naked stands confess'd;  
 But *manly* fortune o'er that place presides,  
 And from the men each *naked blemish* hides;  
 A little *frankincense* is all the meed,  
 She does require for that deserving deed;  
 With *milk* and *boney*, pounded poppies take,  
 And chearfully that bridal bev'rage make;  
 This *Venus* drank, when she a bride was made, 190  
 And in the am'rous arms of *Vulcan* laid;  
 With suppl'ant rites the *goddess* then adore,  
 Your *virtue*, *fame*, and *beauty*'s in her pow'r.

Once on a time, the sex at *Rome* forsook  
 The rules of native modesty, and took  
 The course of rampant *lust*; for sage advice,  
 The senate to the *Sibyls* books applies;

To

epithets, which were worshipped in *Rome*. The temple of *Fortuna Virilis* was built near the river *Tiber*, by *Servius Tullius*, as we are told by *Dionys. Halicarn.* lib. 4. There was a temple dedicated to *Equestris Fortuna* at *Antium*, but none of that title at *Rome*. See *Tacit. Annals*, lib. ii. *Fortuna* was made a goddess by the superstitious *Romans*; the *Greeks* never acknow-

ledged any deity of that name; but attributed all the good or ill that befel them, to the providence and direction of the celestial gods.

194. This, we are told, relates to a strange *libidinous phrensy*, that seiz'd many *Roman ladies* in the consulship of *Acilius Balbus* and *Porcius Cato*, somewhat above a hundred years before *Ovid* wrote his *Fasti*.



To *Venus*, the command was, *build a fane*,  
 Which done the sex grew *mild* and *chaste* again ;  
 And hence, from this their change of heart, the name  
 Of *Verticordia* to the goddess came ; 201  
 Delightful pow'r ! and guardian of the fair !  
 Still let the *Romans* be thy constant care ;  
 Let all the *ladies* thy protection know,  
 When they before thy sacred altars bow !  
 But lo ! while this I'm writing, *Scorpio* laves  
 His tail tremendous in the ocean's waves.

Soon as *this night* is past, and redd'ning skies  
 Appear, to sing the feather'd songsters rise ;  
 The lab'ring *bind*, his daily work pursues, 210  
 (And *cattle* grazing smack the early dews ;)  
 A lighter weight has *Atlas* to sustain,  
 For now the *Pleiads* sink beneath the main ;

Of

198. That temple was built without the *Porta Collina*, in the *Salarian* way. And they were the books of the *Cumæan Sibyl*, that were consulted. All meer statecraft, or delusive superstition.

206. That is, one part of the sign *Scorpio* sets on the first of *April*.

210. Upon a review, I find in this *verse*, I had neglected a ma-

terial circumstance in my *original* ; which I correct thus,

His half-burnt torch, the traveller then lays down,  
 And to his work repairs the rustic clown.

This alludes to an ancient custom of travelling by night, with *burning torches*, which they put out, on the approach of *day*.

213. On the second of *April* the *Pleigdes*

Of *sev'n*, no more than *six* the eye can trace,  
 But each of these has known a *god's* embrace;  
 For *Steropé* dissolv'd in *Mars* his arms,  
*Celaeno* and *Halcyoné* their charms  
 To *Neptune* yielded, in the feast of love;  
*Electra*, *Maïa*, *Taygeté* to *Jove*;  
 But, *Meropé*, thou didst a mortal wed, 220  
 For which she now repents, and *bides* her head;  
 Or does *Electra* shut her clouded eye,  
 In pain to see her *Troy* in ruins lie?

When thrice the *globes* of heav'n and flaming *sun*,  
 Thro' the expanse their daily course have run;  
 The *Berecynthian* horns aloud will play,  
*Idæan* *Cy'ble* claims the festal day;  
 Th' emasculated priests, with noisy sound  
 Of *drums* and *cymbals*, walk the city round;

The

*Pleiades* or *seven stars* begin to set. Here the poet also gives his reasons why but *six* of them are discoverable to the eye; *reasons*, did I say; *poetical imaginations*.

220. *Meropé* married *Sisyphus*. The fable of his constant rolling a great stone to the top of a mountain in hell; and its perpetual recoiling, is very well known. *Elec-*

*tra* was the mother of *Dardanus*, who built *Dardania*, which was afterwards called *Troy*.

227. On the fourth of *April* a festival, and games, called *Megalefia*, were celebrated in honour of *Cybele*, who was usually term'd *Magna mater deûm*; and *Mater Idæa*. She is represented with a *turreted crown* upon her head.

The *goddeſs* born upon their ſhoulders high, 230  
 Views all the crowds with many a doleful cry.  
 Then come the *plays*, the *plays*, O *Romans*, ſee,  
 And let the *wrang'ling courts* all empty be ;  
 Now curious I'd of many things enquire,  
 But the *ſhrill ſounds* with horror me inſpire ;  
 Then may the *mufes*, *tower'd goddeſs*, ſhow  
 The ſacred *myſ'tries*, that I want to know ;  
 Her poet's juſt requeſt the *goddeſs* hears,  
 And bids the tuneful nine aſſiſt my cares ;  
 Tell then, ye *Heliconian maids*, the cauſe, 240  
 Why the great *goddeſs* loves a conſtant *noiſe* ?  
 The *muſe of love* here aids my growing ſong,  
 (Well may this month to *Erato* belong ;)   
 The oracle to *Saturn* erſt declar'd,  
 O beſt of *kings* ! keep thou a watchful guard ;  
 Thy ſon will of thy ſceptre thee deprive,  
 If thou permitt'ſt a ſon of thine to live ;  
 Alarm'd at this, it was his conſtant care,  
 His *child'ren* ſhould not breathe the vital air ;

But

243. *Erato* is the name of one deriv'd from *ipaw*, I love.  
 of the nine muſes. The word is



But soon as born did them of life bereave, 250  
 They in their father's *bowels* found a grave;  
*Rhea*, tho' fruitful, oft bewails her fate,  
 The same as if it were a *childless* state;  
 But *Jove* was born at last; and strange to tell,  
 (Yet all antiquity attests it well;)  
 A stone in linen wrapt the *fire* deceiv'd,  
 And with a false repast his *bowels* heav'd;  
 And that he might not hear the infants tongue,  
 With various harmony all *Ida* rung;  
 The *Corybantes*, and *Curetes* try'd, 260  
 By beating on their shields the fact to hide.  
 Thus *Saturn* was beguil'd; and still the plan  
 Is imitated by the *noisy train*;

Th.

252. *Rhea* is the same with *Ops*, the sister and wife of *Saturn*. Some take *Rhea* to signify the *earth*, and that it is so nominated *αἰὲρ τῆ γαῖης*, because the *earth* flows, or abounds with all things. She has also many other names, taken from the places where she was particularly worshipped; as *Cybele*; *Dindymene*, *Berecynthia*, *Pessinuntica*, *Idaea*, *Phrygia*.

259. This was mount *Ida* in *Crete*, (and not that of *Phrygia*) where *Jupiter* was born. The *Curetes* and *Corybantes*, (who were

called *Idæi Dactyli*;) are generally supposed to be one and the same people; former inhabitants of *Ida*, before *Rhea* was brought to bed of *Jupiter* and *Juno*; to whose care *Jupiter* was committed that he should not be devour'd by *Saturn*. What *absurd* fables were made a part of the religion of these times? and how happy ought *christians* to think themselves in that respect, who have the *plain* and *rational* doctrines of the *gospel*, for their *belief* and *practice*?

Th' attendants of the *goddeſs* cymbals beat,  
 And *drums* inſtead of *ſhields*, perform the feat;  
 On *Pbrygian* pipes, as heretofore, they play,  
 And with continu'd yells, they paſs the day.

Here ceaſ'd the *muſe*; but querying I reply'd,  
 Why to the *goddeſs*' car are *lions* ty'd?  
 The *muſe* return'd, becauſe ſhe firſt reſin'd 270  
 The ſavage, rude, uncultivated mind;  
 But why has ſhe a *tow'r* upon her head?  
 To which the *muſe* the foll'wing answer made;  
 Becauſe the *Pbrygians* firſt by her were ſhown  
 How *tow'rs* to build, and *fortify* a town.  
 But why, ſaid I, at all her ſolemn feaſts,  
 Is ſhe attended by *caſtrated prieſts*?  
 The *muſe* replies; a beauteous *Pbrygian* youth  
 Had to the *goddeſs* ſworn eternal truth;  
 And ſhe as fond of his engaging charms, 280  
 Thought to have kept him *ſolely* to her arms;  
 Be always, what thou art, to me, ſhe cry'd,  
 Be *chaſte*, and o'er my ſacred *fane* preſide;

If

278. This *Pbrygian* youth was of pity transform'd into a *pine*  
 called *Alys*, or *Attis*, whom *Cybe-* *tree.*  
*le* at laſt, as the fable ſays, out

If e'er I'm false, or prove untrue, said he,  
 May she, with whom I'm false, my ruin be;  
 He prov'd untrue; a river-nymph inspires  
 Th' unwary youth, with vile *unchaste* desires;  
 This great affront the *goddeſs* could not brook,  
 But on them both the following vengeance took;  
 The tree wherein the *Naïd* did abide, 290  
 She got cut down, ('twas near the river's ſide,) }  
 And with the dying tree the *Naïd* dy'd. }  
 The *youth* his ſenſes loſt; thought on his head  
 The houſe was tumbling down; away he fled,  
 And o'er the tops of hills, he ſcours, and cries,  
 O take theſe *ſcourges* from before mine eyes!  
 Why do the *furies* thus my ſteps purſue,  
 And yet, alas! this *puniſhment*'s my due;  
 Sometimes againſt the rocks his fleſh he tore,  
 And his long *locks* were matted with the gore; 300

O 2

For

286. This nymph was called *Sagaris*, from a river of that name in *Phrygia*. And tho' the poet here calls her a *Naïd*, ſhe was more properly, according to the notion of thoſe times, a *Hamadryad*, as ſhe liv'd and dy'd with the tree.

297. The *furies*, in the original, are called *Palaeſtinas deas*; but as this epithet is never join'd, that

I know of, in any *Roman* author, to a word denoting the *furies*, I am inclin'd to think that this is a *ſpurious* epithet, that by ſome means has crept into the text; but what the *legitimate* one ſhould be, I muſt leave to bolder or happier gueſſers in ſuch matters, than I am.



For this my crime, let the *offending part*  
 Be torn, said he, and feel the cruel smart;  
*Th' offending part* with force away he tears,  
 So that no mark of *manhood* straight appears;  
 From hence such *madness* is deriv'd to those,  
 Who the soft troop of *Cybele* compose.

Thus did the kind *Aonian maid* explain  
 The reasons for th' *emasculated train*.

But pray whence came, O leader of my song,  
 These rites? or did they first to *Rome* belong? 310  
 The goddesses always lov'd the *Phrygian* hills,  
 From whence there many a gentle flood distills,  
 That waters all the *rich* and *fertile* ground;  
 Near *Ilion's* walls, and grassy plains around;  
 When good *Aeneas* *Troy* to *Latium* bore,  
 The goddesses would have left the *Phrygian* shore,  
 Companion of his ship, but 'twas the mind  
 Of *ruling fate*, that she should stay behind;  
 But when, *five ages* from its birth, the state  
 Of growing *Rome* was opulent and great; 320  
 When she the *globe* with head exalted saw,  
 And gave to the submissive nations law;

In-

309. The poet here asks the question, which is answered by the *muse*, whom he calls *the leader of his song*.

Inspection in the *Sibyls* books was made  
 From whence the *priest* the following answer had ;  
*The absent mother, Roman, I command*  
*To be brought hither with a holy band ;*  
 The terms ambiguous, and obscure the text,  
 To find the sense the *senate* was perplex ;  
 In vain the meaning anxiously was sought,  
 What *absent mother*, and *from whence* be brought ;  
 Then to *Apollo* for advice they send, 331  
 From whom they had a full and clear command ;  
*Go fetch the mother of the gods*, said he,  
*Who on a Phrygian mountain found may be ;*  
*Apollo's orders quickly were obey'd,*  
 And *Att'us* then the *Phrygian* sceptre sway'd ;  
 Who to the *Ausonian* messengers deny'd,  
 That such *a goddess* did with them abide ;  
 But wond'rous to relate ! with murmuring noise  
 The mountain shook, and with a *solemn voice*, 340

O 3

The

323. The *Sibyls* books were under the care of the *Decemviri* ; and as the report was made, in this inspection, by the *sacerdos*, it is probable that priest was the *pontifex maximus*, who might be join'd to the *Decemviri* on such occasions. This affair was transacted

somewhat above 200 years before the birth of *Christ*, in the time of the second *Punic war* ; for the oracle inform'd them, that the *Carthaginians* could not be driven out of *Italy*, unless they sent for the *Mater Idaea*, i. e. *Cybele*, to be plac'd in *Rome*.

The goddess, from a secret cavern, said,  
 Send me away, let no delay be made ;  
 Rome is a place magnificently great,  
 Where ev'ry god deserves to have a seat ;  
 The king, affrighted at the awful sound,  
 Which thus with terror issu'd from the ground,  
 Said, " Go thy way, and still be ours at Rome,  
 " Their ancestors did first from *Phrygia* come ;"  
 Then quickly were a thousand hands employ'd,  
 Some cut down trees, and others hew the wood ;  
 They build a ship, and lanch her in the waves, 351  
 Which there — *the mother of the gods* receives ;  
 With painted stern she bounces o'er the sea,  
 And safely guarded cuts her liquid way ;  
 With canvas spread to catch the fanning gales,  
 Thro' the long narrow *Hellepont* she sails ;  
 Passes *Rhoetëum*, and *Sigean* shores,  
 And then the coast of *Tenedos* explores ;  
 And leaving *Lesbos* far behind, she sees  
*Euboëa's* rocks, and crowded *Cyclades* ; 360  
 Then to the vast and foamy deep she came,  
 To which the son of *Dæd'lus* gave a name ;

Then



Then near to *Crete* upon the left she steers,  
 When soon *Cytbera*, *Venus'* isle, appears;  
 Thence did she to *Sicilia's* coast remove,  
 Where *Vulcan* forges thunder-bolts for *Jove*;  
 And as thro' *Libyan* deeps her course pursu'd,  
 She on her left *Sardinia's* island view'd;  
 Whence soon the shores of *Italy* she gain'd,  
 Where *Tiber's* waters join the sea and land; 370  
 Hither to welcome *the great goddess* come,  
 Knights, senators, and mob in crowds from *Rome*;  
 With these the *ladies* mix'd a splendid train,  
 Led on by those, who watch in *Vesta's* fane;  
 Toiling with ropes, *the men* did all they cou'd,  
 To hale the vessel up the adverse flood;  
 A droughty season had the *river* dry'd,  
 High were the banks of sand, and low the tide;  
 To drag *the ship* along, they pull and strain,  
 But all their labour, all their toil is vain; 380

O 4

With

366. My original recites here the names of the Cyclops, whom *Vulcan* employ'd in the laborious work of making thunder-bolts, viz. *Brontes*, *Steropes*, and *Acmoni-*

*des*; which, tho' they be sonorous and significant in Greek, would make no great harmony in English poetry.

With cheering *voice* they help the working hands,  
 But like a *solid rock* unmov'd she stands;  
 Astonish'd at this strange unusual sight,  
 The men were put into a *panic* fright;  
 But *Claudia Quinta* happen'd to be there;  
 A lady great by *birth* as well as *fair*;  
 And really *chaste*; tho' false, yet common fame  
 Had long depriv'd her of her *better name*;  
 Pleas'd with a gay, and over-curious dress,  
 Which might a kind of *wantonness* express, 390  
 To censure prone, the *rigid* of her sex,  
 Of levity her *conduct* freely tax;  
 Too readily, 'tis true, most lend an ear  
 To *false reports*, injurious to the fair;  
 But she that's of a *chaste* and *honest* mind,  
 May give ill-grounded censure to the wind;  
 But now as *Claudia*, singly from the rest  
 Of all the ladies, to the *river* prest;  
 With both her hands she scoops the limpid waves,  
 And o'er her *head* she *thrice* the water heaves; 400  
 And *thrice* her arms she stretches to the skies,  
 With solemn aspect, and uplifted eyes;

Then

Then to the *sacred image* turn'd her head,  
 And falling on her knees this prayer made ;  
*Great mother of the gods !* whom I revere,  
 On certain terms, my just petition hear ;  
 'Tis said that I'm *unchaste*, thy sentence give,  
 If thou condemn'st me, I'm unfit to live ;  
 But if I'm guiltless, *goddess*, deign to show  
 Some sign, that all my *innocence* may know ; 410  
 If *chaste*, let not the ship *unmoving* stand,  
 But as I draw it, follow my *chaste* hand ;  
 She said ; and gave the *ship* a gentle hale,  
 When to the great amazement of them all,  
 The *ship* began along the stream to glide,  
 And took her course as *Claudia* was her guide ;  
 A gen'ral pleasure follow'd the surprize,  
 And shouts of *gladness* rend the echoing skies ;  
 Thus to the bending of the flood they came,  
 Which *Tiber's-Court*, we from old records name ;  
 Then to the *left* they turn'd, and there they ty'd  
 The ship to fast'nings by the river's side ; 422  
 For

420. *Ostia Tiberina* was ancient-  
 ly called *Tiberini Numinis Regia* ;  
 i. e. *Tiber's Court*, or *Palace*. Those  
 superstitious times thought proper

to assign particular places of note,  
 for the more honourable reception  
 of their river-gods.



For night came on, and with a *short repast*,  
 They laid their bodies down to gentle rest;  
 The day arose, when jovial all around,  
 They first the ship with *flow'ry garlands* crown'd;  
 Then a young *heifer* sacrificing slew,  
 And *frankincense* on burning altars threw.

But soon as they arriv'd, where *Almo's* stream,  
 In *Tiber* lost, no longer has a name; 430  
 The oldest priest, in sacred purple clad,  
 With *Almo's* water a *libation* made;  
 And th' image of the goddess wash'd with care,  
 While others for the *cavalcade* prepare;  
 Th' attendants yell, with *fifes* and *drums* around,  
 And distant hills reverberate the sound;  
*Claudia* precedes with chearful look the crowd,  
 (Whose *chastity* is hardly yet allow'd;)  
 The image of the goddess in a car,  
 By *oxen* drawn, they to the city bear; 440  
 Where ent'ring in at fam'd *Capena's* gate,  
 By *Scipio* was receiv'd with pomp and state;

He

442. This was *P. Scipio Nasica*; he was judg'd by the senate to be the *worthiest* person in *Rome* to receive the goddess, at her entrance into that city. What *blindness* possessed the minds of the best of men, in those times! unless we allow this to be all state-policy.

He built her *temple* first, which afterward,  
 Was twice consum'd by fire, and twice repair'd;  
 Here stopt the *muse*; but I made this request,  
 Why *beg* they money at the goddess' feast?  
 When good *Metellus* erst her fane rebuilt,  
 Burnt down by fire, the people pity felt;  
 And money *gave* to have it rais'd again,  
 Hence do's the *begging custom* still remain; 450  
 I further ask, when *feasting* is begun,  
 From feast to feast why do the comp'nies run?  
 Know here, said she, *an omen's* in the case,  
 The *goddess* for a better chang'd her place;  
 But, pray, why are these *Megalesian shows*  
 Prefer'd to all the *Roman city* knows?  
 She that brought forth the gods, the *muse* replies,  
 As the *first mother* that respect enjoys;  
 But why give we the name of *Gauls* to those,  
 Who by *castration* do their lives expose, 460  
 To

444. Her temple was rebuilt, once after it was burnt down, by *Metellus*; and a second time by *Augustus Caesar*.

451. The several questions, that the *poet* here demands, are

supposed to be answered by the muse *Erato*. The priests of *Cybele* were called *Galli* in Latin, from this fabulous river *Gallus*, which I find mentioned no where else.

To be her priests? for well we understand,  
 That *Gaul* from *Phrygia* is a distant land;  
 Nigh to *Celaena*, says the *musè* again,  
 There runs a river in a fertile plain;  
 'Tis *Gallus* call'd; whoever drink its wave,  
 They like the *Berecynthian* rabble, rave;  
 All you who value *sound* and *sober* sense,  
 Who drinks that water *raves*, fly far from thence;  
 But is it not, said I, a great disgrace,  
 To let a *salmogondi* have a place, 470  
 Amongst the dainties of the sacred cheer?  
 Say for what cause a *salmogondi's* there.  
 In former times, said she, the *ancients* made  
 A feast of things, that eas'ly might be had;  
 As *milk*, and *herbs*, with *bulbous roots*, and *oil*,  
 (The constant produce of their native soil)  
 And bits of *cheese*, by which 'tis understood,  
 An *ancient* goddess will have *ancient* food.

The

470. What I here translate a  
*salmogondi*, is *moretum* in the origi-  
 nal; which we are told was a  
 kind of *cake* compos'd of herbs,  
 milk, wine, flour, oil, cheese, &c.  
 others call it a *salad*; some an

*herb-pudding*. To be sure it was  
 an odd mixture, and I could not  
 think of a properer word to ex-  
 press it by, than this I have made  
 use of.



The following morn, the *moon* and *stars* give way,  
 And lose their light, at the approach of day; 480  
 That *day* on which, as hist'ry does recount,  
 A temple was, on the *Quirinal mount*,  
 To *public fortune* rais'd; a joyful day;  
 When all their vows to *public fortune* pay.

Three days from hence, to see *the plays* I went,  
 Which while I view'd, with thought and eyes intent;  
 Near to my side, an aged *colonel* sat,  
 With whom I soon engag'd in usual chat;  
 This is the day, said he, when *Caesar* fought,  
 With *treach'rous Juba*, and deliv'rance wrought;  
 Proofs of my courage in that *war* I gave,  
 Proud that I had a general so brave;  
 This feat you gain'd by *peace*, (I mine by *war*)  
 And claim the honour of a *Decemvir*;  
 But more discourse beginning to prevail,  
 A sudden *show'r* broke off the length'ning tale;

For

479. On the fifth of *April* the temple of *Public Fortune*, on the *Quirinal* hill, was dedicated by *Q. Marcius Ralla a Duumvir*, about 559 years after the building of the city. There was also another temple, on the same hill, dedi-

cated to *public Fortune*, with the additional epithet of *Primigenia*.

485. These plays are suppos'd to be instituted in memory of that victory gain'd over *Juba* by *Julius Caesar*, and continued to the 11th of this month.

For setting *Libra*, as it now descends,  
 A rainy season constantly attends ;  
 And ere the *plays* set the spectators free,  
*Orion's* plung'd into the western sea.

500

When the next sun victorious *Rome* shall view,  
 And rising does the gladsome day renew ;  
 The *Circus Maximus* with thronging crowds  
 Of men is fill'd, and images of *gods* ;  
 For *Ceres* the *Circensian* games are shown,  
 Where noble *palms* the conqu'ring racers crown ;  
 The various gifts of *Ceres* ev'ry where,  
 For mortals use conspicuously appear ;  
*Green herbs* at first were common food for men,  
 Which without culture *Tellus* yielded then ;  
 From the fresh turf they gather'd a repast,  
 And of the leafy tribes they made a *feast* ;

510

When

500. *Orion* is a constellation in the southern hemisphere, in which there are in *Ptolemy's* catalogue 37 stars ; in *Tycho Brahe's* 62 ; and in the *Britannic* 80. The setting of this constellation is mark'd in the *Roman* calendar to be on the 5th of this month, and also on the 11th of *May*.

503. On the 12th of *April*, the famous games called *Ludi Circenses* were celebrated in the *Circus Maximus* ; which was a large space of ground, that lay between the mounts *Aventine* and *Palatine*, surrounded with a wall, which was built by *Tarquinius Priscus*.

When *acorns* were found out, they spread their boards  
 With all the lux'ry that an *oak* affords ;  
 But *Ceres* led mankind to better meat,  
 And chang'd their *acorns* for the golden wheat ;  
 She yok'd the docile *oxen* to the plow,  
 And taught men how the fertile grain to sow ;  
 Of metals, *brass* was only then esteem'd,  
 And fittest for domestic uses deem'd ;  
 Destructive *steel* lay in the womb of earth,  
 Happy, if it had never known a birth !  
 The *goddess* *Ceres* does in *peace* delight,  
 For peace, O *farmers*, pray both day and night ;  
 And that the author of our peace may live,  
 'Tis *Caesar*, thou, who dost that blessing give !  
 If flour, and salt, and frankincense you throw,  
 Upon the *goddess*' altars, she'll bestow,

520

What

513. Unless this story of peoples feeding upon *acorns* be all a *fable*, it was very late that the use of *corn* was known in some parts of the world. Indeed, there is no mention made of any sort of corn, till a considerable time after the *flood*. But can we suppose, that the *Antediluvians* had neither wheat, nor barley, nor rice, nor

pease? If not, whence could *Noah* or his descendents procure them? Doubtless *Noah* preserved a quantity of the seed of all sorts of *grain* with him in the ark; which must needs have perished (without the interposition of a miracle) in that great breaking up of the earth, and the perpetual rolling of the waters for half a year together.



What justly you request ; a *pious* mind,  
 And *humble*, with her will acceptance find ; 530  
 Touch not the ox, *ye priests*, with murd'rous knife,  
 For *oxen* plow the land, O save their life !  
 That *neck*, that bends to the laborious yoke,  
 Let it not feel from you the fatal stroke ;  
 An *useful life* will be for ever priz'd,  
 But let the *lazy swine* be sacrific'd.

This place requires, that I should now relate,  
 Of *Ceres'* daughter the lamented fate ;  
 Some things already you may have been told,  
 But I shall doubtless many more unfold ; 540  
 An *island* for three promontories fam'd,  
 From its position *Trinacris* is nam'd ;  
 Where *Ceres* has a many cities got,  
 In which is *Henna*, on a fruitful spot ;  
 Once *Arethusa* made a pompous feast,  
 And ev'ry *mother-goddes* was her guest ;

Here

538. *Ceres'* daughter's name was *Proserpine*, whose rape, with many particular circumstances, is elegantly described by the poet *Claudian*. *Trinacris* is an old Greek name of *Sicily*, and the three promontories were *Lilybaeum*, *Pachynum*, and *Pelorum*.

545. *Arethusa* once a noted fountain in *Sicily* near *Syracuse*, is said now to be entirely dry'd up. According to poetical fiction, *Arethusa* was a beautiful nymph of *Diana's* train, who to escape the amorous attempts of *Alpheus*, was chang'd into a spring.

Here also *Ceres'* daughter, beauteous maid;  
 With her companions, in the meadows stray'd;  
 'Twas in a shady *vale*, where cooling rills  
 Of water fell from the ascending hills; 550  
 There ev'ry *flow'r*, of ev'ry curious hue,  
 Upon the soft enamell'd carpet grew;  
 Which when with a delighted eye she spy'd,  
 My *dear companions*, come to me, she cry'd;  
 With these gay *flow'rs* let us our aprons fill,  
 There's fragrant plenty, gather where you will;  
 The pleasing *toil* delights the girlish mind,  
 Nor did they in their toil a tedium find;  
 This with a *basket* crops the flow'ry prey,  
 That in her *lap* does all her plunder lay; 560  
 Some make the *marygold* their chiefest care,  
*Vi'lets* to others more delightful are;  
 One plucks the *poppy's* white or ruddy head,  
 Of *byacinths* another robs the mead;  
 Some *thyme*, some *melilot*, som *cassia* chuse,  
 Nor *lily*, *rose*, nor *crocuses* refuse.

Thus

565. What *Ovid* here, and *Vir-* *sia* has caus'd a division amongst  
*gil* in his second *Georgic*, calls *Cas-* the commentators; some think it  
 P is

Thus wand'ring thro' the fields they heedless stray,  
 As chance, or choice directs, each takes her way;  
 So *Proserpine* alone by *Pluto* seen, 569  
 Was carry'd off by force, and made his queen;  
 She shriek'd, and to her mother cry'd amain,  
 She flounc'd, and tore her gown, but all in vain;  
 She shriek'd, and cry'd, with many a bitter throw,  
 But still he bore her to his realms below;  
 A gaping chasm receiv'd the grizly god,  
 Down which to the *infernal shades* he rode;  
 His horses unaccustom'd to the day,  
 Abhor'd the *light*, and sought the *darksome way*.

But *Proserpine*'s companions now unite,  
 And loudly call her in a gen'ral fright; 580  
 Their baskets fill'd with flow'rs, they laid aside,  
 And *Proserpine*! O *Proserpine*! they cry'd,  
 Return, return; but answer they had none;  
 Then beat their breasts, and made a dreadful moan;  
 Just come to *Henna*, *Ceres* heard their voice,  
 And was astonish'd at the rueful noise;

And

is ~~not~~ *rosemary*, others *lavender*. I to be the same as the Latin *Sertu-*  
~~am~~ not botanist enough to deter- *la Campana*, an herb that was  
 mine the controversy. Likewise much us'd, in making up of gar-  
 the Greek word *Melilot* is supposed lands.



And with the mingled moan uniting said,  
 O my dear *child*, O whither art thou fled?  
 And like the *Bacchæ*, a distracted race,  
 With frantic airs, she ran from place to place; 590  
 Or like a *cow* robb'd of her calf, that roars;  
 And thro' the woods, and fields, her loss explores;  
 So did the *goddess* search both vale, and hill,  
 And with her cries thy borders, *Henna*, fill;  
 From thence she did her daughter's *foot-steps* trace,  
 And found the well-known prints from place to place;  
 And had not *swine* torn up the beaten way,  
 Her *search* might have been finish'd on that day.

She to *Leontium* first made eager haste,  
 And o'er the grassy banks of *Acis* past; 600  
 She past o'er *Cyane's* and *Anapus'* streams,  
 And *Gela* nigh to *Ætna's* raging flames;  
 She then *Ortygie*, and *Pantagie* leaves,  
 To where the sea *Simethus'* flood receives;

P 2

And

589. These *Bacchæ*, which are often called *Maenades* from *μαῖνα* (a Greek word that signifies *madness*) were priestesses, or worshippers of *Bacchus*, particularly in

*Thrace*; who, in their superstitious ceremonies, made use of frantic gesture, and raging exclamations.

And *Cyclops* den, which smothering always burns,  
 From whence to crooked *Drepanum* she turns ;  
 And so to *Acraga's* and *Mela's* meads,  
 Whose fatt'ning soil the *sacred oxen* feeds ;  
 With *Thapsos*, and the fair *Helorian* plain,  
 And *Eryx*, where soft Zephyrs ever reign ;      610  
 Then of the *isle* the three great capes she views,  
 Yet of her *daughter* hears no word of news ;  
 But fills all places with her piteous tale,  
 As for his *Itys* *Tereus* did bewail ;  
 Now, *Proserpine* ! now, *my dear child* ! she cries,  
 But she to neither of the names replies ;  
 Between the two the *distance* was so far,  
 They could not now each other's shouting hear ;  
 And when she met a *shepherd*, she would say,  
 Did you not see a *wand'ring girl* this way ?      620  
 But now the pitchy shades of night appear,  
 And awful *silence* reign'd, in earth, and air ;

At

614. *Itys* was the son of *Tereus* her sister *Philomela*. See the fa-  
 and *Progne*, whom his mother ble at large in the 6th book of  
 kill'd, and serv'd up at a banquet Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.  
 to his father, for having ravished

At *Aetna's* flames, the goddess lights *two pines* ;  
 Whose unctuous matter flaming burns, and shines ;  
 These *whirling* thro' the gloomy air she cast,  
 Hence *torches* still are lighted at her feast ;  
 When she arriv'd to a vast gaping *den*,  
 Which none could pass, or savage beasts, or men ;  
 Her flying *dragons* to her car she ties,  
 And o'er the sea to distant nations flies ; 639  
 She raging *Scylla*, and *Charybdis* saw,  
 And soaring heard her *barking dogs* below,  
 Then *Adria* past, and *Corinth's* double strand,  
 And fixt her foot at last on *Attic* land ;  
 Here on a crag she sat, and made her moan,  
 Which now the *Athenians* call the *woful stone* ;  
 Long there she lonely sat, in open air,  
 Both *night* and *day*, the weather rain, or fair ;  
 To ev'ry place belongs its *proper fate*,  
 As will appear from what I shall relate ; 640

P 3

The

623. For a woman to carry two burning *pine-trees* in her two *hands*, to light her in her journey by night, seems a monstrous *hyperbole*, even supposing her a goddess ; but as the poet sought for some *origin* for the use of *torches* at *Ceres's* festival, he pitch'd upon

this. *Pictoribus atque poetis, quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

636. This woful, or dismal stone ; *triste saxum* in *Ovid*, is called *ἀγλαῶς λίθος*, in the language of the *Athenians*.



The place where now the fam'd *Eleusis* stands,  
 One *Celeus* heretofore, could call his lands ;  
 He homewards *wood*, and *fruit*, and *acorns* bore,  
 Some for his present, some his winter-store ;  
 His little *daughter* drove two kids from field,  
 Sick left at home a *son*, his youngest child ;  
 The *girl*, O *mother*, to the goddess said,  
 Why all alone do you these desarts tread ?  
 (Touch'd with the name of *mother*, *Ceres* starts,  
 Such force has lasting grief on tender hearts ;) 659  
 The *father* also stopping made request  
 She'd come into his hut, and be refresht ;  
 But she in garb like an *old-woman* drest,  
 With modest language thus herself exprest ;  
 May'st thou a happy *parent* always be,  
 And never wretched know a loss like me ;

I've

641. *Eleusis* or *Eleusina* was a city of *Attica* near the sea, famous on account of *Ceres*'s temple that stood there, frequented by a vast concourse of people ; in which the *sacra elusina* were celebrated. What these *elusinian mysteries* were, is hard to determine, because the initiated kept them very secret, as our free masons do theirs. If I may express my conjecture, I

fancy both the ancient and modern rites consist in reality of mysterious nothings.

643. The fruit mentioned in my original is, *mora excussa rubetis*, i. e. black-berries, or bramble-berries, as we call 'em ; which to be sure would make a handsome desert, in those early times, when people fed upon acorns.

I've lost a *child*, for which I now repine,  
 How much more happy is thy fate than mine!  
 And as she spoke, the *pearly drops* bedew'd 659  
 Her cheeks, *like tears*, which love and anguish shew'd;  
 Here both the good *old man*, and *daughter* cry'd  
 To see her grief, and thus the *fire* reply'd;  
 May she, whom you have lost, be found again,  
 Come rise, and don't my little *but* disdain;  
 Then show me where you live, the *goddess* said,  
 I can't refuse the *offer* you have made;  
 And as together they discoursing walk,  
 Of the *sick son* at home, was all their talk;  
 But in their way she sleepy *poppies* found,  
 And pluck'd them off th' uncultivated ground; 670  
 Which plucking she could not forbear to taste,  
 But broke imprudent her *resolved fast*;

P 4

Who

660. These *pearly drops* were not *tears*, it seems; but only *like tears*, because (as the poet tells us) *neque lacrymare deorum est*, gods and goddesses cannot weep.

672. It is pretended that *Ceres* had made a vow, that she would not *taste* a bit of any thing, till she had found her dear *Proserpine*.

But as much a *goddess* as she is represented to be, she was a *major woman*, in making a rash vow, and as easily forgetting it. This however serv'd our poet well enough for a reason, why *Ceres's* priests (*myfias*) ate only in the night.

Who as she broke her fast at first by *night*,  
Her *priests* observe it as a constant rite.

Soon as her feet the cottage' threshold bears,  
Another plaintive scene of *grief* appears;  
The *child* seem'd lying at the point of death,  
Just ready to give up his latest breath;  
The *goddess* first allays the *mother's* grief,  
And then proceeds to give her *son* relief; 680  
She put her *mouth* to his, from whence there came  
Such vigour as renew'd his *vital* flame;  
In ev'ry limb a strength'ning *pow'r* there grows,  
And in his face a *florid* colour rose;  
The father, mother, daughter, all were glad,  
For those were all the *fam'ly* that they had;  
A *supper* then they daintily prepare,  
For apples, curds, and honey was their fare;  
Tho' *Ceres* did to taste all food refuse,  
She gave the lad some *milk*, and *poppy-juice*; 690  
When all were fast asleep, and midnight came,  
She took the boy (*Triptolemus* his name,)

Whom

679. *Ovid* tells us the mother's name was *Matanira*; (or *Menalina*, as it is in some editions) but as I

think the knowledge of her name is now of no great consequence. I have omitted it in my translation.



Whom streaking *thrice* upon her lap she laid,  
 And breathing on his face *three verses* said;  
 Three verses, which no human tongue can say,  
 Then on hot *embers* did his body lay,  
 That fire might purge his *mortal part* away.  
 Just then the *mother* out of sleep awoke,  
 And from the fire in haste his body took;  
 What is the woman *mad*, aloud she cry'd? 700  
 To whom the *goddess* in a fret reply'd;  
*Pious*, and *impious*, in one act thou art,  
 And thus by showing a fond mother's part,  
 Hast spoil'd my *gift*; he now shall *mortal* be,  
*Immortal* made, had it not been for thee;  
 Yet he shall teach mankind to *plow* and *sow*,  
 And reap the happy *seed*, that thence shall grow;  
 She said; and mounting straight into her car,  
 Her *dragons* bore her through the dusky air;

Then

702. She was *pious* in endeavouring to *save* her child, who, as she thought, was going to be *burnt*; and *impious* in opposing the design of the *goddess* to make him *immortal*. However, tho' she could not make *Triptolemus* immortal that

way, yet, it seems, she instructed him in the art of *agriculture*; so that he was the first among the *Greeks*, who taught men how to *plow*, and *sow*; this has, in one sense, given him a sort of *immortality*.

Then soon she o'er the cape of *Sunium* flies, 710  
 And views the coast that on the right hand lies;  
 Thence o'er th' *Ægean* and *Ionian* seas  
 She swiftly rides, and scatter'd *Cyclades*;  
 And after that thro' *Asia*'s various coasts,  
 To the long roaring *Hellespont* she posts;  
 To diff'rent parts, she diff'rent tracts pursues,  
 Now the *Arabians*, now the *Indians* views;  
 One while she visits *Libya*'s barren shores;  
 And then low *Egypt*, and the *Nile* explores;  
 Then soaring high into the west she's tost, 720  
 The rapid *Rhine*, the *Po*, and *Tiber* crost;  
 Inquisitive, in short, from pole to pole,  
 She search'd the globe, till she had view'd the whole;  
 Nor to the earth did she her search restrain,  
 But made enquiry in the northern-wain,

721. I only mention *Tiber*'s  
 name here, in which I fall  
 short of my original. *Ovid* doubt-  
 less design'd a compliment to his  
 nation's celebrated river, in this  
 line,

*Teque future parens, Tibri, pten-  
 tis aquae.*

Which, to make some amends for  
 my neglect, I translate thus,

*And thee, O Tiber, subq in time  
 to come,  
 Shalt roll thy stream thro' rich im-  
 perial Rome.*

Of stars that never set ; *Parrhasian lights*,  
 That constantly, said she, *inspect* the nights ;  
 Pray tell me if you know, (it will be kind)  
 Where I my girl, my *Proserpine* may find ?  
 We know, said one, of nothing that is done ; 730  
 The *night* is guiltless ; go, consult the *sun*.  
 She to the *sun* applies ; who said, forbear  
 To search in vain, nor wrack thy mind with fear ;  
 She's *Pluto's* bride ; (the sudden rape I saw)  
 And reigns the *queen* of all the realms below.

She then her plaintive suit to *Jove* prefers,  
 While in her looks afflicting grief appears ;  
 Remember, *Jove*, said she, our *Proserpine*,  
 For of the care of her one half is thine ;  
 I've rummag'd all the *world*, and only find 740  
 A proof of what the *ravisher* design'd ;  
 Then is not this my lot unjust and hard,  
 Why has the *toil* been mine, his the *reward* ?

And

726. *Ursa major*, and *Ursa minor* are called *Parrhasian lights*, because (as the fable tells us) *Callisto* and her son *Arkas* were changed into those two constellations. *Parrhasian* signifies *Arca-*

*dian*, from *Parrhasie*, a city of that country. *Ovid* says, it was *Helice* that bade *Ceres* go, and consult the sun ; *Helice* is the Greek name for *Ursa major*.



And why should my poor *girl* be made a prey?  
 She might have been bestow'd a better way;  
 Had I been captive in the *giants* war,  
 A worse affront than this how could I bear?  
 Shall he thus unreveng'd his *prize* obtain?  
 Let him restore her hon'rably again.  
 With lenient words does *Jove* the fact excuse, 750  
 'Twas *love*, said he, made him that method use;  
 Nor is the match *inferior*, or disgrace,  
 Equal with mine, he is of noble race;  
 In *heaven* I reign, as *Neptune* o'er the seas,  
 But *Chaos* and th' *infernal shades* are his;  
 But if you have resolv'd within your heart,  
 To break the *marriage bond*, and make them part;  
 I'll try what may be done; if *fasting* yet,  
 She has forborne of any thing to eat;  
 To send her back, *the god* shall not refuse, 760  
 But if she has, she must be *Pluto's* spouse.

Swift on that errand then was *Hermes* sent,  
 Who to the darksome shades of *Tart'rus* went;

And

746. My original says, *Had I* was one of the *hundred-banded*  
*been made captive by Gyges, what* giants, brother to *Briareus*, who  
*could I have suffer'd worse?* *Gyges* made war against the gods.

And brought this news ; that she since her retreat,  
 Had of a pomgranate *three kernels* eat,  
 The *mother* then gave way again to grief,  
 Which scarce at length admits of kind relief ;  
 Since all our hopes, said she, of *heav'n* now fail,  
 Bid me go live in the *Taenarian* vale ;  
 But *Jupiter*, to ease her troubled mind, 770  
 A place in *heav'n* to *Proserpine* assign'd,  
 For twice three months within the circling year,  
 The rest she does the shade with *Pluto* bear ;  
 With this was *Ceres* cheer'd ; and then she laid,  
 The wheaten garland on her tow'ring head ;  
 Large crops of golden grain from hence the *fields*  
 Produce, which joy to all the farmers yields ;  
 Who all in white, to *Ceres* pay their vows,  
 No black attire her festival allows.

The ides of April *Victor Jove* demands, 780  
 For whom a temple near the *forum* stands ;

On

769. *Taenaros* was a promontory of *Peloponnesus*, now called *Capo Matapan*, under which was a great hollow, by which the poets feign'd a descent into hell. By *Taenariâ*

*Valle*, therefore, in this place is meant the shades below ; the gloomy kingdom of *Pluto*.

780. This temple was dedicated to *Jupiter Victor*, by the consul

On them the *court of liberty* was rear'd,  
By ev'ry honest *Roman* heart rever'd.

The foll'wing day, you *sea-men*, furl the sail,  
For then the western-wind is big with hail;  
But maugre *wind* and *bail* brave *Caesar* stood,  
And rebel arms at *Modena* subdu'd.

When the third sun shall from the *ides* arise,  
A *cow with calf* must fall a sacrifice;  
*Forda* from *ferre* Latinists derive, 790  
And hence to young the name of *foetus* give;  
The cattle big with young now graze the field,  
And with the growing seed the ground is swell'd;

To

ful *Fabius Maximus Rullianus*, when he subdu'd the *Samnites*, about 300 years before the birth of *Christ*. *Livy* says, he slew twenty thousand of them in one day; but he had like to have lost his head for that action, tho' so successful, because he fought without the express leave, or orders of the *Dictator*; so exact were the *Romans* in their military discipline at that time.

782. On the *ides* of *April* also the *court of liberty* was built, or repaired and consecrated by *Afi-*

*nus Pollio*; in which court there was likewise a public library, which *Ovid*, in the second book of his *Tristia*, thus speaks of,

*Nec me, quae doctis patuerunt pri-  
ma libellis,  
Atria libertas tangere passa sua est.*

784. The 14th of *April* was observ'd by the *Romans*, it seems, as a day usually attended with storms of *wind* and *bail*; on which day however *Octavius Caesar* routed *Marc Antony's* troops at *Modena*.



To *Tellus* then the pregnant victim slay,  
 Let ev'ry ward a pregnant offering pay;  
 And when the priests have from the bowels took  
 The *embryo-calves*, and on the altar smoke  
 The inwards, let the oldest *Vestal* dame  
 Burn the young calves, it is a holy flame;  
 The *ashes* of that sacrifice are good, 800  
 To purify the vulgar sinful crowd.

In good king *Numa's* reign, the farmers toil  
 Had no reward from the ungrateful soil;  
 Sometimes the northern winds, sometimes the rains,  
 Blast all his hopes, and frustrate all his pains;  
 The corn in ear a noxious *blight* receives,  
 Which nothing but the empty stubble leaves;  
 The *sheep* and *cows* their young untimely cast,  
 Which threatens deadly famine at the last;  
 Sacred to the *Maenalian* god, a wood, 810  
 Uncut, had many generations stood; *Pan*

795. There were 30 wards (*curiae*) in the city of Rome; so that my original says, *ter denas curia vaccas accipit*; thus there were 30 cows (*with calf*) sacrific'd on that occasion, besides what were offered in the temple of *Jupiter*. This feast, from *forda*, i. e.

a cow big with calf, was named *Fordicidia*; and was celebrated on the 15th day of this month.

810. The *Maenalian* god, is *Pan* or *Faunus*; *Maenalian* signifies *Arcadian*, being derived from *Maenalu*, a hill in that country.

*Pan* there in dreams reveal'd the will of heav'n,  
His counsels in the dead of night were giv'n;  
Here pious *Numa* sacrific'd two sheep,  
To *Faunus* one, and one to gentle *sleep*;  
The fleece of each upon the ground was spread,  
And *twice* with water he bedew'd his head;  
With leaves of beech he *twice* his temples bound,  
Nor in the use of venery was found;  
No food of *flesh* upon his board appears, 820  
And on his *fingers* not a *ring* he wears;  
Clad in a vestment that is *coarse*, and brown,  
With *pray'r* he on the fleeces lays him down;  
Now night, with *poppy* crown'd, o'er spreads the grove,  
And scatters *dreams*, and *visions* from above;  
Then *Faunus* came, and on the fleeces trod,  
And to the *king* thus spoke the rural god;  
*With kine, O king, must Tellus be appeas'd,*  
*Ere you from fear of famine can be eas'd;*  
*One with two lives must on the altar burn,* 830  
*Before she will from her displeasure turn;*

Wak'd

Wak'd from his sleep, the king with great affright,  
 Revolves the doubtful visions of the night ;  
 And as his dream he to *Egeria* told,  
 She the mysterious words did thus unfold ;  
 A cow with calf does *Tellus* sure require,  
 A cow with calf they burnt with holy fire ;  
 Then grew the ground as fruitful as before,  
 And safe their young the pregnant cattle bore. 839

Once *Venus* wish'd this day was come and gone,  
 And bade the ling'ring hours drive swifter on ;  
 That she, *Augustus* ! might with pleasure see,  
 Three triumphs made the following day by thee.  
 If from the *ides* the fourth day be serene,  
 The setting *Hyades* may then be seen ;  
 Three days from thence, the crowded *circus* shows  
 The fleeting racers strife in factious rows.

But

834. This *Egeria*, *Ovid* says here, was *Numa Pompilius*'s wife ; she is generally call'd the nymph *Egeria* ; king *Numa* pretended, that in his nightly visits to her in the *Aricinian grove*, he receiv'd the religious rites, which he establish'd among the *Romans* from her.

843. On the 16th day of this month, 29 years before the in-

carnation of Christ, C. *Caesar Octavianus* (afterwards *Augustus Caesar*) enter'd the city of *Rome*, being grac'd with a threefold triumph, and honour'd with the title of *Imperator*.

846. On the 19th of this month, the *Ludi Circenses* were celebrated in the *circus*, chiefly with horse-racing. The factions, or sides



But why to *foxes* burning torches are  
 Now ty'd, and then let loose, I must declare ;  
 The ground about *Carseoli* is cold, 850  
 Unfit for *olives* ; but the dreary mold  
 With wheat, or pulse, or other kind of grain,  
 Will well reward the careful *farmer's* pain.  
 As to *Peligni* once I went around,  
 My native soil, but low and swampy ground ;  
 I took this town *Carseoli* in my way,  
 And at an ancient friend's at night I lay ;  
 With many *tales* my friend amus'd his guest,  
 To pass the time, and this among the rest ;  
 Upon yon *plain*, and pointed to the *plain*, 860  
 There once, said he, liv'd a *laborious* swain,  
 And *thrifty* dame ; a little spot they had,  
 Of which by daily *toil* the most they made ;

He

*fides* (*fañtiones*) by which the  
*riders* were distinguished were four,  
 viz. *prafina*, or the *green livery*,  
 representing the *spring* ; *ruffata*,  
 or *red* for summer ; *Alba* or *white*  
 for autumn ; and *Veneta*, or *Vene-*  
*tian blue* for winter. On the same  
 day also, was the *savage* custom  
 of burning *foxes*, as here related.  
 Our throwing at cocks on Shrove-  
 tuefday is full as bad ; but a more  
 shameful practice, as we live in a  
*Christian* age.

850. *Carseoli* was an ancient  
 town in *Italy*, not far from the  
 territory inhabited by the *Peligni* ;  
 the capital of which was *Sulmo*,  
 more famous for the birth of *Ovid*,  
 than any other thing, that I find  
 spoken of it in history. *Sulmo* is  
 now call'd *Valva* ; and the *Peligni*  
 are chang'd into *Valvenses*, by mo-  
 dern Latin writers. It is about  
 ninety miles distant from *Rome*.

He dug, or plow'd, and reap'd himself his ground,  
 While she employ'd was in the *cottage* found ;  
 Sometimes she scours her *brass*, and pewter ware,  
 A fitting *ben* sometimes demands her care ;  
*Mallows* or *mushrooms* cooks upon the fire,  
 To answer what meer nature's wants require ;  
 While he abroad contented toils, tho' poor, 870  
 And brings home *fuel* for their winter store ;  
 With constant *spinning* she her fingers wears,  
 And for their cloathing the coarse web prepares.  
 One *son* they had, which us'd to tend the fold,  
 An arch, unlucky rogue of twelve years old ;  
 He catch'd a *fox* alive within his hole,  
 A fox that often had their *poultry* stole ;  
 On *Renard's* back, and fast to either side,  
 Of hay and straw, he little bundles ty'd ;  
 Then did thereon some *lighted matches* lay, 880  
 And let the burning creature scour away ;  
 Thro' the *corn-fields* swift flew the wasted flame,  
 Which bore destruction wheresoe'er it came ;

Q 2

This

876. Some are of opinion, that this story of the *fox* setting fire to the corn-fields, is originally that of *Sampson's* ; but the circumstances are so vastly different, that I take this to be purely *Roman*.

This ancient fact we ev'ry year revive,  
 And *custom's* law forbids the *fox* to live;  
 This *feast* demands, we should that law fulfil,  
 And as one perish'd, so they perish still.

When *Memnon's mother* shall next day arise,  
 And with her rosy beauties gild the skies;  
 Bright *Sol* then leaves the *ram*, by whom betray'd  
 Poor *Helle* in the sea her exit made; 891  
 Thro' a new sign must *Phæbus* take his way,  
 But whether *cow* or *bull*, 'tis hard to say;  
 For as the fore-part only does appear,  
 No certain marks of *cow* or *bull* are there;  
 But be it which it may, old records prove  
 In spite of *Juno*, 'tis the sign of love.

The follow'ing morn produces *Pales'* feast,  
 May'st thou, O *goddess*, now inspire my breast!

To

888. *Memnon's mother* is *Auro-ra*, put here for the morning. On the 20th of this month, the sun, according to the *Romans* calculation in *Ovid's* time, left *Aries*, and enter'd into *Taurus*. It does so now with us, since the late alteration of our *Calendar*.

897. This alludes to the fable

of *Jupiter's* changing *Iö*, to deceive *Juno*, into the shape of a *cow*; and himself into a *bull* afterwards to deceive poor *Helle*. Meer stories! not of a *cock*, but of a *cow* and a *bull*.

898. On the 21st of *April*, the *Palilia*, or the goddess *Pales's* festival was held in *Rome*; she was peculiarly



To my remem'brance all thy honours bring, 900  
 While I of *shepherds*, and their duties, sing;  
 The ashes of a *calf*, and hawm of *beans*,  
 Oft have I took with undefiled hands;  
 Thrice have I pass'd the *fires* in order laid,  
 And with a *laurel twig* aspersions made;  
 The *goddess* hears; I'll now unfurl my sails,  
 And, as they rise, receive the wafting gales;  
 Now let the people vows to *Vesta* make,  
 And from the virgin altar incense take;  
*Three* things upon the altar burnt suffice, 910  
 From whence the sacred fumigations rise;  
 The ashes of a *calf*, and horses *gore*,  
 With *hawm* of beans, the goddess asks no more;  
 Now let the *shepherd* purify his sheep,  
 When thro' the clouds the stars begin to peep;  
 But first with a *wet branch* let him go round,  
 And with the dropping leaves bedew the ground;

Q 3

Then

culiarly the goddess of *shepherds*;  
 they sacrific'd to her with *milk*;  
 thus *Tibullus* says,

*Et placidam niveo spargere lacte*  
*Palem.*

915. This denotes the *disk* of

the evening. But one would  
 think her *votaries* had real *dark*  
 understandings, to place any *con-*  
*fidence* in such *trumpery* as is here  
 recited. We find even still, more  
 or less of it, in many *Christian*  
 countries.

Then decorate the *folds* with branches green,  
 And o'er your doors let garlands gay be seen ;  
 Let livid fumes from burning *sulphur* rise, 920  
 And from the sheep you'll hear their bleating cries ;  
 Then on the altars, which you pious raise,  
 Let the *male olive*, *fir*, and *savine* blaze,  
 And in th' ascending flame throw crack'ling *bays* ; }  
 Then add a basket stor'd with *millet cakes*,  
 Vast pleasure in that food the goddess takes ;  
 In a clean pail, new milk, and curds, and cheese,  
 Make a cheap off'ring that will *Pales* please ;  
 And as you all these rural gifts prepare, 929  
 With honest heart put up the foll'wing *pray'r*.

Thée, *goddess*, O let me propitious find,  
 And to the *shepherd*, and his *sheep* be kind ;  
 Far from my folds drive noxious things away,  
 And let my flocks in wholesome pastures stray ;

If,

923. Instead of male olives, in this place, some editions have *maris rores*, i. e. rosemary ; which reading I should rather prefer ; but am not certain, which is found in the oldest and most authentic copies,

931. Our poet here puts a very long prayer into the mouth of a shepherd. If it be a true represen-

tation of fact in his time, it shows that *shepherds* were very zealous then in the religion of their country. We have a great number of *shepherds* in many parts of *England*, who (I fear) fall much short of this *Roman* example, tho' they have far better forms to pray by.

If, thro' mistake, I've sat beneath a tree,  
 Or trod in places sanctify'd to thee;  
 If that my sheep among the *tombs* have graz'd,  
 And so the *manes* of the dead displeas'd;  
 Or if I have defil'd some sacred grove,  
 In which to dance the *nymphs* and *Faunus* love; 940  
 Or, if I've cut with sacrilegious hand  
 Some tree, that did divine respect demand;  
 Pardon, *O goddess*, the profane misdeed,  
 And let me from the punishment be freed;  
 Forgive me, when it hail'd, if I have drove  
 My sheep for shelter into *Faunus'* grove;  
 Forgive me, *nymphs*, if with unhallow'd feet,  
 I've foul'd the streams in which you take delight;  
 And thou, *O Pales*, for thy shepherd's sake  
 To us the deities propitious make; 950  
 Who o'er the fountains, and the groves preside,  
 Or in the venerable oaks abide;  
 May I *Diana* bathing never see,  
 Nor, *Faunus*, when thou'rt walking, start at thee;

Q 4

Let

950. The *deities* here hinted at are the *Dryads*, and *Hamadryads*, which the superstitious *Greeks*, and *Romans* imagined had their residence in *oaks*, and other *trees*; and which liv'd and dy'd with them.



Let both the shepherds, and their sheep be found  
 In health, and drive distempers from their ground;  
 And let our *dogs*, those partners of our care,  
 With what they guard, the same protection share;  
 May I at night my morning's number take,  
 Nor mourn a *theft* the prowling wolf may make;  
 Let wholesome *herbage* cloath my fruitful field, 961  
 And plenteous streams the crystal fountains yield;  
 That milk, and curds, and cheese, may well repay,  
 The care I take by night, the pains by day;  
 May all my *rams* the ewes with vigour press,  
 To give my flocks a yearly due increase;  
 And may the *wool* be curious which they bear,  
 And fit for uses to adorn the fair;  
 Let this be ratify'd, and I will make  
 To *Pals*, year by year, a massive cake. 970

With that to favour first the *goddess* move,  
 Then thrice repeat the solemn pray'r above;  
 Still turning to the *east*, and wash your hands  
 In running water; (this *the rite* demands)  
 Then from a *jug*, that stands for daily use,  
 Pour *milk*, and drink it mixt with *purple juice*;

O'er

976. What I here translate *purple juice*, is in my original *pur-  
puream*

O'er *burning* heaps of straw, in order laid,  
 Then pass your limbs, with swift and nimble tread;  
 This is the *rite*; but whence that *rite* arose,  
 'Tis now my task more fully to disclose; 980  
 But as there several reasons come in view,  
 'Tis hard to certify which is *the true*.

There is in fire a cleansing pow'r, we know,  
 That will all filth and *drofs* from metals draw;  
 By this, as some conclude, when it is try'd,  
 The *shepherd* and his *sheep* are purify'd;  
 Or, is it that the rise of mundane things  
 From jarring seeds, from *fire* and *water* springs?  
 These two our ancestors together join'd  
 To purify the *body* and the *mind*; 990  
 Or, is it that in these *the cause* of life  
 Exists? and is not a *new-marry'd* wife  
 Confirm'd by these? nay, *exuls* are forbid  
 The use thereof: what *myst'ries* here lie hid!

Some

*puream sapa*; this *sapa* among the  
*Romans* signify'd sodd'n wine;  
*Pliny* describes it in these words,  
*Vino cognata res sapa est, musto deco-*  
*cto, donec tertia pars supersit, i. e.*  
*Sapa is of the nature of wine, being*  
*new-wine boil'd till only one third*  
*part remains.* It seems a comical

act of *religion*, to leap over *burning*  
*heaps* of itubble; but where *su-*  
*perstition* gets the better of *solid*  
*reason*, the greatest *extravagancies*  
 may pass for acts of *religion*.

993. People condemn'd to ba-  
 nishment were interdicted the  
 common use of *fire* and *water*;  
 but

Some will by *fire* have *Phaëton* understood,  
 And by the *water* just *Deucalion's* flood ;  
 Some say, that shepherds striking flint with flint,  
 Of getting *fire* from thence first took the hint ;  
 Some sparks were lost, but others of the same  
 Dry stubble catch'd, and kindled into flame, 1000 }  
 Hence making *fires* at the *Palilia* came ;  
 Or did the good *Aeneas* bring this rite,  
 Who safely 'scap'd the flames of *Troy* by night ?  
 Or, still more near the truth perhaps they come,  
 Wh' ascribe this custom to our native *Rome* ;  
 When strangers here a habitation sought,  
 To the new houses were the *lares* brought ;  
 And from the fields preparing to retire,  
 They set their straw-built cottages on fire ; 1009  
 The cattle, and the swains skipp'd o'er the *flame*,  
 Now on thy birth-day, *Rome*, we do the same ;

This

but how a *bride* (*nova conjux*) was confirm'd by them, I cannot say. This to me is a mystery.

1011. What is meant by *Rome's* birth-day, (*Romæ natalis*) I am at a loss to determine ; unless we understand it of the day when they

first began to build the city, for the proverb says, *Non fuit in uno condita Roma die.* *Rome was not built in a day.* Perhaps it means that day, that *Romulus* and *Remus* appointed for the marking out the bounds of the city with a plow.



This brings the city's rise before my view,  
A feast that, great *Quirinus*, is thy due.

Soon as *Amulius* was with justice slain,  
And *Ilia*'s twins together jointly reign;  
They both agreed their *subjects* to increase,  
And for their residence a city raise;  
But discord rose about the *city's* name,  
An equal right to which they sep'rate claim;  
What needs there a dispute? the elder cry'd, 1020  
Let us by *augury* the case decide;  
So said, so done; they in the morning rose,  
Mount *Palatine* the first his station chose;  
*Remus* did to mount *Aventine* repair,  
And straight *six vultures* he discover'd there;  
But to his brothers fight *twelve vultures* came,  
And thus had *Rome* from *Romulus* its name;  
Then on a proper day they went their rounds,  
And with a *plow* mark'd out the *city's* bounds?

That

1013. *Quirinus* here means *Romulus*; why he was so called, *Ovid* assigns two reasons; either from *Curis*, which signify'd a *spear*, in the ancient *Sabine* lan-

guage; or because he united the *Cures* and *Romans*, and made 'em one people. See verse 560, &c. in *February*.

That day was *Pales'* feast; a ditch they made 1030  
 Deep in the earth, and at the bottom laid  
*New corn*, and *soil* fetch'd from the neighb'ring ground,  
 Then fill'd the ditch with earth, and made a mound;  
 And on the new-made mound an *altar* rais'd,  
 On which as soon as that the *incense* blaz'd,  
 Another hole was dug, from whence the plow,  
 Held firm, was drawn by a *white ox* and *cow*.  
 Then to the *gods* the king address'd this pray'r;  
 My suppliant voice, O *Jove* and *Vesta* hear;  
 And *father Mars*, and all ye pow'rs divine, 1040  
 O be propitious to my grand design!  
 This *city*, which I build with pious view,  
 Tho' nam'd from me, I consecrate to you;  
 To the *sun's* rising and his setting ray,  
 May it extend its wide *imperial sway*,  
 To distant ages may it thriving rise,  
 And o'er all cities reign beneath the skies.

No

1030. Some have been so *curious*, as to mark the precise time, when this ditch was made, and the plow set out the *city's* bounds. They say it was on the 21st day of *April*, between two and three o'clock, in the afternoon, in the

year 750 before the birth of *Christ*, and 432 years after the destruction of *Troy*. The putting *new-corn* into the ditch, was an *omen* of procuring *fertility*; and fetching the *neighbouring soil*, of enlarging their *territories*.

No sooner had he spoke, but lo! aloud,  
 The *left-hand* thunder burst'd from a cloud,  
 And from the cloud the *left-hand* lightning came,  
 A happy omen of *Rome's* future fame! 1050

Encourag'd thus, they *Rome's* foundations laid,  
 And soon around a little *wall* was made;  
 The work to *Celer's* care the *king* assign'd,  
 And, with his other orders, bid him mind  
 Whoe'er should dare to pass the little *wall*,  
 Or leap the *ditch*, that he by death should fall;  
 Of which unknowing, *Remus* with a jeer  
 Cry'd, what a pitiful defence is here! 1059  
 And o'er the *wall* he sprung; rash was the deed,  
 For which the author soon was doom'd to bleed;  
 For with a shovel *Celer* clove his brain,  
 And from his blood the ground receiv'd a stain;  
 Soon as this news came to the *royal chief*,  
 He smother'd in his breast his latent grief;  
 Tho' inly vex'd, he check'd the falling tear,  
 And gave no signs of an *unmanly* fear,

But

1054. This is the comon tradition, that *Celer*, a *Roman* knight, or *centurion*, killed *Remus*; but some historians report, it was done by

one *Fabius*; others, that his brother *Romulus* committed that atrocious deed.



But said, may the same fate attend the foe,  
Who o'er these *walls* shall e'er attempt to go.

But when the fun'ral rites he had prepar'd, 1070  
And in his view the breathless corps appear'd,  
No longer now he could his *grief* contain,  
He could from *tears* no longer now refrain;  
But kiss'd his brother, and lamenting cry'd  
Adieu! to me unknown, alas! he dy'd!  
Then o'er his limbs were spicy unguents spread,  
To give a grateful odour to the dead;  
While *Faustulus* was a chief mourner there,  
And *Acca* sobbing with dishevell'd hair;  
The *nobles* at the last, a pensive train, 1080  
Bewail the *royal youth* untimely slain;  
Then on the fun'ral pile, the corps was laid,  
And quick the greedy flames consum'd the dead.

From hence came *Rome's* increase in wealth and men,  
(So mean a rise, who would have thought it then!)  
Till she victorious all the earth subdu'd,  
And may she long thus stand, as she has stood!

Long,

1078. This *Faustulus*, and *Acca* *mulus* and *Remus* by the river's side,  
(*Laurentia*) were the shepherd, and brought them up till they  
and shepherdes, that found Ro- were grown to mens estate.

Long, long, may this and many *Caesars* reign,  
 And happily protect her wide domain ;  
 May she sublime o'er all this *globe* be seen, 1090  
 And be the world's great, universal *queen* !

What here I've said to *Pales'* feast belong,  
 To the *Vinalia* next extends my song ;  
 There's but one fun between the neighb'ring feasts,  
 Who celebrate this day are *Venus'* guests ;  
 You wanton fair, who make of love *a trade*,  
 To *Venus* let your gainful vows be paid ;  
 Beseech her that your *charms* may not decay,  
 But still preserve you fit for am'rous play ;  
 Let *rushes* tie the *myrtle* to the *rose*, 1100  
 Of which with *spear-mint* little crowns compose ;  
 With these adorn the tresses of your hair,  
 And to your *goddeſs'* temple then repair ;  
 Near the *Salarian* gate her temple stands,  
 At first erected by victorious hands ;

When

1093. On the 23d day of this month were celebrated the *Vinalia*; a feast dedicated to *Jupiter* and *Venus*. At this festival, *les filles de joye* paid their devoirs, in the temple of *Erycinian Venus*; *Eryx* was a mountain in *Sicily*,

where *Venus* had been particularly worshipped long before.

1104. The *Salarian gate* open'd to the way that led into the country of the *Sabines*. It was so named, we are told, from *sal*, because they used to bring *salt* into the

When brave *Marcellus* at his army's head,  
Of wealthy *Syracuse* a conquest made;  
He brought the *Erycinian* goddess home,  
And fix'd her in her kindred city *Rome*.

But why's this feast *Vinalia* call'd? you'll say,  
And why to *Jove* we consecrate this day? 1111  
When *Turnus* and *Aeneas* warring strove,  
Which should by conquest gain *Lavinia's* love;  
On Tuscan forces *Turnus* cast his eye,  
In hopes to make *Mezentius* his ally;  
*Mezentius* bold in arms, and fam'd in war,  
Could graceful ride the *sleed*, or wield the *spear*;  
To the *Rutulians*, that he'd take their side,  
Intreating hard, the *Tuscan prince* reply'd;  
By all these *scars*, it plainly will appear, 1120  
My *valour* has in fighting cost me dear;  
If I the aid, which you request supply,  
You can't, I think, a little *boon* deny;  
Grant me a small reward, for what you crave,  
Let me the *wines* of your next vintage have;

What

the city by that road. This gate *Quirinalis*, one of the seven hills,  
was also called *Porta Collina*; and on which *Rome* stood, now call'd  
*Quirinalis*, as being near the *Cellis* *Monte Cavallo*.



What I demand is but a trifling thing,  
 But great the conquest that my arms will bring;  
 What would *Aeneas* give that you'd not choose  
 Such terms, and I the wish'd supply refuse?  
 The *Rutul* nation with this offer joins, 1130  
 And straight *Mezentius* clad in armour shines;  
 On this *Aeneas* fits himself for war,  
 And then puts up to *Jove* the foll'wing pray'r;  
 The vintage of our foes, if they obtain  
 The palm propos'd, on this decisive plain,  
 Is to the *Tuscan king* a promis'd boon;  
 But if by me, O *Jove*, they're overthrown,  
 I vow the produce of the fruitful vine,  
 And the next vintage, shall be wholly thine!  
 The vow made by the *pious chief* prevails, 1140  
 And in the battle proud *Mezentius* falls;  
 When *Autumn* came, the ripen'd grapes were trod,  
 Whose juice was consecrated to the god;

From

1141. This *Mezentius*, king of slaughter of *Aeneas*'s men, he was the *Tuscans*, tho' a man of valour, kill'd, the poet says, by that prince's own hand, after he had was remarkable for his impiety and tyranny. *Virgil* makes him join also slain *Mezentius*'s son *Lausus*. *Turnus*, in his war with *Aeneas*; See the last thirty or forty lines of and after having made great the tenth book of the *Aeneid*.

From whence this day is call'd *the vinal feast*,  
And *Jove* himself loves there to be a guest.

Six days before this month shall terminate,  
The middle of the *spring* will take its date ;  
The *ram* in vain you'll look for in the skies,  
But see the show'rs descend, and *dog-star* rise ;  
As I once from *Nomentum*, on this day, 1150  
Return'd to *Rome*, there met me in the way  
A pompous train (who all in white were drest)  
In long procession, headed by the priest ;  
To *old Robigus'* grove their steps they turn,  
The entrails of a *dog* and *sheep* to burn ;  
I join'd the throng, and of the rites partook,  
When thus these words the sacred *flamen* spoke ;  
“ O rough *Robigus* ! spare the tender blade  
“ Of growing corn, that on the earth is laid ;  
“ Permit

1146. The 25th day of this month, our poet says, is *the middle* of the *spring* ; but *Columella* places it on the 21st. 'Tis thought there is some *mistake* here, in saying the *dog-star* rises on the 25th of this month ; but I follow my original. Let the skilful in *astronomy* rectify the error if they can.

1150. This *Nomentum* was formerly a city of *Latium*, but now a poor village about ten miles distant from *Rome*.

1158. This festival, call'd *Robigalia*, was celebrated principally by *farmers*. *Pliny* says, it was instituted by king *Numa*, in the eleventh year of his reign. *Columella*

- " Permit the stalks, grown strong by fruitful skies,  
 " Till for the sickle they be fit, to rise ; 1161  
 " Great is thy pow'r, oft to the *farmers* cost,  
 " Whatever ears thou strik'st, he reckons lost ;  
 " Not stormy winds, nor nipping frost, nor rain,  
 " Can do such damage to the rip'ning grain,  
 " As *Titan*, when he heats the dewy ear,  
 " 'Tis then, *Robigus*, hinds have most to fear.  
 " Let not thy *smutting* hands the harvest spoil,  
 " Nor with the mildew blast the farmer's toil ;  
 " Rather in close embrace to *iron* cling, 1170  
 " And what's destructive, to destruction bring ;  
 " Let wicked swords, and darts thy *rust* decrease,  
 " We need them not ; for now the world has peace !  
 " The *plow-share* and the *bow* with use will shine,  
 " But let the rusty arms of war be thine ;

R 2

" Let

*mella* mentions a *sucking puppy dog* being sacrific'd on that occasion ; but says nothing of a *sheep*, as *Ovid* does here ;

*Hinc mala Rubigo virideis nè tor-  
reat herbas,*

*Sanguine lactentis catuli placatur et  
extis.*

*Colum. lib. x. ver. 342.*

1173. This is to be understood of the time, when *Augustus Caesar*, after his various conquests, had given *rest* and *peace* to the *Roman* republic. The temple of *Janus* was shut up on account of a general peace, three times in *Augustus's* reign, *viz.* in the 3d, 5th, and 24th year of his government.



" Let the corroded steel the scabbard keep,

" Undrawn, and useless both together sleep ;

" But injure not our crops, that farmers may

" Joyful their vows to thee in *absence* pay."

He spoke ; a towel made of shaggy hair, 1180  
I saw, with wine, and *incense*, ready there,  
At his right hand ; into the fire he threw  
The *incense*, wine, and inwards of an ewe ;  
And a dog's entrails, as the fumes arise,  
Compleat the *vile*, uncommon sacrifice ;  
But wond'ring why they such a *victim* made,  
The reason hear, to me the *flamen* said ;  
When the *Icarian* dog is seen to rise,  
Parch'd is the earth, and hence the harvest dries ;  
Thus for the starry dog, this dog is thrown 1190  
Into the flames ; no other reason's known.

When that *Tithonia* thrice, with rosy ray,  
O'er the wide world, has usher'd in the day ;

The

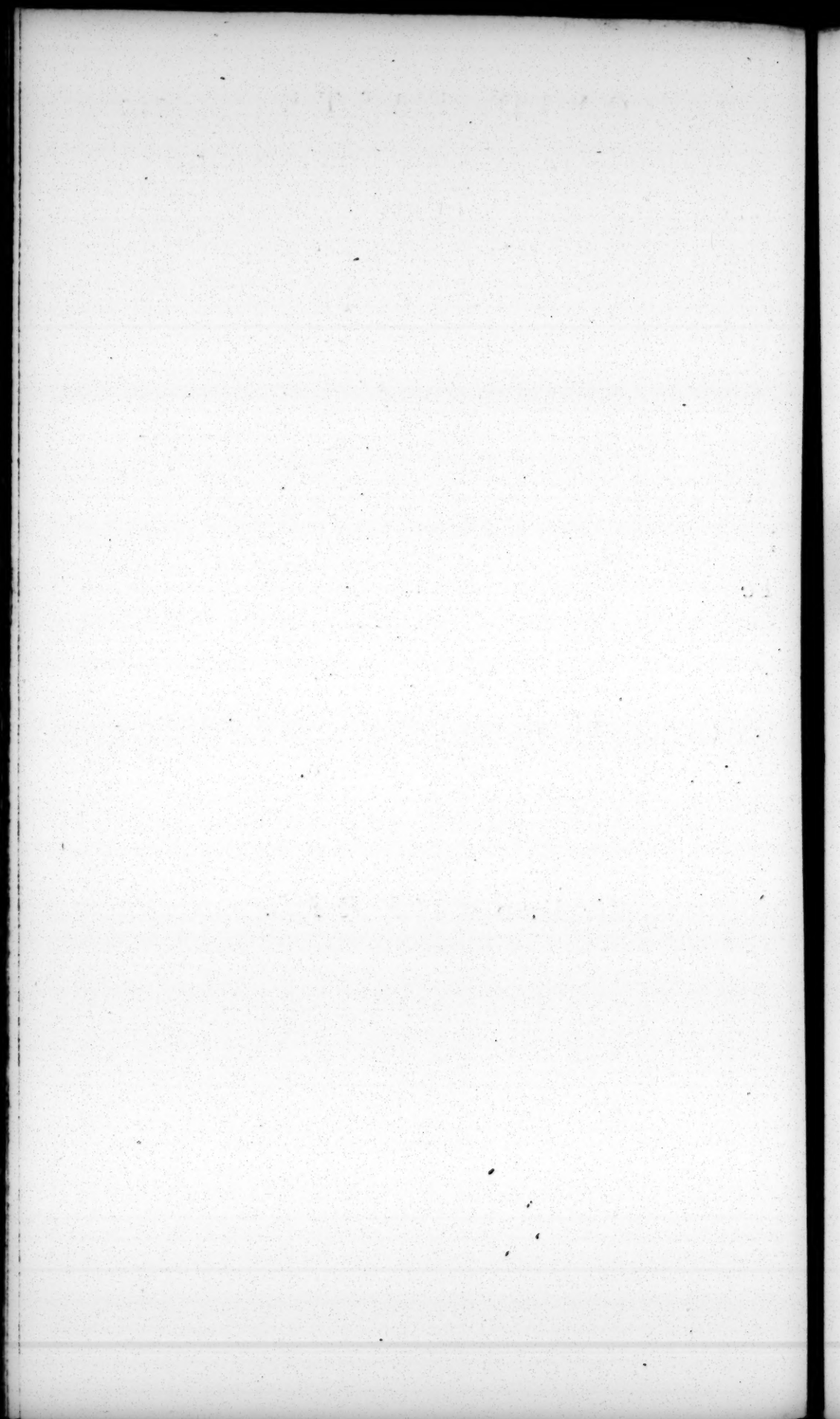
1188. *Erigone*, by the leading of this dog, found out the dead body of her father *Icarus*, or *Icarius*, who had been murdered by some shepherds, for which kind deed, they say, *Jupiter* gave him a place amongst the stars ; which *Ovid* here calls *fidus Icarium*. See

the note upon verse 846, in *May*.

1192. *Tithonia*, that is *Aurora* the wife of *Tithonus*, which here signifies the *morning*. On the 28th of this month the feast of *Flora*, call'd *Floralia* began to be celebrated.

The goddess *Flora* deck'd with flow'rs appears,  
Who a soft scene of jesting freedom bears;  
And to the first of *May* her feast extends;  
But as a greater theme my cares demands,  
I pass it by till then; for *Vesta* now  
Did a translation to her kindred know;  
The *senate* order'd by a just decree, 1200  
Her fire should in *Augustus'* palace be;  
Part of the day to *Phoebus* is a feast;  
To *Vesta* part; *Augustus* claims the rest;  
May *laurels* always on that palace wait,  
And *oaken garlands* decorate its gate;  
Long may that house great *Rome's* delight remain,  
For three eternal gods within it reign.

*The END of APRIL.*





## M A Y.



WOULD you fain know from whence the  
month of *May* I

Derives its name? that's hard indeed to say;

Just as a *trav'ler* doubts which to pursue,

When divers roads present themselves to view;

So I, as various *reasons* may be giv'n,

Am to the straight of too great Plenty driv'n.

Ye *goddeesses*, who guard the sacred spring

Of *Aganippe*, tell me which to sing;

But here the *goddeesses* could not agree,

When *Polyhymnia* cast her eyes on me;

IO

R 4

And,

8. *Aganippe* was a fountain at the foot of mount *Helicon*; and *Hippocrene* was another; both sacred to the *musæ*, because, they say, they were made by the hoofs of *Pegasus*, or winged horse, which

*Ovid* calls, in this place, *equus Medusæus*; because, according to the fable, *Pegasus* was generated from *Medusa's* blood, when *Percus* cut off her head.

And, in the foll'wing speech, first silence broke,  
The rest attended to the words she spoke.

When *chaos* was dissolv'd, *three bodies* gave  
All things the form, which they distinctly have ;  
The *earth*, by its own weight, subsides most low,  
O'er which, the heaviest next, the *waters* flow ;  
The *air*, still lighter, nimbly mounts on high,  
And fills the vacant space beneath the sky ;  
No longer then by gravity oppress'd,  
The *sun*, and *moon*, and *stars* broke forth from rest ;  
But yet to *Coelum Tellus* gave no place, 21  
Nor *stars* to *Sol* ; they all had equal grace ;  
The lofty throne that *Saturn* rightly held,  
By an inferior god was often fill'd ;  
No privilege of place could *Ocean* claim,  
And *Tethys* join'd with ev'ry vulgar dame ;  
Till graceful *reverence* and *honour* gave  
The proper seat of state, that each should have ;

Hence

27. *Tethys*, according to the poetical *theogony*, was the daughter of *Coelus* and *Terra*, and was afterwards the wife of old *Oceanus*. But our poet calls her (see verse 93 following) *Titanida Tethyn*, i. e. the daughter of *Titan*.

28. This representation of *reverence*, *honour*, *majesty*, &c., as so many persons is very lively, and beautiful in *fabulous poetry* ; in which no writer, that I know of, ever succeeded better, than this our *Sulmonean bard*.

Hence *majesty* was born, who brightly shone,  
When her divine existence first begun ; 30  
And in the midst of heav'n straight took her seat,  
Enrob'd in *purple* ; eminently great ;  
Join'd to her side were *modesty* and *fear*,  
Before her all the gods compos'd appear ;  
A sense of *dignity* their minds imprest,  
And they had *greatest honour* who were *best*.

Long peaceful heav'n enjoy'd this happy state,  
'Till ancient *Saturn* was expell'd by fate ;  
And in a length of time, luxuriant *earth*,  
Gave to the *giants*, dreadful monsters, birth ; 40  
Some with a *hundred hands*, and snaky thighs,  
She arm'd ; and bade them scale the starry skies ;  
Against the gods, said she, your arms first move,  
And then invade th' imperial throne of *Jove*.  
Up to the clouds they mountains quickly rear,  
And impiously provoke great *Jove* to war ;  
Who from *Olympus'* top his thunder hurl'd,  
And crush'd the rebels in their lower world ;  
The awful *majesty* of gods from hence  
Remains unshaken under that defence ; 50

She



She sits by *Jove*, and is his safest guard,  
 On her account his kingly sceptre's fear'd.  
 To earth she also came; on *Roman* ground  
 From *Romulus* and *Numa* honour found;  
 And all the *emperors* that since have reign'd,  
 By her *obedient reverence* have gain'd;  
 'Tis she, who does protect the parents right,  
 And sets their offspring in a comely light;  
 She in the *Curule* seat the *fascēs* bears,  
 And stately rides in the triumphal cars.

69

Here ended *Polyhymny*; and her lays  
 Were crown'd by *Clio's*, and *Thalia's* praise.  
 Then next *Urania* spoke; all silence held,  
 The words like *nectar* from her lips distill'd;  
*Reverence*, of old, was shown the *hoary head*,  
 To wrinkled age were grateful honours paid;  
 The *youth* the fury of the *war* sustain'd,  
 Or arm'd in stations did their gods defend;

While

59. The *sellae curules* of the *Romans* were chairs of state, made of ivory finely wrought, and placed in chariots; wherein the chief *Roman officers*, and *magistrates*, were wont to sit, when they went to the council; or on other public occasions.

63. *Urania* is another of the *muses*, whom our poet here introduces. The names of all the *nine* are these. *Calliope*, *Clio*, *Erato*, *Euterpe*, *Melpomene*, *Polyhymnia*, *Terpsichore*, *Thalia*, *Urania*; which are supposed to be the invention of *Hesiod*.

While men in years, and those for war unfit,  
 Did for their country's good in *council* sit; 79  
 Courts then did none but men of years engage,  
 And *senators* were chosen for their age;  
 Laws for the public use the *elders* gave,  
 And *youths* no place, as *magistrates* could have;  
 When three to walk together was the case,  
 The *eldest* always kept the *middle* place;  
 That next the wall, if two were only join'd,  
 Nor did the *younger* grudge it, was assign'd;  
 Before a man in years who then durst say  
 Unseemly words? *old-age* had such a sway! 89  
 This our *great founder* saw, and wisely chose  
 The *fathers* to be makers of his laws.  
 Thus from the word *Majores*, we believe,  
 This month the name of *May* did first receive;  
 Then *Numitor* might say, O *grandson*, show  
 This favour to the *fathers*; and allow  
 (To consecrate the fact to future fame,)  
 From *Juniores*, *June* to take its name.

*Calliope*

74. Certain ages were by law established for entering upon public employments in *Rome*, that *young heads* might not have too much power in the government. Thus a man was twenty-five years of age before he could be *quaestor*; thirty before he could be *praetor*; and forty-two to be a *consul*.

*Calliope* the next, whose artless hair  
 A chaplet of the freshest ivy bare ; 90  
 The song begun ; old *ocean*, who surrounds  
 The globe of earth, and wide extends his bounds,  
 Took fair *Titanian Tethys* to his arms,  
 The god had riches, and the nymph had charms ;  
*Pleioné* from that alliance came,  
 And *Atlas* marry'd the illustrious dame ;  
 The *Pleiads* from that match their being held,  
 And *Maia* all her sisters charms excell'd,  
 Her *Jove* enjoy'd, who in *Cyllene's* groves 99  
 Brought forth the offspring of their conscious loves ;  
 And *Hermes* call'd ; they who near *Ladon's* stream  
 Their dwellings had, his worshippers became ;  
 Which was approv'd by all th' *Arcadians* soon,  
 Whose land, they say, is older than the moon ;  
 From thence *Evander* banish'd, *Latium* sought,  
 And with him the *Arcadian* gods he brought.

*Rome*, that with wonder now all nature fees,  
 Had little then to show but *grass* and *trees* ;

Some

99. *Cyllene* was a mountain in *Arcadia*, and from this place, as *Hermes*, or *Mercury* was born there, he is often called *Cyllenius*, in the poets. *Ladon* was a river in the same country.



Some straggling sheep upon her hills appear'd,  
 And here and there a shepherd's hut was rear'd;  
 But when *Evander* sail'd up *Tiber's* flood, 111  
 Against this place inspir'd his mother stood;  
 Stop here, she cry'd; the gods this country doom  
 For *empire*, but—in ages yet to come;  
 On this he the prophetic words obey'd,  
 And in a foreign land a stranger stay'd;  
 And here he many *sacred customs* taught,  
 Which he had from his native country brought;  
 But chiefly those to horned *Faunus* due,  
 And *Hermes*, which in *Latium* then were new; 120  
 Half-naked priests to *Faunus* are allow'd,  
 Who with their leathern scourges whip the crowd;  
 And thou, th' inventor of the crooked lyre,  
 Who dost the mind with *thievish arts* inspire,

Didst

112. His *mother* is called by our poet *Carmenta*, or *Carmentis*; but it is said her true name was *Nicostrata*. See verse 600 and the following, in the month of *January*.

124. "Who dost the mind with  
 " *thievish arts* inspire."

The original of this line is only, *apte furibus*, meaning *Mercury*, the son of *Maia*, one of the *Pleiads* by *Jupiter*. Does it not grate a *Christian ear*, to be told, that a god favours thievery? So far was human nature *debas'd*, among the *Romans*!

Didst dignify this month with *Maia's* name,  
 By which you both acquir'd immortal fame;  
 Nor was this act of piety alone,  
 For one was to thy *mother's* sisters shown;  
 Sev'n are the *Pleiads*; whence by thee were giv'n  
 The strings that tune thy lyre, in number *sev'n*;  
 She said no more; but the *Pierian* train 131  
 Well pleas'd applaud the beauties of her strain;  
 Then why not I? their *glory* is my care,  
 And may I *equally* their favours share.

With *Jove* proceed my song; if it be clear,  
 This night you'll see the rising *goat* appear;  
 The nurse of *Jove*, which for her kind employ,  
 Obtain'd a place within the starry sky.  
 This rising star forebodes descending rains,  
 When inundating floods o'erwhelm the plains. 140

A nymph, whom *Crete* in admiration held,  
*Jove* but an infant in the woods conceal'd;

A

138. *Capella*, or the *goat*, a bright star of the first magnitude, in the constellation *Auriga*, or the *waggoner*, rises heliacally, on the first of *May*.

141. This nymph (or *Naid*; *Nais* *Ovid* terms her) was called *Amalthea*; some say, she was the daughter of *Melissus* king of *Crete*; others say, that *Amalthea* was the name

A beauteous *goat* she has, which richly feeds  
 Two kids, the grace of the *Diſtæan* meads;  
 Her horns were lofty, and her udders gave  
 Good ſtore of *milk*, for *Jove's* dry-nurſe to have,  
 With which ſhe fed the *god*; but as ſhe ſtruck  
 Her head againſt a tree, one *horn* ſhe broke;  
 The pious *nymph* with care preserv'd this horn,  
 Which with the choiceſt flowers ſhe did adorn;  
 And fill'd with *fruit*, delicious to the taſte; 150  
 Which was to *Jove* an elegant repaſt;  
 When *Jove* was ſeated in his father's throne,  
 And pow'r ſupreme belong'd to *Jove* alone,  
 The *nymph* and *horn* he plac'd among the ſtars,  
 And each e'en now the ſacred honour bears.

An altar's rais'd, upon the fiſt of May,  
 On which we off'rings to the *lares* lay,

Their

name of the goat, which nourished *Jupiter* in his infancy, and that he preſented *her horn*, that was broke off, to the nymphs, who attended him; to which he gave the power of producing every thing they wanted in an inſtant; from thence it was called the *horn of plenty*.

158. Theſe *Lares*, or *houſhold-gods* were called *Praeſtites* by the *Romans*; from *prae* before, and *ſtare* to ſtand.

*Quod praestant oculis omnia tuta ſunt,*

That is,

*Because with their eyes they keep all things ſafe.*

Their



Their images revere, altho' but small,  
 Which of our houses we the *guardians* call. 160  
*Curius* of old these little statues vow'd,  
 But now by all devouring time destroy'd;  
 Well are they *guardians* call'd, whose watchful eye  
 Safely preserves whatever we enjoy;  
 Not only they our private *mansions* guard,  
 But for the *city* keep a watch and ward;  
 But say, O *musæ*, why of one same stone,  
 Of which the *gods* are made, a *dog* is hewn?  
 Why at the *Lares* feet he always stands,  
 As if he list'ned to their dumb commands? 170  
*Both* guard our homes; *both* to their masters just,  
 To both the safety of our streets we trust;  
 Both *household-gods*, and *dogs*, the thief's intent  
 With watchful care both night and day prevent;  
 With diligence I sought the *first-made* pair,  
 But, lo! consum'd by length of time they were!

Yet

Their little images are said to be  
 clothed with *dogs skins*. The *Del-*  
*phin* copy, which I follow, says,

*Voverat illa quidem Curius;*  
 but in former editions it is,  
*Ara erat illa quidem Curibus;*

by which we are to understand,  
 that the altar erected to the *Lares*  
 was brought from *Cures* a town  
 belonging to the *Sabines*; whereby  
 the vow of *Curius* is excluded.

Yet now for only two, in ev'ry street,  
 Throughout extensive *Rome*, we *Lares* meet;  
 With those the *genius* of our prince we find,  
 A prince of truly great, and godlike mind; 180  
 So that instead of two, a trine of gods  
 Is worshipp'd in our *streets*, and common *roads*.  
 But whither do I rove? whate'er is due  
 To great *Augustus*, his own month will shew;  
 And now the *goddess Bona* craves my song,  
 I sing of deeds that to her rites belong.

On one of *Rome's* sev'n hills, a monstrous stone  
 There is, that may be call'd a hill alone;  
 On which stood *Remus*, when the birds in flight,  
 To *empire* gave his brother prior right; 190  
 Near to that place, upon a small descent,  
 Our pious fathers with a wise intent,  
 A temple rear'd; wherein no curious eye  
 Of any *man* might ever dare to pry;

A

185. This *Bona Dea* of the *Romans* had several names as *Ops*, *Fauna*, *Fatua*, &c. We are told, that she was a woman of so great chastity, that no man ever saw her, while she was a wife, but her

own husband; and therefore after she was esteem'd a goddess, women only attended her sacred rites, which were perform'd very secretly, and always in the night-season.

S

A virgin of the ancient *Claudian* race,  
 This temple first did dedicating grace;  
*Livia* of late the tott'ring fane restor'd,  
 In all grand deeds she imitates her lord.

The foll'wing morn, as soon as *Sol's* bright ray  
 Has banish'd night, and usher'd in the day; 200  
 A cooling breeze will waft the golden grain,  
 That, on the bending stalks, adorns the plain;  
 And ships, that from *Brundisium* want to sail,  
 Will spread their canvas to the rising gale;  
 But when night's come, if that no clouds there be,  
 You all the *Hyades* may plainly see;  
 From *Taurus'* head they rising dart a flame,  
 Tho they in *Greek* from *wet* derive their name;  
 Some say, they *Bacchus* nurs'd, when he was young,  
 And others, that they from old *Ocean* sprung; 210  
 Fair *Hyas* was to *Atlas* born before  
 High heav'n's vast orbs he on his shoulders bore;

Old

203. Ships sailing from *Brundisium*, a sea-port in that part of *Italy*, anciently called *Calabria*, for the *Levent*, requir'd a westerly wind.

206. The *Hyades* are seven stars

in the constellation *Taurus*, or the bull's head; their rising, on the second day of this month, was usually attended with wet weather. The word is originally *Greek*, being derived from *eu*, i. e. to rain.



Old Ocean's daughter *Atsbra* gave him birth,  
 And after that the various *nymphs* brought forth;  
 When on his chin the down did first appear,  
 He only hunted *bears*, or tim'rous *deer*;  
 But when full grown, he fearless would engage  
 With *boars*, and tempt the *shaggy lion's* rage;  
 But as he once disturb'd a *tiger's* den,  
 He by the irritated beast was slain; 220  
 Mother and sisters his sad death bemoan,  
*Hyas*! O *Hyas*! was the doleful tone;  
 And *Atlas*, tho' the weight of heav'n he bore,  
 Could not but his unhappy fate deplore;  
 The parents love the sisters overcame,  
 That gave them heav'n, but *Hyas* gave their name.

Fair *Flora*! now attend thy sportful feast,  
 Of which some days I with design have past;  
 A part in *April*, and a part in *May*, 229  
 Thou claim'st; and both command my tuneful lay;  
 And as the confines of two months are thine,  
 To sing of both the double task is mine;

S 2

*Circus.*

227. The *Floralia*, or *Flora's* feast began on the 28th of *April*, and continued for some days in *May*. Of all the *Roman* festivals,

this was the most licentious. The courtezans appear'd in public naked, and acted all kinds of lasciviousness openly.

*Circus* and *stage* are open now and free,  
 Goddess! again thy *feast* my theme must be;  
 Since men's opinions oft delusive are,  
 Do thou, O *Flora*, who thou art, declare;  
 Why should thy poet on conjectures dwell?  
 Thy *name*, and *attributes* thou best can'st tell.  
 Thus I; to which she ready answer made,  
 And rosy sweets attended what she said; 240  
 Tho' now corrupted *Flora* be my name,  
 From the Greek *Chloris* that corruption came;  
 In fields, where happy mortals whilome stray'd,  
*Chloris* my name, I was a rural maid;  
 To praise herself a modest nymph will shun,  
 But yet a god was by my beauty won.

'Twas spring; and as I rambled o'er the ground,  
 I all alone, by *Zephyrus* was found;  
 Me flying he with swifter wings pursu'd,  
 The weaker by the stronger was subdu'd; 250  
 And *Boreas*, who once made a nymph his prey,  
 To ravishment thus pav'd his brother's way;

But

242. The Greek name *Chloris* signifies green; and therefore was well adapted to the goddess of gardens and flowers; as *Flora* in

Latin is from *flos* a flower; tho' *Ovid* here will have *Flora* to be a corruption of *Chloris*.

But for that *rape* a recompence he made,  
And join'd me by just *marriage* to his bed;  
With us no matrimonial jars are known,  
But *peace* and *sweetness* all our labours crown;  
The *spring* is my delight, for then the year  
Does in its pride and beauty most appear;  
'Tis then the *trees* in verdant robes are seen,  
And *meadows* smile in a refreshing green; 260  
A *garden* I possess, by *decal* right,  
Fruitful in flow'rs, that give immense delight;  
Thro' which a cooling stream is made to run,  
And gentle gales correct the scorching sun;  
Here, by my *husband's* leave, I live and reign,  
While he disports it o'er the wider plain;  
Here for amusement, and to pass my hours  
Sometimes I range, and try to tell the flow'rs;  
But all in vain; the number is so great,  
I lose my count, before it be compleat; 270  
Soon as the morning dew's exhal'd are gone,  
And budding roses open to the *sun*;  
The *Hours*, in painted vests, to me repair,  
And loaded with my gifts their baskets bear;



From whence *the* *graces* flow'ry plenty have,  
 And for their heads celestial chaplets weave;  
 I first the *ground* with various flow'rs o'erspread,  
 Which all before one single colour had;  
 The *hyacinth* I form'd with bloody stain,  
 The marks of woe still on his leaves remain; 280  
 They beauties, O *Narciss*! our plats adorn,  
 Wretch, that thou only for thyself wast born!  
 Why need I *vi'lets* or the *crocus* name?  
 Whose honour from their wounded bodies came;  
 By me thy flow'r, *Adonis*, rose to fame,  
 To my device does *Mars* his being owe,  
 O may great *Jove* that secret never know!

*Juno* was griev'd, that the *Tritonian* maid  
 Was form'd without her knowledge or her aid;

Full

275. Mythologists reckon *three* *graces* the daughters of *Jupiter* and *Eunomia*. Their names in Greek are, 1. *Aglaia*; or *Pasithea*, i. e. brightness or neatness; or a goddess to all. 2. *Euphrosyne*, i. e. mirth, and, 3. *Thalia*, i. e. festivity. *Graecia mendax* was a proverbial reproach upon that nation; which probably might take its rise from their being so ingenious in *fiction*.

288. *Minerva*, who is said to have sprung from *Jupiter's* brain, is called the *Tritonian* maid, from *Triton* a lake, and river, of that name in *Africa*; because she made her first appearance thereabouts.

*Hanc et Pallas amat, patrio quod  
 vertice nata,  
 Terrarum primam Libyam tetigit.*  
 Lucan.

Full of complaints she to *old Ocean* goes, 290  
 But weary at my door demands repose;  
 As soon as seen, said I, *Saturnia*, say  
 What is the cause, that led your steps this way?  
 To *whom*, and *why*, this journey she began,  
 Her speech, tho' brief, did fully soon explain;  
 I try'd by friendly counsel to assuage  
 Her poignant *grief*, and quell her rising *rage*;  
 But in her breast my words had little place,  
 If *Jove*, cry'd she, without a wife's embrace,  
 Can be a *father*, why should I despair, 300  
 Without a man, yet *chaste*, a child to bear?  
 All drugs, that can in earth, or sea be found  
 Or in *Tartarean* caverns under ground,  
 I am resolv'd to try; and while she spoke,  
 She saw a doubtful meaning in my look;  
 You seem, *dear nymph*, said she, as if by art  
 You could some prov'd experiment impart;  
 Thrice I to promise what I knew, essay'd,  
 And thrice my tongue was in its utterance stay'd;  
 The fear of *Jove's* fell anger was the cause, 310  
 I durst not all my conscious skill disclose;  
 Aid me, *my dear*, she said, by *Styx* I swear,  
 I never will thy fact or name declare;

A *flow'r* was sent me, and I have it yet,  
 Which will, said I, perform the wondrous feat;  
 In the *Olenian* woods, and only there,  
 It grew, before I had it planted here;  
 The giver bade me stroke a *barren* cow  
 With this same *flow'r*, and straight it *pregnant* grew;  
 Then from the stem a *flow'r* I pluck'd in haste, 320  
 And boldly threw it upon *Juno's* breast;  
 The boon receiv'd, the goddess went to *Thrace*,  
 There brought forth *Mars* without her *Jove's* embrace,  
 For this, the *god of war* has grateful been,  
 For this, at *Rome*, my altars still are seen.

That *Flora* o'er gay gardens only reigns,  
 Perhaps you think; I also *rule* the plains;  
 When the crops flourish in the golden field,  
 The harvest will undoubted plenty yield;  
 If purple clusters flourish on the vine, 330  
 The presses will abound with racy wine;

330

The

316. *Olenum* was a city of *Achaia* in *Peloponnesus*. *Brown*, somewhere in his *Vulgar Errors*, says, that he could be content, that men should propagate themselves like trees; but where is the woman that would say so?



The *flow'ring* olive makes a *beauteous* year,  
 And how can *bloomless* trees ripe apples bear?  
 The *flow'r* destroy'd of vetches, beans, and peas,  
 You must expect but small, or no increase;  
 And *wine*, tun'd up in cellars with great care,  
 Will *flow'r*; and o'er the hoghead's mists appear;  
 The gift of *boney's* mine, the painful bees,  
 That gather sweets from *flow'rs* or blooming trees;  
 To scented shrubs, and vi'lets I invite, 340  
 In which I know they take the most delight;  
 A *flow'r* an emblem of young years is seen,  
 With all its leaves around it fresh and green;  
 So *youth* appears, when health the body sways,  
 And gladness in the mind luxuriant plays.

As thus her words I silently admire,  
 Ask still, *said she*, if that you more require;  
 From whence, O *goddess*, had these plays their rise?  
 To this my question *Flora* quick replies;  
 Before that men in *luxury* were drown'd, 350  
 In *corn* and *cattle* all their wealth was found;  
*Sheep* were their money, and their riches *land*,  
 But lawless pow'r had then the sole command;

The  
 352. Here our poet plays with the etymology of *Latin* words, as  
 he

The *common* rights unjustly some invade,  
 And on offenders long no *mult* was laid;  
 The people joining shar'd one *public* stock,  
 He was a drone, who kept a *private* flock;  
 At length the *Aediles* by their pow'r restrain'd  
 The usurpation, that so long had reign'd;  
 Upon the guilty members *fines* were rais'd, 360  
 And the *defenders* of the laws were prais'd;  
 Part of the *fines* the state to me dispens'd,  
 And by the *victors* were my games commenc'd;  
 With shining pomp, the other *part* defray'd  
 The charges of an *useful way* they made,  
 Quite smooth across a steep and craggy hill,  
 Which *way*, you know, is call'd *Publician* still.

I thought, quoth I, your shows had annual been,  
 Not so, she cry'd; and thus went on again;

We

he does in many other places of his *Fasti*; where it is impossible to imitate him with any good grace, because the *idiom* of his and our language is so very different. *Locuples*, wealthy, he derives from *locus*, place or land; and *pecunia*, money, from *pecus*, sheep or cattle, office respected what now belongs to our surveyors of the high-ways. See the note on verse 367. Some suppose it was the *Clivus Capitolinus*, over which this commodious way was made, which was called *Iter publicum*; but I find no certainty of that supposition.

358. One part of the *Aediles*

We, the *celestial powers* delighted are  
 With honours, altars, and delicious fare;  
 Oft has a *sinner* mov'd the gods to rage,  
 Whom grateful gifts and prayers as oft assuage;  
 Jove's thunder, held in an uplifted hand,  
 I've often seen by sacrifice restrain'd;  
 But if we're slighted, for our honour's sake,  
 We dreadful vengeance on th' offender take;  
 Why did *Althaea's* son burnt up expire?  
 His father slighted *Phoebe's* sacred fire;  
 Thus the same virgin goddess stopt the fleet  
 At *Aulis*, where the *Grecian* gen'als met;  
 And why? because that *Agamemnon* slew  
 Her fav'rite hart; (this made whole nations rue;)  
 Ah! poor *Hippolytus*! how hard thy fate!  
 When torn to pieces thro' *Dione's* hate?

380

The

378. This son of *Althaea* was *Melaeger*; who, because his father forgot *Diana* in his public sacrifices, fell a victim to that goddess' resentment. She threw him, they say, into a burning fever, of which he dy'd. We see the applying of events to what some people call judgments is of an ancient standing.

380. The stories of *Iphigenia* and *Hippolytus*, whom our author here mentions, I presume, I need not relate, because they are generally pretty well known. With regard to *Hippolytus*. See verse 329, and the following in *June*.



The task would be too long to mention all,  
 Who to *celestial anger* owe their fall;  
 The *Roman fathers* me neglected long,  
 What way had I to vindicate my *wrong*?  
 With grief I laid my wonted cares aside, 390  
 For *fields* and *gardens*, which had been my pride;  
 The *daffodils*, and *lilies* with'ring fell,  
 And the blue *v'lets* lost their fragrant smell;  
 O why wilt thou, would *Zephrus* often say,  
 Let thy lov'd flow'rs ingloriously decay?  
 My *flow'rs* then grew distasteful to my sight,  
 Nor *flow'rs* nor *fields* could give me then delight;  
 From off the trees the *olive-buds* were torn,  
 By raging winds; and hail destroy'd the *corn*;  
 And if the *vines* the hopeful blossoms crown'd, 400  
 The rains impetuous dash'd 'em to the ground;  
 No *cruelty* does with my *anger* dwell,  
 Yet those disasters how could I repel?

The

406. D. *Crispinus*, the author of the notes upon the *Fasti* in *Usum Delphini*, says, that the *Floralia* had been intermitted for the space of 66 years. They were re-

stored in the consulship of *Pompi-  
 lius Lenax*, and *Posthumius Albinus*,  
 173 years before the birth of  
*Christ*.

The *fathers* met; and vow'd that if the year  
Should plenteous prove, my *feasts* should be their care;  
And annual made; their pious *vows* I heard,  
My flow'ry games the *consuls* thence prepar'd.

I was about to ask why wanton *jest*s,  
And smutty *songs*, were usual at her feasts?  
But call'd to mind, a *frolic goddess* might 410  
Permit those sports, in which she takes delight;  
*Garlands* adorn the temples of the crowd,  
And festal tables are with roses strow'd;  
The tipsey *feasters* pass the merry hours;  
One stagg'ring dances o'er the splendid flow'rs;  
Another at his mistress' window sings,  
And, for a gift, a flow'ry *chaplet* brings;  
All now with ev'ry sort of *flow'rs* are crown'd,  
And in their cups the jovial mirth goes round;  
While men thy waters, *Achelöus*, chose 420  
To drink unmix'd with wine, the blooming *rose*,  
Which now to *garlands* adds peculiar grace,  
At feasting banquets never found a place;

*Bacchus*

420. *Achelöus* was a famous river in Greece, that sprung from mount *Pindus*. It is here put for the water of any river, which men drank of, before the use of wine.

*Bacchus* loves *flow'rs*; and that's the reason why  
His *Ariadne's* crown adorns the sky.

Let none now from soft merriment refrain,

*Flora's* a goddess of the jovial train;

Nor is it hard to say, why these her games

Are celebrated by young wanton dames;

No prudery she feigns, no rigid air, 430

And thus she's honour'd by the common fair;

Whom she advises, while their beauty stays,

To make their market of a beauteous face;

See how the roses open in the morn!

Yet when the *rose* is fall'n, who minds the *thorn*?

But why is *Ceres* always clad in white,

And *parti-colour'd* vestures thy delight?

Is it because *one colour* decks the field,

While that thy *flow'rs* a thousand colours yield?

She nods assent; and straightway from her head

Down dropt the *flow'rs*, and all around her spread.

The *torches* yet remain'd; and what their use,

To clear my doubts, the goddess kindly shews; 443

Either

427. This line in the original is, *Flora is not to be reckon'd amongst the buskin'd goddesses.* The buskin (*cothurnus*) was us'd in tragedy; but *Flora* was fitter for a comic scene.



Either because fields *shine* with purple flowers,  
 So *shining torches* light our evening bowers;  
 Or else, as *flowers* and *flames* attract our eyes,  
 In both a parallel resemblance lies;  
 Or rather, for that reason is the best,  
 Because *nocturnal revels* suit the feast.

I've still, said I, a small request to make, 450  
 If, *goddess*, I that liberty may take;  
 Ask on, said she, and satisfy your mind,  
 Pray why are *kids*, and tim'rous *bears* confin'd  
 In nets, instead of raging *Libyan* beasts,  
 Which usually are shown at *other feasts*?  
 Not *woods*, said she, where savage creatures feed,  
 But *flow'ry gardens* are to me decreed;  
 This spoke, she vanish'd into empty air,  
 The *fragrancy* made known the *goddess* there;  
 Thus with thy gifts, O *Flora*, deck the breast, 460  
 Of *Naso*, who has chearful sung thy feast;  
 And that his *verse* (this further favour shew)  
 In ev'ry age may *flourish*, and be new.

The *Centaur*, on the third, half man, half horse,  
 Begins above the earth his starry course;

Mount

464. The *Centaur*, a constellation of fourteen stars according to  
 our

Mount *Pelion* high in *Thessaly* up-rears  
 His *piny* head, but *oaks* his circuit bears ;  
 There *Chiron* liv'd ; a grot of hollow stone,  
 In which the good old man once lodg'd is shown ;  
 There, 'tis believ'd, he tuneful form'd *those hands*,  
 By which great *Hector* fell, to lyric strains ; 471  
*Alcides* thither came, when he had past  
 Thro' many arduous toils, but not the last ;  
 Together then you might *two warriors* see,  
 Destin'd, O *Troy*, thy ruin'd fate to be !  
*Chiron*, with pleasure, his *young guest* receives,  
 To whom he entertainment kindly gives ;  
 And why he thither came, the cause demands,  
 Which from the *hero* soon he understands ;  
 And while the *lion's-skin*, and *club* they scan, 480  
*How well*, said he, *this armour suits the man* !  
 Nor could *Achilles'* youthful hands forbear  
 To touch the *horrid hide*, with shaggy hair ;

But

our poet, has its rising mark'd, in the ancient *Roman* calendar, on the third day of this month. The story of *Chiron* the centaur, who was tutor to *Achilles*, whom he taught music and warlike employments, is here naturally intro-

duced ; for which *Ovid* had a happy talent ; having join'd to his own fruitful invention, (the very soul of poetry) a thorough knowledge of all the ancient *Greek mythology*.

But while that *Chiron*, curious more to view,  
 The *poison'd* arrows from the quiver drew;  
 On his left foot there dropt a *fatal dart*,  
 Which made him cry aloud with painful smart;  
 Nor could the two *heroic youths* forbear  
 To join in his distress the social tear;  
 Yet *Chiron* to the wound choice herbs applies, 490  
 And for a cure, emollient unguents tries;  
 Yet still the *poison*, tainting ev'ry part,  
 Quite to his bones, eludes the pow'r of art;  
 The *centaur's* mixing with the *hydra's* blood,  
 Produc'd a venom not to be withstood;  
*Achilles* stands before him, bath'd in tears,  
 And as it were at *Peleus'* death appears;  
 Sometimes he kindly squeez'd his hand in his,  
 And gave his gasping *patron* many a kiss;  
 (The *teacher* in his *pupil* now beheld 500  
 The good effect of doctrines he'd instill'd,)  
 And as he lay, would moaning o'er him grieve,  
 And say, *dear father, leave me not, but live;*

Nine

485. These arrows became poi-  
 soned by the blood of the *Lérnaean*  
*Hydra*, which *Hercules* kill'd in *Pe-*

*loponnesus*, which was one of his  
 twelve labours.



Nine days, in ling'ring pain, had *Chiron* past,  
 When fate indulgent let him breathe his last;  
 His body now in splendid orbs appears  
 A *constellation* form'd of *fourteen stars*.

The crooked *Lyre* now seems to strive to rise,  
 But not till three nights hence shall gild the skies;  
 And *Scorpius* leaves in part, not all at once, 510  
 His tract in heaven, the day before the *Nones*.

When thrice, from hence, the stars have given way,  
 To *Ploebus*, and renew'd the shining day;  
*Lemurian* rites, which in the night are made,  
 To the *all-silent ghosts* are duly paid.  
*Two months* too short, was anciently the year,  
 No *pious February* then was there;  
 And that which now is made the *first* in fame,  
 The month from *Janus* had receiv'd no name;

Yet

508. The *Lyra* rises on the 5th day of this month; and the next day, part of *Scorpius* sets with the sun. See the note on line 372 in *January*.

514. *Lemuria* or *Lemuralia* were a festival which was held for the space of *three* days; not successively, for there was a day between

each festival, viz. it began on the 9th of this month, and ended on the 13th.

516. It has been observ'd, that *Romulus* divided his year but into ten months; beginning with *March*. See the note on the 34th line in *January*.

Yet even then the *dead* had *off'rings* made, 520  
 Which at their *parents* graves the *children* laid;  
 And this was done in *May*, (*Majores* gave  
 This month its name;) in which we plainly have  
 Some *relics* of the ancient custom yet,  
 And not thro' length of time worn out of date.

When *midnight* comes, the destin'd hour for sleep,  
 And *dogs*, and *birds* their usual silence keep;  
 He, that is mindful to *appease* the dead,  
 And fears the *gods*, arises from his bed; 529  
 Puts on no *shoes*, but smacks his thumb with force,  
 Left any *ghost* should stop his silent course;  
 Thrice in *spring-water* then his hands he dips,  
 Turns round, and puts *black beans* within his lips,  
 Then backward spurts 'em out, and says this line,  
*I, with these beans, redeem both me and mine*;  
 While he of this *nine* repetitions makes,  
 The beans, 'tis thought, unseen the *spirit* takes;

T 2

Then

533. There were several religious uses of *beans* among the *Romans*. On this account *Pliny* says, *in eadem peculiaris religio*. But I cannot trace out the original of these superstitious observances, in which *beans* were so peculiarly necessary. See the 694th line in *February*. And the 184th line in *June*.

Then wash'd again he beats the tinkling brass,  
 And begs *the ghost* would from his dwelling pass;  
*Nine* times he cries, *ye kindred shades begone*, 540  
 Looks back, and all the *sacred rites* are done.

From whence *this day* is nam'd, to me's unknown,  
 And by some god the meaning must be shown;  
 Instruct me, *Hermes*, awful with thy rod!  
 Thou'st seen the palace of the *Stygian god*;  
 Fair *Maia's* son no sooner call'd than came,  
 Learn hence, said he, the reason of that name.

When *Romulus* his brother's corpse had laid  
 Within its tomb, and fun'ral rites were paid  
 To *Remus*, who with nimble, fatal bound, 550  
 Jump'd o'er their little consecrated mound;  
 The mournful *Faustulus*, and *Acca* there,  
 Bedew'd his cold remains with many a tear;  
 Then sorrowing, home return'd, and went to bed,  
 Where upon *chaff*, or harder *straw* they laid;  
 There *Remus'* ghost, as if besnear'd with blood,  
 And, utt'ring plaintive words, before 'em stood;

See

552. *Acca Laurentia* was the nurse of *Romulus* and *Remus*. She was the wife of *Faustulus* a shepherd, who found them on the bank of the *Tiber*, after they had been thrown into that river, by the command of their uncle *Amulius*.



See what I am ! how diff'rent I appear  
 To what I was, while I was *half* your care !  
 Had but the *birds* assign'd the happy lot, 560  
 The sov'reign pow'r, I in this place had got ;  
 But all that's left me by my fun'ral flame,  
 Is only now a *shade*, and empty *name* ;  
 Was *Mars* our fire, as you have often said ?  
 And by a *wolf* were we twin-brothers fed ?  
 In vain that savage creature spar'd by blood,  
 In which a *citizen* his hands embru'd ?  
 By some man's sword, O *Celer*, may'st thou die,  
 And fall a bloody corpse as well as I ;  
 Let none my *brother* as a *murd'rer* treat, 570  
 Our love was mutual, and he mourns my fate ;  
 Intreat him by your *tears*, he loves you well,  
 To *consecrate the day*, on which I fell ;  
 This said, they spread their arms for an embrace,  
 But the *fleet spirit* vanish'd from the place ;

T 3

And

560. *Romulus* and *Remus* agreed to determine by *augury*, which of 'em should have the regal power, and give their new-built city a name ; *Remus* saw *six* vultures first, but afterwards *Romulus* saw *twelve* ;

on which account he had a title to the sovereign power, which *Remus* seems to regret in these two lines.

568. This *Celer* was the commanding officer under *Romulus* ; and

And as the parting ghost their eyes unscal'd,  
 Straight they the *vision* to the *king* reveal'd ;  
 The *king* obey'd the word, and call'd that day  
*Remuria*, when *parental* rites we pay ;  
 But the *first* letter, for a softer sound, 580  
 Chang'd into *L*, by length of time was found ;  
 'Twas then in speech, and general consent,  
 By *Lemures* the *silent* shades were meant ;  
 And all the *feral* days, as well as now,  
 The ancients kept their temples shut we know ;  
 Those days are om'nous to the *nuptial* tye,  
 For *she* who marries then ere long will *die* ;  
 And let me here remark, the vulgar say,  
*Unlucky are the wives that wed in May* ;  
 But yet *three* feasts together join'd are seen, 590  
 At the same time, without a day between ;  
 If, in the *midst* of them you hope to see  
*Orion* shine, you much deceiv'd will be ;  
 Which leads me to the *cause*, why 'mongst the stars,  
 He now with so great amplitude appears.

*Jove,*

and, by a too punctual observance of his orders, he kill'd *Remus* upon the spot, for having shew'd some contempt of the ditch, or wall,

that they were making round the new-built city.

594. On the 11th day of this month

*Jove*, and his *brother*, who commands the sea,  
 With *Merc'ry* once were trav'ling on their way ;  
 About the time when *binds* bring home their plows,  
 And *lambs* are put to suck the full-dugg'd ewes ;  
 One *farmer Hyrieus*, honest, tho' but poor, 600  
 Sees 'em as he was standing at his door ;  
*Strangers*, said he, you seem to come from far,  
 And *night's* at hand, pray take a lodging here ;  
 His looks as well as words, declar'd his mind,  
 His *look* was chearful, and his *words* were kind ;  
 At length they to his strong intreaties yield,  
 But *who they were* still prudently conceal'd ;  
 His cot they enter, dark'ned by the smoke,  
 And a dim fire glow'd in the chimney-nook.  
 More broken sticks upon the hearth he laid, 610  
 And of his *mouth* a pair of bellows made ;  
*Two pots* are soon a boiling, one contains  
 The choicest *greens*, and one good strength'ning *beans* ;  
 Mean while he offers *wine* with tremb'ling hand,  
 And *Neptune* first the social gob'let drain'd ;

T 4

Let

month *Orion* sets. See the note *Hyrieus*, according to *Aristonicus*  
 line 500 in *April*. was a *Theban* ; but *Pindar* says, he  
 600. *Hyginus* tells us, that this was of the island of *Chios*.



Let *Jove* drink next, said he, as next in years,  
 The name of *Jove* the man affrighted hears;  
 But as his fears abate, an *ox* he slays,  
 And at the fire to roast choice pieces lays,  
 Then taps a cask of *wine*, both rich and strong, 610  
 Which had been *fill'd* and *smok'd* when he was young;  
 Down then they sat, each on a rushy seat,  
 And chatted chearful o'er their welcome treat;  
 Their plates were *earthen*, and their cups were *wood*,  
 But fresh their viands, and their wine was good;  
 Then kindly *Jove* the farmer thus addrest,  
 Ask what thou wilt, thou shalt have thy request.

The man reply'd, I had in my young years,  
 A *wife* *belov'd*, and partner of my cares;  
 But of this *wife* long have I been bereft, 620  
 Her *ashes* only in her *urn* are left;  
 To her I *sware*, that *she*, for term of life,  
 And *she* *alone*, should be my *wedded wife*;  
 I've faithful kept my *oath*, but chang'd my mind,  
 To have a *son*, but not a *wife* inclin'd;  
 To this *odd wish* they nodded all assent,  
 And to the *ox's* *bide* together went;

And

And there—what they did there, my muse for shame;  
 Would blush (what you may eas'ly *guess*) to name;  
 The dripping *bide* they cover'd o'er with earth, 630  
 At ten months end a chopping *boy* had birth;  
 Thence was *Urion* call'd; but since 'tis found,  
 That the first letter's alter'd in the sound,  
 Grown up *Diana* chose him for her guard,  
 A mighty hunter, whom the forests fear'd;

Words that provok'd the *gods* once from him fell,  
 No beasts so fierce, said he, but I can quell;  
 When lo! the earth a baleful *scorpion* sent,  
 To kill *Latona* was the dire intent;  
*Orion* sav'd her, tho' himself was slain, 640  
 But did for that a spacious place obtain  
 In heav'n; *to thee my life*, said she, *was dear*,  
*And for thy merit shine illustrious there.*

But why's *Orion* in such haste to set?  
 Why make the stars so sudden a retreat?  
 Why does the ruddy morn by *Phosphor* led,  
 More soon than usual leave her watry bed?

Am

632. *Urion*, or *Ourion*, is deriv- indeed after his own way; but the  
 ed from a Greek word signifying *lie-inventive Grecians* were the ori-  
*urine*, from which this nauseous ginal authors of it, for ought that  
 story had its rise; *Ovid* tells it appears to the contrary.

Am I deceiv'd the clash of arms I hear,  
*Mars* comes with all the signals of a war ;  
 To see his city's glory is he come, 650  
 From heav'n descending to imperial *Rome* ;  
 Great the avenger, as his city great,  
 Such as becomes the son of *Mars's* seat ;  
 Let noble trophies, *Mars*, thy temple grace,  
 Whence war should rise, that is the fittest place ;  
 Whether the east shall send an impious foe,  
 Or setting sun shall splendid triumphs show ;  
 The potent god of arms, upon his tow'rs,  
 With pleasure sees the great celestial pow'rs ;  
 Upon his gates, he views the various forms 660  
 Of warlike weapons, won by *Roman* arms ;  
 He sees *Aeneas* with his load divine,  
 And all the ancients of the *Julian* line ;  
 Besides *Rome's* founder, all in armour brac'd,  
 And near him other Roman worthies plac'd ;

He

654. This magnificent temple, cause of those, who had murder'd  
 of *Mars the Avenger*, was built by his father *Julius Caesar*. See the  
*Augustus Caesar*, in performance of words of his vow, beginning at  
 a vow he made when he engaged verse 672 here following.  
 with his enemies, who espous'd the



He also sees a shrine of growing fame,  
 A noble work, inscrib'd with *Caesar's* name;  
*Augustus*, tho' but young, that temple vow'd,  
 In words and deeds, a pious mind he show'd;  
 Before his soldiers, and the rebel bands, 670  
 These words he utter'd, with uplifted hands;  
 " If for my father's, and for *Vesta's* sake,  
 " And their revenge, this war I undertake,  
 " Assist me, *Mars*, of thee revenge I crave,  
 " And let my *juster cause* thy favour have;  
 " If o'er my foes the vict'ry I obtain,  
 " To thee th' avenger I will build *a fane*.

He vow'd; his vows were heard; his foes repell'd,  
 Home he return'd in triumph from the field;  
 Nor thinking this enough, he straight demands 680  
 The *Roman* arms, detain'd in *Partbian* hands.

That nation, fenc'd by streams, on ev'ry part,  
 And skill'd to ride the steed, and throw the dart;

Was

680. We are told that *Augustus* recovered the spoils which the *Romans* lost in *Craffus's* overthrow, more by the *fame* and *glory*, than the *force* of his arms. One of their own historians has these words, *Bellum eâ tempestate nullum nisi adversus Germanos supererat; abolendas magis infamiae ob amissum Quincilio Varo exercitum, quam cupidine proferendi imperii, aut dignum ob praemium.*

Was lately flush'd with pride ; a fatal day  
 Made *Crassus* and his *ensigns* fall their prey ;  
 The *Roman ensigns*, glory of their war,  
 With *eagles* grac'd, then did the *Parthians* bear ;  
 And that defeat had unreveng'd remain'd  
 Had not great *Caesar*, with a pow'rful hand,  
 Restor'd the *ensigns* to their former place, 690  
 And wip'd away the rank'ling foul disgrace.  
 What, haughty *Parthian*, does avail thy skill,  
 In shooting backwards ? or in riding well  
 Along thy spacious plains ? for thou hast now  
 Return'd our *Eagles* ; and thy conquer'd bow ;  
 That not a mark of all our former *stain*,  
 Henceforward will in all thy realm remain ;  
 A temple to the *twice-avenging* god, 699  
 Is rais'd, and rites perform'd as they were vow'd  
 With solemn pomp, let now the *circus* shine,  
 No lesser scene will answer the design,  
 And grateful *Romans* there exhibit plays divine. }

Two

700. The *Ludi Circenses* were of *Mars*, on the twelfth day of this celebrated once a year in honour month.

Two nights before *the ides* the *Pleiads* rise,  
 And the whole sister-train salutes your eyes;  
 From hence astronomers our *summer trace*,  
 And here must *spring's* soft-op'ning season cease.

The day before the *ides* stern *Taurus* shows  
 His starry head; of whom this story goes;  
 In shape of a fine bull, *Jove* once essay'd,  
 To get upon his back a *Tyrian* maid; 710  
 Her right hand held his mane, her left her cloaths,  
 From fear fresh beauties in her face arose;  
 Fann'd by the gentle breeze, her robe, and hair,  
 Gave *Jove* a keener gusto for the fair;  
 And lest the surges of the sea should wet  
 Her flowing robe, or touch her tender feet;  
 With cautious fear, she gently rais'd 'em high'r,  
 Which fann'd the *ravisher's* inflam'd desire;  
 Who often, with design, immers'd his back,  
 That she might closer cling about his neck; 720

But

703. The *Pleiades*, or *seven stars* rise to be seen, just emerging from the rays of the sun, on the 13th day of this month. See the note on line 210 in *April*. *Ovid* tells us, that some good authors made this day, in his time, the end of *spring*, and the beginning of *summer*. But *Columella* dates the commencement of summer from the *ninth* of this month; and *Ptolemy* on the 15th.



But soon as he had gain'd the wish'd-for shore,  
 He re-assum'd the god, *a bull* no more ;  
 Which plac'd among the stars has lasting fame  
 And to atone for poor *Europa's* shame,  
 From her the third part of the earth receiv'd its name. }  
 Others there are, who to this sign refer  
*Iö's* chang'd shape, who first did *maid* appear,  
 And then a *beifer* ; but by *Jove* at last,  
 A constellation in the sky was plac'd.

Now also is the time, the *vestal* heavens, 730  
 From the *Sublician bridge*, into the waves  
 Two men of rushes made ; they who conceive,  
 That such as did thro' threescore winters live  
 Were then condemn'd to die, in early time,  
 Impeach that age, but falsely, of a crime.

When

723. The stars in the constellation *Taurus* are in number, according to *Ptolemy*, 44 ; according to *Tycho Brahe* 41 ; but in the *Britannic* catalogue there are 135. *Taurus* rises on the 14th day of this month.

730. This was not done by one *vestal* alone, but by them all to-

gether, attended by the *pontifex* and *pretors*. This *Sublician* bridge in *Rome* was so called because it was made up of *sublices*, i. e. strong pieces of timber ; it was afterwards called *Pons Aemilius*. *Hoffman*, in his dictionary, says there are still some remains of this bridge, just by *mount Aventine*.

When *It'ly* had the name of *Saturn's* land,  
 The fate-foretelling god gave this command,  
 " Two bodies, O ye people, ev'ry year,  
 " Send to the god, who does the *sickle* bear;  
 " They must into the *Tuscan* stream be cast, 740  
 And long did that inhuman custom last;  
 But when our coast by *Herc'les* was possess'd,  
 To the *Leucadian* god that custom ceas'd;  
 He men of straw into the river threw,  
 Which now the *vestals* ev'ry year renew;  
 Some think, that the young men might rule alone,  
 The old ones were into the river thrown;  
 Tell me, O *Tiber*, what is fact; thy flood  
 Roll'd long before here any city stood;  
 Thou know'st from whence these ancient customs  
 spring, 750  
 Let me, from thee, the faithful story sing.

From

737. The oracle at *Dodona*, we are told, delivered this frightful order. *Dodona* was a city of *Epirus* in Greece, near *Thessaly*, where a famous temple and grove of oaks were dedicated to *Jupiter*.

739. *Saturn* is usually represented bearing a *sickle* or *scythe*,

of which we are informed he was the inventor; or perhaps first taught the use of it in *Italy*. *Ovid* seems here to make *Falciſer Senex*, and *Leucadius Deus* the same deity; which I can by no means reconcile, for *Deus Leucadius* signifies *Apollo*.

From his deep lodge old *Tiber* rais'd his head,  
 Bedeck'd with reeds, and with hoarse voice he said;  
 " This place, unbuilt upon, I whilome knew;  
 " Where only grass and slimy rushes grew,  
 " Besides the banks the straggling oxen fed,  
 " Nor was I then the neighb'ring nations dread.  
 " Thou'st often heard of good *Evander*'s name,  
 " A stranger on my waves he hither came;  
 " *Alcides* also, with his *Grecian* band, 760  
 " Arriv'd, and settled on my fruitful strand;  
 " Then *Albula*, if I remember right,  
 " My flood, by the inhabitants, was high;  
 " Th' Arcadian Prince, *Alcides* entertain'd,  
 " Who *Cacus*, with his pond'rous cudgel brain'd;  
 " Thus victor he return'd, and with him led,  
 " The oxen, which in *Spain* a prey he made;  
 " But his companions, most of *Greek* descent,  
 " Here fixing hope, and home, no farther went;  
 " Yet for their country such a love they have 770  
 " That dying some would this short mandate leave,  
 My

764. The principal feats of 649, and several others following,  
*Hercules*, when he came into *Italy*, is that month.  
 are recited in *January*. See line 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.



" My body dead into the *Tiber* throw,  
 " Which to the *Grecian* shore by chance may flow;  
 " But as the heirs dislike'd this black command,  
 " Their corps were bury'd in *Æt' Ausonian* land;  
 " Instead of which, (so to the mandate just)  
 " Into my stream they men of *rushes* tost,  
 " Which hap'ly might be waisted to the *Grecian*  
 " coast."

He spoke, and while he sunk into his cave,  
 The river stopp'd, with undisturbing wave. 780

Now *Mercury* attend, thou son of *Jove*,  
 Whom *Maia* bore, the fruit of stolen love,  
 On some *Arcadian* hill; lo! wing'd thy feet,  
 From heav'n to hell must make thy passage fleet;  
 The gods swift messenger of peace and war!  
 The tuneful *lyre* thou dost with pleasure bear;  
 'Tis thou dost o'er the *wrestlers* ring preside,  
 And art the graceful orator's best guide;  
 Thy temple, that the *Circus* does survey,  
 Our fathers hallow'd on the *ides of May*,  
 And hence to thee we consecrate that day.

With

790. On the *Ides of May*, to wit, *Romans* held a festival to *Mercury*,  
 the 15th day of this month, the a deity to whom a great number  
 of

With incense ev'ry tradesman thee implores,  
 That he may get good profit by his wares.  
 Thy pool, O *Merc'ry*, near *Capena's* gate,  
 Is holy, as experienc'd men relate;  
 Hither the *merchant*, with girt coat, repairs,  
 Well purify'd his hand a pitcher bears;  
 And water draws; in which a *laurel bough*,  
 He dips, and with it, like a sprinkling dew, 799  
 Does o'er his merchandize the droppings throw.  
 With which he also moistens his own hair,  
 And utters with a glossing tongue this pray'r:

“ My former *perjuries* purge thou away,  
 “ And cleanse me from the frauds of yesterday;  
 “ Whether I have by thee *false witness* born,  
 “ Or by great *Jove* perfidiously have sworn;  
 “ Or to deceive the sacred pow'rs design'd,  
 “ May all those words be scatter'd with the wind;  
 “ May

of offices are ascribed; some of which are strangely ridiculous; for, what can we think of a god, and tutelary defender of *thieves*? There is something so dissonant to all manner of reason, in supposing such a being, that only the most degenerated faculties could

ever admit of such an existence; do but consider the following address to *Mercury*, and it will be found shocking to a just, and rational mind. O *Christians*! assert, and make a good use of your happy privileges.

" May I grow rich by *perjury* and deceit,  
 " Nor let the gods above regard the cheat;  
 " And when upon my *chapman* I impose,  
 " May my increase of gain increase my joys."

This pray'r the *god of theft* with smiles receives,  
 Conscious how once he stole *Admetus'* bees.

But hear, O *Hermes*, my more just request,  
 And tell me when the *Twins* make *Sol* their guest;  
 The number of *Alcides'* toils, said he,  
 Shews on what day within this month 'twill be;  
 Then did I of this *sign* the cause require,  
 The smooth-tongu'd god thus answer'd my desire:

*Castor* and *Pollux* whilome stole away  
 Two sisters, whom they made their lustful prey;  
 Two brothers were affianc'd to the fair,  
*Idas* and *Lynceus*, who prepar'd for war;  
 Love made the two contending parties bold,  
 One to *retake*, and one their prize to *bold*;

U 2

The

817. *Alcides' toils*; i. e. the labours of *Hercules*, which are usually reckoned to be 12 in number; so that if we compute twelve days from the end of the month, the sun will enter *Gemini* on the 19th

day. But that ingress is fixed by some on the 18th day; and by others on the 20th. The sun enters that sign now with us on the 21st.



The first by fight could have secur'd their prey,  
 But that they scorn'd to take so mean a way;  
*Aphidna* is a spacious, open plain; 829  
 Here the contenders would their rights maintain,  
 With juster fight; by *Lyneus*' fatal steel,  
 Transfix'd, the brave, but mortal *Caster* fell;  
 But *Pollux*, when his brother fell, was near,  
 And forc'd thro' *Lyneus*' neck his vengeful spear;  
 Him *Idas* fierce attacks, but *Jove* restrain'd  
 The dire uplifted weapon in his hand;  
 High heav'n for *Pollux* open then appear'd,  
 O father! let my pray'r, said he, be heard;  
 What thou bestow'st on *one*, with *two* divide,  
*Pollux* with half thy favour's satisfy'd; 840  
 He spoke, and gave his brother half his skies,  
 Who stars to mariners propitious rise.

If what *Agonia* mean, you wish to know,  
 You backward must to *January* go,  
 Tho' in this month they're here repeated too.

The

829. *Aphidna* is plac'd by some was fought in the territory of the  
 geographers in *Larona* in *Pelo-Messenians*, which also was in  
*ponnesus*, now called the *Morea*. *Peloponnesus*.  
 Others pretend that this battle

The following night *Erigone's* dog will shine,  
Elsewhere I give the reason of that sign.

The next day *Vulcan* claims, of smiths the pride,  
The bright'ned trumpets then are purify'd.  
From hence four letters join'd, and read aright, 850  
The *Mos Sacrorum* show, or *Tarquin's* flight.  
Thee, *Public Fortune*, of our potent state,  
Whose temple the next day did consecrate,  
My muse in turn shall grateful celebrate. }

Next night to that, you'll mounting see on high,  
*Jove's* fav'rite bird illuminate the sky;  
And then *Boötes* on the following day,  
Lost to our sight, falls prone into the sea;  
But the next morn the *Hyades* arise,  
And with returning lustre gild the skies. 860

846. *Erigone*, we are told, was the daughter of one *Icarius*; who being murdered and privately thrown into a ditch, his dead carcase was discovered by his dog. *Icarius* was changed into the celestial sign *Boötes*; *Erigone* into the sign *Virgo*; and the sagacious brute into the *dog-star*. Meer poetical fables! The *dog-star's* rising is mark'd on the 22d day of this month, in the *Roman* calendar.

*Quando Rex Caputia Fugit.* By others *Quando Rex (Sacrificulus) Comitavit Fas.* The *Mos Sacrorum*, or *holy customs* were perform'd by the *Rex Sacrificulus*; a sort of priest whom the *Romans* ordain'd, after the kings were banished; that, by preserving only the name, he might execute those sacred offices, which their kings alone were permitted to perform before.

850. These four letters are Q. month; and the *Hyades* rise the R. C. F. which are read by some, day after.

The END of M A R.





## F U N E.



OR this month's *name*, men various reasons  
give,

Hear 'em all told, and which you please  
receive;

I sing what's fact, tho' some may think I feign,  
And hold that *gods* by mortals ne'er are seen;  
In us a god resides, he warms our breasts,  
And in our souls his sacred influence rests;  
The face of *gods* their holy *prophets* see,  
Nor is that privilege deny'd to me;  
For when I rise on my poetic wing,  
I see their glory, and their deeds I sing. 10

There is a shady grove, where all is still,  
Except the trickling of a gentle rill;  
Thoughtful of this month's name I thither went,  
And while I was upon my theme intent,

U 4

Some

Some goddesses I saw, not whom of old  
*Hesiod* beheld, attending on his fold;  
 Nor they, who did not their hid charms conceal,  
 From *Priam's* son, in *Ida's* fruitful vale;  
 Yet one of them it was; grace of the grove;  
 The wife, and sister of almighty *Jove*. 20

A paleness in my looks from dread appears,  
 When she that caus'd 'em, soon dispers'd my fears;  
 "The poet, whom the Roman *Faust* sings,  
 "And in soft verse discovers wondrous things,  
 "Is privileg'd, said she, both to behold  
 "The face of gods, and secret deeds unfold;  
 "But know, not be by vulgar error led,  
 "That *Juno* from *Juno's* name is surely made;  
 "To be *Jove's* wife, and sister, is my boast,  
 "Doubtful I am in which to glory most. 30

"If

16. My original does not name *Hesiod* in this place; but he is denoted by the title of *Præceptor arandi*, because he treats of agriculture in his poem, entitled *Works and Days*. In the beginning of his *Theogonia*, (to which place I suppose *Ovid* here alludes) he tells us, that the Olympian muses, whom he calls *Oai*, goddesses, gave him a green laurel branch, for a

sceptre, as he was feeding his sheep, by the side of mount *Helicon*, in *Bœotia*.

17. This is meant of *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, who showed themselves naked (pretty creatures!) to *Paris* the son of *Priam* king of *Troy*, that he might determine which of them was the most beautiful, and consequently entitled to the golden apple.

" If pedigree has any right to fame,  
 " As *Saturn's* eldest child, that right I claim ;  
 " *Rome* once was nam'd *Saturnia* from my fire,  
 " When he left heav'n for earth, he settled there ;  
 " If wedlock's priz'd, to *Jove* I gave my hand,  
 " And next his temple does my temple stand ;  
 " The name to *May* a noted strumpet gave,  
 " Shall I not then that envy'd honour have ?  
 " Am I not call'd the stately *Queen of heav'n* ?  
 " And why to me's a golden sceptre giv'n ? 40  
 " I am *Lucina* call'd, deriv'd from light,  
 " To name a month why have I not a right ?  
 " O then may I repent that I'm at peace  
 " With *Jove's* descendants, in the *Dardan* race ;  
 " A two-fold cause I for resentment find,  
 " Which *Ida* brings to my reflective mind ;  
 " The rape of *Ganymede* I justly grudge,  
 " And of my beauty hate the partial judge ;

" May

37. See what our poet says in the beginning of the last month ; where he seems to doubt, whether the month of *May* was so called from *Majores* or *Majestas*, or *Maia* the strumpet (*Pollux*), as *Juno* here files her.

44. *Dardanus* the son of *Jupiter* and *Electra* was the founder of *Troy* ; which at first was called *Dardania* ; and afterwards *Troy*, from *Tros* the grandson of *Dardanus* ; and then *Ilium* from *Ilus* the son of *Tros*.



" May I repent, that *Carthage* now has lost,  
 " My kindneſſes of which ſhe once could boaſt ; 50  
 " No other city was ſo much my pride,  
 " For there my chariot, and my arms abide ;  
 " Or, that to *Sparta Latium* I prefer,  
 " And other ancient ſtates to me as dear ;  
 " The *Sabines*, the *Falifci* ; all whom now  
 " I ſuffer to the *Roman* yoke to bow ;  
 " Well, let me not repent ; but may this land  
 " Be mine ; and may with *Jove's* my temple ſtand.  
 " This city, mother, I commend to thee,  
 " Said *Mars*, and in it ſhalt thou potent be ; 60  
 " A *hundred* altars ratify his word,  
 " By which, this month, I'm honour'd and ador'd ;  
 " Nor is it *Rome* alone this rev'rence ſhows,  
 " For all the neighbourhood the ſame beſtows ;  
 " *Aricia's* groves my growing fame diſplay,  
 " And ſacred honours the *Lanuvian's* pay ;

" View

54. And other ancient ſtates ; particularly *Argos*, *Mycenae*, and *Samos*, which are mentioned in my original, but are not eaſily brought into pleaſing verſe. At all thoſe places *Juno* was had in great honour, and religiously worſhipped,

according to the religion of thoſe times ; but to ſpeak more properly, according to the moſt blinded ſuperſtition of thoſe times. How happy are we *Chriſtians* ! if we make a right uſe of the light and knowledge we enjoy !

" View *Tibur*, and *Praeneste*, and you'll find,  
 " A time for *Juno*'s worship there assign'd;  
 " Tho' they, who built those cities, strangers were  
 " To what my *Rom'us* has establish'd here." 70

Thus *Juno* spoke, and as I turn'd aside,  
 I *Hebe* full of piteous grief espy'd;  
 If you, said she to *Juno*, to me say,  
 Go, leave our heav'n; I'll instantly obey;  
 For this *month*'s name let me not here contend,  
 I'm all submission, be but you my friend;  
 I'd rather by intreaty keep my right,  
 Perhaps it may appear so in your sight;  
 Jointly with *Jove*, *Rome*'s capitol you hold,  
 A stately dome, enrich'd with burnish'd gold; 80  
 The title of this *month*'s my only pride,  
 Let me have that, I nothing crave beside;  
 Should *Rome*'s succeeding sons this honour give,  
 What boon would great *Alcides*' wife receive?

On

72. *Hebe*, which is Greek for  
*puberty* or *youth*, in Latin *juventas*,  
 (from whence *June* may be de-  
 riv'd) here puts in her claim, for  
 the nomination of this month.  
 The mythologists make her the  
 daughter of *Juno* without a fa-  
 ther, her mother conceiving her

by eating of *lettuces*, at a banquet;  
 a nonsensical whim! otherwise,  
 O you young women, be very  
 careful how you eat *lettuces*. At  
 last *Hebe* became the wife of dei-  
 fy'd *Hercules*, of whom she makes  
 her boast in this speech.

On his account, what might not I demand?  
 He brought a breed of oxen to your land;  
 Tho' thieving *Cacus* horrid flames surround,  
 Yet with his blood *Alcides* ting'd the ground;  
 But let me nearer come; *Rome's* founder chose  
 Two parties, which his growing state compose; go  
 The *young* and *aged* thus distinguish'd are,  
 The last for *counsel*, and the first for *war*;  
 Two months he also honour'd with their name,  
 The elders *May*, and *June* the younger claim;  
 Here *Hebe* ceas'd; but yet their warm debate  
 Had like t' have ended in each others hate.  
 Then *Concord* comes, with laurel-garnish'd head,  
 Whose temple was by our great leader made;  
 She tells, how *Tatius* and *Quirinus* join'd,  
 Two different people in one state combin'd; 100  
 That *son* and *father* made no sep'rate claim,  
 And from their junction *June* receiv'd its name.

*Three* reasons thus I heard; but which is true,  
 I leave, forgive me *goddesses*, to you;

*Paris'*

94. *Ovid* abounds in etymological allusions; here he derives *Maius* from *Majores*; and *Junius* from *Juniores*; but a little below, in verse 102, he makes *Concord*

say, that *June* had its Name from the union of the *Sabines* and *Romans*; *his junctis*, as the poet expresses it.



*Paris' rash judgment Troy in ruins laid,  
Two vex'd may hurt me more than one can aid.*

*Carna, the goddess of the hinge, demands  
The first of June; upon her pow'r depends  
To open what is shut, what's shut unbar; 109  
And whence this pow'r she has, my muse, declare;  
For length of time has made the thing obscure,  
Fame only tells us, that she has that pow'r.  
Helernus' grove near to the Tiber lies,  
Where still the priests repair to sacrifice;  
From hence a nymph, whose name was Granè sprung;  
Whom many unsuccessful courted long;  
To range the spacious fields, and hunt the deer,  
With darts and knotted toils, was all her care;*

She

107. This *Carna* seems to me to be the most unaccountable, and even ridiculous, amongst all the rabble of the *Roman* deities. *Macrobius* tells us, that some supposed the month of *June* to be so named from *Junius Brutus*, *Rome's* first consul; and that he, in consequence of a vow, having routed *Tarquin*, offer'd a sacrifice to this goddess *Carna*, on mount *Coelius*;

and that she presided over the vital parts in men, especially the liver, and heart. But what connection there is between such a power, and that of the goddess of the hinge, which the poet sets forth in this story, I cannot comprehend. False notions, in ev'ry mode of religion, lead men naturally into confusion.

She had no quiver ; yet so bright she seem'd,  
 She was by many *Phoebus*' sister deem'd ; 120  
 When her some youth would am'rously carefs,  
 This answer she return'd to his address ;  
 " *Be not immodest in this open field,*  
 " *Go to some private grot—and there I'll yield ;*  
 Away he fondly goes, she lags behind,  
 And hides in bushes, which he ne'er can find ;  
*Janus* beheld her, and her lover grew,  
 How to allure her, with soft words he knew ;  
 To some remote, and *private cave* repair,  
 (Her usual trick) said she, I'll meet you there ; 130  
 She follow'd, but in vain she strove to hide,  
 The god, who sees *behind*, her steps descry'd ;  
 To strive to hide was vain ; the nymph he seiz'd,  
 Beneath a hill, and his rude passion pleas'd ;  
 But yet, as a reward, for what I take,  
 Thee *goddeſs of the hinge*, said he, I'll make ;  
 And then a *white-thorn* ſtick he to her gave,  
 By which ſhe ever after pow'r ſhould have,  
 To drive by night all *om'nous birds* away, 139  
 That ſcream, and o'er our houſes hov'ring ſtray ;

One rav'nous sort, like *barpies*, which once fed  
 On *Phineus*' daily food, of them is bred ;  
 Large is their head, and motionless their eye,  
 Hook-bill'd, sharp-claw'd, and in the dusk they fly ;  
 Out of their cradles *babes* they steal away,  
 And make defenceless innocents their prey ;  
 They're said to make of human flesh their food,  
 And gorge their horrid crops with infants blood ;  
*Screech-owls* they're call'd ; because with dismal cry,  
 In the dark night, from place to place they fly ; 150  
 Whether true birds they were, or had that form  
 From some old ugly witches *potent charm*,

They

142. This *Phineus* (as the story goes) was king of *Arcadia* ; or, as others say, of *Thrace*, or *Paphlagonia* ; who, by his first wife, had two sons ; whose eyes, upon some false accusation of his second wife, he caused to be put out. The gods offended at this, smote him with blindness, and sent *barpies* to eat and spoil his victuals ; so that he had been starv'd to death, had not his wife's brothers driven the *barpies* away ; which afterwards, (as we are informed by *Virgil*) settled in two small islands, in the *Ionian* sea. *Val. Flaccus* says, that

*Phineus* had the gift of foretelling things to come,

*Litora fatidici poenis horrentia  
 Phinei.*

*Blind people* are generally thought, to have the loss of their sight made up to them, by some peculiar favour from heav'n.

152. *Potent charm*.—In the original there is *Naenia Marſa*, i. e. a *Marſian magic song*. The *Marſi* were an ancient people of *Italy*, famous for incantations, and their power over serpents.

*Horace*,



They came into the room, where *Procas* lay,  
 But five days old, and made the child their prey;  
 They to his *breast* their eager tongues apply'd,  
 In screams for help the frighted infant cry'd;  
 His *nurse* runs up all trembling, as he shrieks,  
 And sees their bloody scratches on his cheeks;  
 What must she do? his fading looks appear  
 Like leaves half-blasted by the wint'ry air; 160  
 She goes to *Granè*, and relates the case,  
 Be not dismay'd, said she, I'll cure his face;  
 She came; tears from the throbbing parents fell,  
 Forbear to weep, she said, all will be well;  
 First, with a *crab-tree branch*, she thrice rubs o'er  
 The upright posts, and threshold of the door;  
 And while her hands the bloody entrails hold  
 Of a *sow-pig*, that is but two months old,  
 She water mix'd with *drugs* dash'd all around,  
 And then repeats her charm, with doleful sound; 170  
 "Ye

*Horace*, in one of his odes to *Canidia* the sorceress, uses the same words;

*Caputque Marsæ dissilire Næniæ.*

153. *Procas* king of the *Albani*

in *Italy*, about 800 years before *Ovid's* time: so that this traditional fable had been of a long standing. *Procas* was the son of *Aventinus*, and great-grandfather of *Romulus* and *Remus*.

" Ye *birds of night* ! this little infant spare,  
 " For him accept this victim I prepare ;  
 " *Heart* here for *heart*, and *flesh* for *flesh* receive,  
 " To you this life, I for a better give."

This off'ring made, and into *slices* cut,  
 They in the open air were gravely put ;  
 While she forbids all present to forbear  
 To look *behind*, and see what's acted there ;  
 Then takes the *white-thorn* stick, that *Janus* gave,  
 Where a small window does the light receive ; 180  
 From hence the chamber's safe from that *vile bird*,  
 And the *child's* healthy colour was restor'd.

Do you desire to know, why people make  
 This first of *June*, with *beans*, a *barley-cake* ?  
 Which they with rashers of fat *bacon* eat ?  
 Our ancient *goddess* first prepar'd this treat ;  
 What food she liv'd on then, she yet will choose,  
 And modern dainties frugally refuse ;

*Fish*

189. *Poetry*, managed with art, can give the greatest falsehoods a face of reality. Thus *Ovid* would persuade us, that the inhabitants of *Latium*, a little before the foundation of *Rome*, had not found out the way of preparing fish,

fowl, or deer, for their food ; but that their principal subsistence was *beans* and *bacon*. Who could swallow this, were it not made so agreeable by the sweets of poetry ? The ancient goddess mentioned verse 186 is *Carna*.

*Fish* then might safely in the rivers play,  
 And *oysters* in their beds securely lay; 190  
 The *francoline* to *Latium* was unknown,  
 And *cranes* were chas'd by *pigmy* hosts alone;  
 Men only view'd the *peacock's* starry train,  
 Nor were the *deer* for human tables slain;  
*Pork* was the most in vogue at ev'ry feast,  
 And *beans*, and *barley*, crown'd the sweet repast;  
 Whoe'er that mixture on the *calends* eats,  
 In health, they say, shall need no other cates.

*Jove's* hill *Moneta's* temple also shows  
 To *Juno* rais'd, from brave *Camillus'* vows; 200

There

191. *The Francoline*,—my original is (*Avem*) *quam praebebat Ionia dives*; which is to be understood of the ancient *Attagen*, a bird of a delicious taste, according to *Martial*,

*Inter saporos fertur alitum primus  
 Ionicarum gustus Attagenarum.*

Some say it is a rail, others a beatcock, others a snipe. 'Tis very probable, that we have no such bird as the *Attagen* in England. *Alexander Myndius*, in the ninth book of *Athenaeus's Deipnosophists*, says, that the *Attagen* is rather

bigger than a Partridge, finely spotted on the back, and of the colour of potters-clay, but somewhat redder.

199. *Moneta* is an epithet applied to *Juno*; it is derived à *monendo*, i. e. from *advising*. For the tradition is, that when the city was once shaken by an earthquake, the inhabitants were *advised* by a voice proceeding from the temple of *Juno*, that they should make an atonement to the gods, by sacrificing a *sew-will-pig*. Tully relates this story, de *Divinat.* lib. i. cap. 45.



There *Manlius* had a house, who nobly sav'd  
 Rome's *Capitol*, well-nigh by *Gauls* enslav'd;  
 Had he, great *Jove*, as thy defender dy'd,  
 He would have been esteem'd his nation's pride;  
 Accus'd of aiming at a *kingly* state,  
 A longer life caus'd his untimely fate.  
 A festival to *Mars*, on the same day,  
 Is kept, whose temple, in the public way,  
 Stands near *Capena's* gate; nor was thy fane,  
 O *Tempest*, hallow'd on that morn in vain, 210  
 Which in *Sardinian* seas *Marcellus* vow'd;  
 For a fleet sav'd, and which the state allow'd.  
 These are the *deeds* of men; but view the skies,  
 And you'll behold *Jove's* hook-bill'd bird arise.

The foll'wing day the *Hyades* appear  
 In *Taurus'* front, and soaking show'rs are near:

## X 2

When

210. Is it not very strange, that men being sav'd at sea, in the time of a great *hurricane*, should make a *goddeſs* of that *hurricane*? as if it were a free and self-moving agent, and look no farther for the author and cauſe thereof? not to him who,

*Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm?*

Common philosophy ſurely was then at a very low ebb.

214. On the firſt of *June*, in the evening, the *eagle*, a northern conſtellation, riſes; it conſiſts, according to the *Britannic catalogue*, of 70 ſtars.

When *Phoebus* twice has visited the morn,  
 And twice the dew refresh'd the standing corn;  
*Bellona*, who was alway's *Latium*'s friend,  
 Is worshipp'd, where we see her temple stand; 220  
 By *Appius* built; who, tho' his eyes were blind,  
 Had both a strong, and quick-discerning mind;  
 By which, a peace with *Pyrrhus* he foresaw,  
 Would on the state sad consequences draw.

Beyond the *Circus*, in that temple's ken,  
 A little pillar of great fame is seen;  
 From whence a dart is thrown when war's proclaim'd,  
 Against that king, or nation, which is nam'd.

But *Herc'les* of the *Circus* claims a share,  
 He has a temple, and is worshipp'd there; 230  
 By the *Cumaean* sibyl first decreed,  
 But *Sylla* afterwards confirm'd the deed;  
 The day before the *Nones*, a solemn day,  
 Men at his shrine devoted honours pay.

Demanding, if I might ascribe the *Nones*  
 To *Sancus*, *Fidius*, *Semo*, all at once?  
*Sancus* made answer, any of the three,  
 For those three names belong of right to me; The

236. We are told, that *Sanca*, *lævi* in Greek; so that by these three  
 or *Sancus*, in the ancient *Sabine* names that heathen deity seems  
 language, is the same with *Hercu-* to be understood.

The ancient *Sabines* on *Quirinus'* hill,  
 Their temple built; such was the *Cures'* will. 240

I have a daughter, and while she's alive,  
 I have as great a bliss as heav'n can give,  
 And may she long her father's years survive  
 To match her well, a proper time I sought,  
 What lucky, what unlucky days, were thought;  
 I let the sacred *Ides* of *June* pass o'er,  
 The time's propitious after, not before;  
 For thus *Jove's* *flamen's* wife instructive said,  
 " Let not the solemn marriage-tye be made,  
 " Till gentle *Tiber's* muddy waves convey, 250  
 " The filth of *Vesta's* temple to the sea;  
 " Till then I may not comb, or curl my hair,  
 " Nay, 'tis unlawful then my nails to pair;

X 3

" Nor

241. This daughter is generally suppos'd to be the *Perilla*, *Ovid* speaks of in the 11th elegy of the 3d book of his *Tristia*; in which he describes her to be very much addicted to the *maser*, as well as her father; speaking to the epistle he sends her, he says,

*Aut illam invenies dulci cum matre  
 sedentem,*

*Aut inter libros Pieridasque suae.*

251. *Vesta's* temple us'd to be clean'd out, and made nice, every year, on the 5th of *June*, and the sweepings and filth were thrown into the *Tiber*, that so they might be conveyed into the sea. This custom no doubt depended upon some superstitious tradition.



" Nor may I touch my husband, tho' he be  
 " The priest of *Jove*, and wedded fast to me;  
 " Be therefore not too much in haste, but wait;  
 " Your daughter shall enjoy a happier fate;  
 " If that she will in single life remain,  
 " Till *Vesta's* temple shines all bright and clean."

The third night from the *Nones* the northern bear  
 Will set, and *Urfa* nothing has to fear; 261  
 Then in the grassy *Campus* shall you see  
 The games, *O Tiber*, acted there for thee;  
 By those, who use the toilsome *fishing trade*,  
 Upon thy stream, this festival is made.

When that the *Cartbaginians* threaten'd war,  
 To *Mens* our fathers did a temple rear;  
 A *consul*, and his valiant forces kill'd,  
 Their sinking *minds* with dreadful terror fill'd; 269  
*Fear* drove out *hope*; Their vows the senate made  
 To *Mens*, and quickly she afforded aid;

Six

263. The *Ludi Tiberini* were kept on the 7th of *June*, and were principally celebrated by fishermen, who got their living on that river.

267. *Mens*, or *Mind*, had a temple in *Rome*, which was dedi-

cated by *Osacilius Crassus*; a meer imaginary goddess; yet more worthy of that title, than many others amongst the *Romans*; for *Mind* denotes something that is divine.

Six days before the *Ides*, a solemn day,  
Those *vows* they to the helping goddess pay.

As I approach thy holy rites to sing,  
Assistance to thy poet, *Vesta*, bring;  
In pray'r devout I stood, and all around  
Refulgent streams of *light* o'erspread the ground;  
Invisible *the goddess* ne'er was seen,  
By mortal eyes, whate'er vain bards may feign;  
But things, that I before could never know, 280  
My mind enlighten'd now distinctly saw;  
When infant *Rome* in war had prosp'rous been,  
And forty times had her *Palilia* seen;  
*Vesta's* bright temple first a priestess had,  
Who guardian of *the sacred fire* was made;  
The work of peaceful *Numa*, who by none,  
In all religious acts, was e'er out-done;  
That temple, which now makes so fine a show,  
Was then with *osiers* ribb'd, and thatch'd with *straw*;

X 4

And

283. That is forty years from the building of the city. This temple, and the sacred fire, that was kept in it, was first erected by *Numa Pompilius*, the second

king of Rome; he was descended from the *Sabines*, who were look'd upon as a very religious people, according to the religion of those times.

And that same spot, where *Vesta's* porch is plac'd,  
 Was heretofore with *Numa's* palace grac'd; 291  
 This temple's ancient *form* does still remain,  
 The reason of that *form* I'll here explain;  
*Vesta's* the same with *earth*; a vivid fire  
 Burns in them both, that never does expire;  
 Both to the earth, and *Vesta's* hearth, we find  
 To both alike a middle seat assign'd;  
 Shap'd like a ball, the *earth* in open air  
 Suspended hangs, and nothing props it there;  
 By its own roundness pois'd, the whirling orb 300  
 No corners press, nor its smooth course disturb;  
 Plac'd in the *center*, where it must abide,  
 Nor more, nor less, can ever turn aside;  
 Were it not *convex*, to one part inclin'd,  
 This globe we should not in the *center* find.

So *Archimedes*, in his curious sphere,  
 The world express'd, in circumambient air;

Where

292. The temple of *Vesta* was round, and the sacred fire was kept in the middle, with a cupola over it, to keep off the rain.

306. *Archimedes* was a celebrated mathematician of *Syracuse* in

*Sicily*, who was kill'd when that city was taken by *Marcellus* 208 years before the commencement of the christian aera. This sphere is finely describ'd, in a little copy of verses, by the poet *Claudian*.

*Ovid*



Where the round *earth* was neither low nor high,  
But equidistant from th' encircling sky.

Such is the form of *Vesta's* shining fane; 310

Whose vaulted roof throws off the falling rain;

If, why by *virgins* only, you enquire

Her temple's serv'd? I'll answer your desire;

*Juno* and *Ceres*, *Ops* by *Saturn* bore,

And *Vesta* afterwards, one daughter more;

Each of the former two was made a wife,

But *Vesta* chose to live a single life;

No wonder then, a *virgin* should require,

None but pure *virgins* to attend her fire;

*Vesta* nought else but a pure flame can be, 320

Of a pure flame no bodies born you see;

She is a *virgin* then, without a stain,

And has none else but *virgins* in her train.

Long did I fondly think some *image* shov'd

The goddess' form, which in her temple stood;

Vain was the thought, for made by artists hands,

In all the vaulted dome no *image* stands;

Ovid does not name *Archimedes* prescriptive lines, beginning with *are* 325

here, but represents that curious *Syracosa*.

piece of machinery in four ex-

A constant *fire* they in her temple keep,  
 But *fire* and *Vesta* have no carved shape;  
 Like earth, *Vi stando* gives to *Vesta* name, 330  
 Which in the *Grecian* language is the same;  
*Focus* a hearth, from *foveo* is deriv'd,  
 Which was at first in outer rooms contriv'd;  
 And the *vestibulum* (or porch) is made  
 From *Vesta*'s name, in which the ancients pray'd;  
 In former time the custom was to sit,  
 On benches by the hearth, and there to eat;  
 And as the *sacred fire* to them was near,  
 They apprehended that the gods were there;  
 E'en now, at old *Vacuna*'s feasts, they stand 340  
 Around her fires, or sit on either hand.

An

330. *Ovid* in several places of his *Fasti*, plays with the etymology of names; and then it is difficult to keep up the lively spirit of poetry, in a translation. Thus here he derives *Vesta* from *vi stando*, in *Latin*, or from *ισταναι*, i. e. to stand, in *Greek*. Some are of opinion, that *Vesta* is of oriental extraction, being compounded of two *Hebrew* words, *esh*, fire, and *Yah*, one of the names of God. The *Roman* poets are strangely confus'd in their notions about this goddess; sometimes she is

earth, sometimes fire, and tho' she is mostly said to be a virgin, and was attended by pure virgins, called *Vestals*, yet *Virgil* makes a mother of her in this verse in his *Georgics*.

*Dii patrii, indigetes, et Romule,  
 Vestaque mater.*

What can be more inconsistent, and contradictory?

340. *Vacuna*, so named à vacando, was the goddess of rest amongst the rustic Romans. To her, the husbandmen, after harvest was ended, offer'd sacrifices.

An ancient usage is continu'd still,  
But why at first began is hard to tell;  
This day, in a clean-scour'd and handsome plate,  
To send to *Vesta's* fane a mess of meat.

See, deck'd with flow'rs how loaves the *asses* bear,  
And how o'erspread with flow'rs the *mill-stones* are;  
Farmers of old bak'd only barley-bread,  
Hence is a festival to *Fornax* made;  
Hot embers on the hearth were us'd to bake, 350  
Upon the fractur'd tiles, the common cake;  
Hence *bakers*, and the *ass* that turns the mill,  
Revere the hearth, and mistress of it still.

Shall I, *Priapus*, tell, or let it pass,  
A merry story, tho' to thy disgrace?  
Old *Cyb'le*, on whose head a tower nods,  
Invites unto her feast th'eternal gods;  
Invites the *nymphs*, and *satyrs* of the groves,  
*Silenus* also went, who feasting loves,  
Tho' uninvited; what their feast contain'd, 360  
Would be but tedious here to be explain'd;  
In *Ida's* shady vales they spent the night,  
Regal'd with choicest wines, with great delight;  
Some,



Some, on the mossy ground, lie down to sleep,  
 Some in nocturnal sports their revels keep;  
 Some, hand in hand, connect a social round,  
 And in harmonious measures beat the ground;  
 But gentle sleep composes *Vesta's* eyes,  
 On a soft bank as she reclining lies;  
 The ruddy keeper of the gardens strays 370  
 From place to place, and all the nymphs surveys;  
 He *Vesta* spies, but knew not who she was,  
 If you'll believe him, sleeping on the grass;  
 With lustful view, and with a tip-toe tread,  
 He stole up to the bank where she was laid;  
 By chance, *Silenus* there his ass had ty'd,  
 Near to a little murmuring river's side;  
 And as a vile attempt the lecher made,  
 Unluckily the ass sonorous bray'd;  
 The goddesses frighted rose, her train attends, 380  
 But he escap'd their persecuting hands;  
 From hence, the *Lampsacenes* still sacrifice,  
 The long-ear'd brute for his untimely noise;

While

382. The tradition is, that city of *Mysa*, near the mouth of  
*Priapus*, (the son of *Bacchus* and the *Hellepont*; and there, they say,  
*Venus*) was born, at *Lampsacus*, a he was first worshipp'd as a god.  
 He

While *Vesta* with bread-necklaces adorns  
His mane, and all this day no mill he turns.

Lo! in the thunderer's temple you behold  
An altar fam'd, but not enrich'd with gold;  
To *Jove the baker* dedicated; here  
The reason of that fact let me declare.

To seize the *Capitol* the *Gauls* once thought, 390  
The ling'ring siege a dreadful famine brought.  
*Jove* summon'd all the gods before his throne,  
That they might their requests, or complaints make known;  
*Mars* first had leave to speak, and thus he spake,  
To whom need I my just repinings make?  
But if I must expose my shameful woe,  
*Rome* lies oppress'd beneath an *Alpine* foe;  
Is this the pow'r, O *Jove*, thou didst ordain?  
Is this on earth *Rome's* universal reign?  
She soon her neighb'ring *Tuscan* foes subdu'd, 400  
Flush'd were her hopes, no pow'r her arms with-  
stood;

But

He is one of the later abominations,  
as they are most fitly termed in  
sacred writ. *Hesiod* makes no men-  
tion of him. A story like this is

told of *Priapus*, by our poet, in  
*January*; but there the vile at-  
tempt was made upon the nymph  
*Lotis*, instead of *Vesta*.

But now her nobles are oblig'd to fly,  
 Or in their *imag'd courts* inglorious die;  
 I see that *Vesta's* pledges are withdrawn,  
 Who now the pow'r of *Roman* gods will own?  
 For while your *Capitol's* besieg'd men know,  
 And all your temples plunder'd by the foe;  
 Well may they think, from you there is no aid,  
 In vain are all their *sacrifices* made.  
 Had but the *Romans* room, their arms to try, 410  
 Then if they could not conquer, let 'em die;  
 But now by barb'rous troops inclos'd, they fear  
 To fall by *famine*, not in open war.  
 The next *Quirinus* in his *Trabea* dress'd,  
 And crozier in his hand, his mind express'd;  
 Fair *Venus* then, and *Vesta* silence broke,  
 And all in *Rome's* behalf abundant spoke.

Here

403. The *Roman* grandees had  
 in their *atria*, or courts before  
 their houses, the statues of their  
 ancestors plac'd in regular order.  
 These busts, or images were fre-  
 quently made of wax, with in-  
 scriptions under 'em. Thus our  
 poet, in *January*, says to *Germa-  
 nicus*.

*Perlæge dispositas generosa per atria  
 Ceras.*

404. The *vestal virgins*, during  
 the siege, retir'd with the sacred  
 fire, to *Caere* an ancient city of  
*Tuscany*, near the sea; where they  
 were kindly entertain'd.

414. *Trabea* was a robe, inter-  
 woven with gold and purple, worn  
 principally by kings, consuls, and  
 augurs.



Here *Jove* reply'd, *Rome* is the public care;  
 And conquer'd *Gaul* her punishment shall bear;  
 Only forsake, O *Vesta*, not thy town,  
 And let good store, of what it wants, be shown;  
 Let all their *corn* be ground, and moist'ned knead,  
 And bak'd in ovens into loaves be made;  
 With *Jove's* command the goddess then complies,  
 When midnight darkness cover'd all the skies;  
 The chiefs were all asleep, but *Jove's* rebuke  
 Disturb'd their rest, for thus the thund'rer spoke,  
*Arise; and from your towers unto your foe,*  
*What you're most loth to part with, freely throw.*  
 They wak'd, and pond'ring the mysterious words,  
 The sight of *corn* a plain design affords;  
 They toss the hard bak'd loaves quite o'er the wall,  
 Which on the shields, and helmets, rattling fall;  
 The *Gauls* no longer having hopes to gain  
 The fort by *famine*, found their stay was vain;  
 And thus repuls'd, the *Romans* kept their place,  
 And did to *Baker-Jove* an altar raise.

Once upon *Vesta's* feast I chanc'd to stray,  
 Where to the *Forum's* join'd the new-made way;

And

And walking down the hill a matron met, 440  
 Who'd neither *shoes*, nor *sandals* on her feet;  
 I stop'd and silent gaz'd; when by me stood  
 A kind old woman of the neighbourhood;  
 " If you the cause of this would know, she said,  
 " Hear my short tale; and shook her palsy'd head;  
 " What now the *forum* is, was once a moor,  
 " The river us'd to float it heretofore;  
 " And where you see that holy altar stand,  
 " Was *Curtius' lake*, tho' now 'tis solid land;  
 " Tall canes, and willows grew upon that ground,  
 " Which near the *circus* now is tented round; 451  
 " There *riv'lets* ran, where little boats were ply'd,  
 " To carry people, up and down the tide;  
 " The *fares* in merry raillery or song,  
 " Squibb'd at each other, as they pass'd along;  
 " Nor

441. My original here is *peds nudo*, without either shoes or stockings. A very odd custom truly to be observed by *ladies*; but poets sometimes invent stories like the following, merely to divert and amuse their readers.

451. Anciently there was a low swamp between mount *Aventine* and the rest of the city, over

which, (when overflow'd by the *Tiber*) the passage was by little boats; but afterwards being made firm ground, there were tents erected, where a trade was carry'd on for oil, cheese, &c. That way also the pomp of triumphs pass'd into the *circus*. The name of this place was *Velabra*.

" Nor had *Vertumnus* yet receiv'd a name,  
 " Which from the turning of the *Tiber* came ;  
 " This very place was once so overspread  
 " With water, reeds, and rushes, none could tread,  
 " Unless bare-legg'd ; but by industrious pains 460  
 " 'Tis now quite firm ; the custom still remains."

Her tale thus told, I thank you dame, quoth I,  
 May you have peace and plenty till you die

Some other things I learn'd, when I was young,  
 Which suit this place, and will enlarge my song.

*Dardanian Ilus*, as he did enjoy

The wealth of *Asia*, rais'd the walls of *Troy* ;

*Minerva's* image all in armour wrought,

T'have fall'n from heav'n down into *Troy* is thought ;

I long'd her temple, and the place to see, 470

Where the *Palladium* fell ; 'twas seen by me ;

In

456. This *Vertumnus* was a Roman deity, which could turn himself into various shapes, like *Proteus*. Some think he was so named à *vertendo*, because he turned the lake of *Curtius* into the *Tiber*.

470. *Ovid* had travelled in his younger years, along with the poet *Macer*, as he tells us in one of his letters from *Pontus*,

*Te duce magnificas Asiae perspeximus urbes.*

Or, perhaps he might have the curiosity to view that temple in *Troy*, (where the *Palladium* once was plac'd) in his passage into exile.



In mem'ry of the fact, the fane remains,  
 But *Rome*, now *Rome* the sacred pledge contains;  
*Apollo's* counsel, in the woody shade,  
 Was ask'd, and thus the god his answer made:  
 "The sacred image in your town inclose,  
 "For empire shall attend where'er it goes."  
 This in a temple plac'd by *Ilus'* care,  
 Was kept by wise *Laomedon* his heir;  
 By *Priam* lost; for so the goddess will'd, 480  
 E'er since her beauty was inferior held;  
 Whether *Eneas*, or *Ulysses* may  
 Be thought t' have bore the fatal prize away,  
 Or *Diomede*, 'tis now preserv'd in *Rome*,  
 'Tis thither universal empire's come.  
 When *Vesta's* temple once in flames appear'd,  
 For the *Palladium* how the fathers fear'd!  
 Fires holy, with unholy mingled blaz'd,  
 And pious flames by impious flames were rais'd;

The

474. This was *Apollo Smintheus*, i. e. the mouse; for *σμήθερ*, they say, signified a mouse in the *Cretan* language. He was particularly worshipped at *Cbryse*, a town in *Phrygia*.

480. The goddess, that is *Pal-*

*las*, who thought herself injur'd by the judgment of *Paris*, the son of king *Priam*; and therefore favour'd the carrying away the *Palladium* from *Troy* by some one of the *Grecian* heroes; as here related.

The *vestal maids* ran frantically about, 490  
 They had not strength to fetch the image out;  
 When lo! *Metellus* swift, and eager came,  
 Fear not, he cry'd, the raging of the flame;  
 What signifies it now to cry, or pray,  
 Fetch in your arms the fatal pledge away.  
 Why look you so *agast* and *cow'd*? he sees  
 Them all *agast*, and fall'n upon their knees;  
 Then taking *water*, lifted up his hands,  
 Forgive me, gods! for breaking your commands;  
 Where *man's* forbid to enter, bold I go, 500  
 If 'tis a sin, on me redound the woe;  
 Crime or no crime, I have a good design,  
 Let *Rome* be safe, the punishment be mine.  
 He said, and in he rush'd, the goddess own'd  
 The deed, who succour from the *pontiff* found.  
 Now by great *Cesar's* kindness *Vesta's* fire  
 Bright on her altar burns, nor shall expire.

Y 2

No

492. *Pliny* tells us, lib. 7. cap.  
 44. that this *Metellus* was blind in  
 his old age, having lost his eye-  
 sight, when he brought the *Palla-*

*dium* out of the temple of *Vesta*,  
 from amidst the flames. *Memora-*  
*bili causâ*, says he, *sed eventu mi-*  
*sero*.

No *vestal*, while he reigns, shall lewd be found,  
 Nor yet alive be bury'd in the ground ;  
 So the incestuous dies, to *earth* a shame, 510  
 For *Vesta's* deity, and *earth's* the same.

The name *Callaicus* now *Brutus* gain'd,  
 Who with their blood the *Spaniards* country stain'd ;  
 But here a chequer'd lot is mortals fate,  
 And at the heels of joy misfortunes wait ;  
 Thus *Crassus*, with a gallant *Roman* host,  
 Was slain by *Parthians*, and our *eagles* lost ;  
 But let them not exult, *the goddess* said,  
 Hereafter shall just recompence be made ;  
 A glorious victor shall avenge the fall 520  
 Of *Crassus*, and our ensigns home recal.

Now

508. The order of *vestal virgins* was establish'd at *Rome* by *K. Numa*. There were only *four* at the first, but afterwards their number was augmented to *six*. They were chosen between six and ten years of age. Their vow of continency was to last *thirty* years ; and if any of them broke it, they were bury'd alive in the *Campus Sceleratus*, near to the *porta Collina*.

512. *Brutus* was surnamed *Cal-*

*laicus* because in the year, U. C. 618, he destroyed sixty thousand of the *Gallaeci*, who inhabited that part of *Spain*, which is now called *Gallicia* ; because they assisted the *Lusitani* in their war with the *Romans*.

518. The goddess, i. e. *Vesta*, but to whom, and in what manner she foretold that *Augustus Caesar* should recal the *Roman* ensigns, that were lost by *Crassus*, I don't remember to have read.



Now when the *asses*, stript of all their pride,  
To grind the corn are to the mill-stones ty'd;  
And ev'nings come, the *dolphin* in the skies  
By the observing pilot's seen to rise.

Soon as *Aurora* leaves her chiding mate,  
And *Sol* unbars his glittering eastern gate;  
With your white cakes, *good women*, come away,  
For the *matralian* feast is held to day;  
A spacious square of celebrated fame, 530  
Which from *an ox* at first receiv'd its name;  
Contiguous to the bridge, and *circus* lies,  
*Matuta's* temple there salutes your eyes;  
When that the Roman sceptre *Servius* sway'd,  
Upon this day was the foundation laid;  
But who that goddess is, and what's the cause,  
She'll no *maid-servant* in her temple use,

Y 3

And

522. Ovid informs us, in the 346th verse, in this month, that *asses* were crown'd with *leaves*, and *mill-stones* adorned with *flowers*, during *Vesta's* festival; here he adds, that the *asses* also were set off with flowers; *violets* in particular are mentioned in the original.

524. On the 10th day of this month the *Dolphin* rises; it is a northern constellation of *ten* stars

according to *Ptolemy*, but of 18 according to *Mr. Flamsteed*. See line the 97th in February.

529. The *Matralia* were a feast held for *Matuta*, on the 11th of this month. Her temple at *Rome* stood in the *Forum Boarium*, which had its title from *Bos*, an *ox*. *Matuta* is an old name for *Aurora*, or the morning.

And why she *cakes* requires, O *Bacchus* say,  
 For here I'm at a stand, direct my way;  
 O thou, whose temples ivy-boughs entwine, 540  
 Direct my course! her family is thine.

When *Semelé* was burnt in *Jove's* embrace,  
*Ino* supply'd a careful nurse's place;  
 And brought thee up; but tho' so near ally'd,  
*Juno* could not her spite and rancour hide;  
 Hence *Athamas*, by furies prompted, kill'd,  
 In a delusive view, his darling child;  
 The mother to her poor *Learchus'* shade,  
 Due obsequies, but full of sorrow, made;  
 Then frantic-like her head-attire she tears, 550  
 And *Melicerta* from his cradle bears;  
 Not far from thence there was a neck of land,  
 Dash'd by the foaming surge on either hand;  
 Hither her infant in her arms she brings,  
 Into the sea herself, and infant flings;

But

543. *Ino* and *Semelé* were both daughters of *Cadmus*, king of *Thebes*. As *Semelé* was *Bacchus's* mother, so *Ino* was his aunt; *Athamas* king of *Thebes* marry'd *Ino* for his second wife, by whom he had *Learchus* and *Melicerta*, whose Fates are here related.

552. This neck of land is the isthmus of *Achaia*, which was dash'd by the waves of the *Ionian* sea, on one hand, and by those of the *Aegean*, on the other.

But *Panopé* with all her sister train,  
 Catch'd 'em unhurt, and bore 'em thro' the main;  
 Not yet *Leucothea*, nor *Palaemon* made,  
 Nor yet in *Tiber's* mouth their mansion had.

There was a grove, for *Bacchus's* orgies fam'd; 560  
 Which *Semela's*, or *Stimula's* was nam'd;  
 Here *Ino* asks th' inhabitants their name,  
 Who was their sov'reign, and from whence they came;  
 We, they reply'd, from ancient *Arcas* spring,  
 And good *Evander* is our native king;  
 But *Juno's* spite remains, and in disguise  
 T' enrage the *Bacchides* insidious tries;  
 "O cred'lous hearts! but slow to understand!  
 "To these our *rites*, this baggage is no friend;  
 "Don't you, quoth she, perceive, she's deadly fly?  
 "And into your concerns is come to pry; 571  
 "But would you be reveng'd? you eas'ly may;  
 "See there her *child*, which you may keep, or slay."

Y 4

When

556. This *Panopé*, we are told, was a sea-nymph, the daughter of *Nereus*, and *Doris*. The father and mother seem to have been as prolific as fishes; for my original says, that *Panopé* had (*centum sorores*) an hundred sisters.

558. When *Ino* came to receive

divine honours, she was named *Leucothea* by the Greeks, i. e. the white or fair goddess, meaning *Matura*, or the morning-light: And *Melicerta*, on the same account was called *Palaemon* by the Greeks, and *Portunus*, or *Portumnus* by the Latins.



When thus she'd spoke, the Bacchae fill'd the air,  
 With hideous yells; and with dischevell'd hair,  
 They *Ino* seiz'd; and tearing from her breast  
 The struggling child, she thus the gods address;  
 "Ye gods, and Men! tho' here to me unknown,  
 "Let help be to a wretched mother shown:"  
 Mount *Aventine* receiv'd the doleful cry; 580  
 Just at the time was *Herc'les* passing by,  
 With his *Iberian* herd, he heard, and came,  
 And rescu'd from fell hands the injur'd dame;  
 The troop of *Bacchanals* tumultuous fled,  
 For fear, asham'd of their atrocious deed;  
 What *Bacchus'* aunt, said he, for her he knew,  
 Doth the *same goddess* both of us pursue?  
 Part of her story she to him unfolds,  
 And part, for shame of what she did, withholds.  
 Fame swiftly flies, like an emitted sound, 590  
 And *Ino's* hap was quickly nois'd around;

Car-

592. *Carmentis* was *Evander's* mother; reckon'd a great prophetess in those times; she is here called in the original *Tageata sacerdos*, i. e. the *Tegean* priestess,

from *Tegae* a city of *Arcadia*, from whence she came. See more of her story in *January*, beginning at the 560th verse.

*Carmenta* soon the stranger-guest engag'd,  
 Where she her tedious hunger first asswag'd;  
 Th' *Arcadian* priestess kneaded cakes in haste,  
 And bak'd 'em on the hearth for her repast;  
 At the *Matralian* feast thus cakes are made,  
 To show what rustic treatment *Ino* had;  
 O *prophetess*, said she, one favour more,  
 I beg; what's my approaching fate explore.  
 Celestial strength she instantly receiv'd, 600  
 And big with *sacred lore* her bosom heav'd;  
 Her visage holier, and majestic grown,  
 Could hardly now, unlike herself, be known;  
 " *Ino*, cry'd she, my joyful news attend,  
 " Thy various troubles here are at an end;  
 " A *tutelary goddess* of the sea,  
 " And to our state propitious shalt thou be;  
 " The deep shall also give thy *son* a name,  
 " You, in our streams, shall gain immortal fame;  
 " In *Greece Leucothoë*, but *Matuta* here, 610  
 " A two-fold name, thou must hereafter bear;  
 " O'er all our ports thy *son* shall also reign,  
 " Whether his name *Palaemon* he retain,  
 " Or

" Or be *Portunus* call'd ; O let us find

" You both to our new habitations kind."

They nod assent, and happy change their name,

A *goddess* she, and he a *god* became.

Why she admits no *servant-maids*, you ask,

This, by her leave, shall be my present task

To notify ; strong hatred was the cause, 620

Which from illegal commerce first arose ;

One of her maids usurp'd her mistress' place,

And often had her master's fond embrace ;

From her, that *Ino* parch'd the corn, he found,

Which, kept for seed, was sown upon the ground ;

This fame reports ; but she the fact deny'd,

And never since could *servant-maids* abide ;

Then let no pious mother her adore,

Who was a wretched mother heretofore ;

To her you others children may commend, 630

To *Bacchus* more than to her own a friend ;

*Rutilius*, why in haste ? she said, they say

The *Marsian* foe shall thee, the consul slay,

(By vile insidious means) on this my festal day ;

Th'

632. *P. Rutilius Lupus*, was consul of Rome in the 663d year of that



Th' event prov'd true ; for then *Tolenus'* flood,  
 Mix'd with its waters, stream'd with *Roman* blood ;  
 And on that very morn, the foll'wing year,  
 Brave *Didius* fell ; a double loss was there !

*Fortune* ! this day and place belong to thee,  
 But who is that, whom in thy fane we see? 640  
 Cov'r'd with a gown ? king *Servius* you behold ;  
 But why so hid's not easy to unfold ;  
 My mind is in suspense ; perhaps because  
 To lie with mortal man a *goddess* knows

Would

that city. In that which was called *bellum sociale, vel Italicum*, i. e. the social or Italic war, which was principally begun by the *Marfs*, this *Rutilius* was killed. 'Tis said he consulted the oracle of *Matuta* in *Rome*, before he set out ; which bade him, *not to be in haste* ; for if he were, he should be slain on the *Matralian* feast-day, which was celebrated on the 11th of June ; but whether he did not believe the prediction, or that he preferred the service of his country to his life ; he was shot thro' the head, it seems, with an arrow, on that very day.

635. *Tolenus*, or *Telonus*, was a river of little note but for this battle, in which *Rutilius* fell ; it is supposed to have fallen into the

*Liris*, in the country of the *Marfs*.

638. *T. Didius*, a Roman *Praetor*, was likewise slain, in the prosecution of that war, on that day twelve-month following ; which was a double loss to the *Romans*, and gave fresh courage to their foes. Or, as *Ovid* words it, *hostiles ingeminavit opes* ; i. e. it doubled the trophies of their enemies.

641. *Servius Tullius* was the 6th king of *Rome* ; there was a wooden statue of him in the temple of *fortune*, whose head was covered with his gown. Our poet here relates the various *traditional* stories, why he was made in that form.

644.—A goddess ; what goddess ? why *Fortune*, who was not blind

Would bring reproach, were she to own the deed,  
 For she admitted *Servius* to her bed;  
 And here we may in this one instance find,  
 Tho' rare, that *fortune* is not always *blind*;  
 'Twas thro' a *window* that they commerce held,  
 From whence *that gate* was *Fenestella* call'd: 650  
 Of this ashamed, to palliate the disgrace,  
 She with his gown conceals her lover's face.  
 Or is it rather true, that *Servius'* fate  
 The people mourn'd, at an excessive rate,  
 Nor would the gen'ral swelling grief subside,  
 'Till they did with their gowns his statue hide.  
 Tho' a *third reason* must enlarge my song,  
 I'll bounds observe, nor shall my tale be long;  
 When *Tullia* had obtain'd by wicked means 659  
 Her match with *Tarquin*, thus the wretch complains,  
 And

blind to the merit of *Servius*; and  
 because he was so successful in his  
 enterprizes, (or as we even now  
 say, so *fortunate*) the superstition  
 of those times gave her a person,  
 which could admit of the king's  
 embraces.

650. *Plutarch*, in his *Roman*  
*Questions*, says that this gate, which  
*Ovid* calls *Fenestella* (or *Fenestralis*,

as I find it in some editions) was  
 called *Fenestra* in his time, near to  
 which was a place named *τύχης*  
*θάλαμος*, i. e. *Fortune's bed-chamber*.

659. *Tullia* was the daughter  
 of king *Servius*, and marry'd  
*Tarquin the Proud*; her first hus-  
 band was *Aruns*, the brother of  
 this *Tarquin*; and his first wife  
 was *Tullia's* sister; both of whom,  
 according

And to her husband said ; by poison, why  
 Did my dear *sister*, and your *brother* die ?  
 If here we stop ? and lead a private life ?  
 For higher purpose sure we're man and wife ;  
 If here we stop, nor act what we conceiv'd,  
 My *husband*, and your *spouse* might still have liv'd ;  
 My *dowry* is my father's head, and crown,  
 Then be a man, and claim them as your own ;  
 Bold wickedness to act's, a royal thing,  
 Kill but my *father*, and you'll be a *king* ; 670  
 Why tim'rous from the deed should we refrain ?  
 Joyful these hands I in his blood would stain.

By these reproaches stung, he seiz'd *the throne*,  
 On which to arms the furious people run ;  
 Slaughter ensu'd ; weak age was forc'd to yield,  
 And what the *good king* lost, proud *Tarquin* held ;  
 Beneath th' *Esquiliae* where his palace stood,  
 Was *Servius* slain, and wallow'd in his blood ;

His

according to *Ovid*, were *poisoned* by these two wicked creatures, that they might come together in marriage. This is matter for *poetry* ; but the *Roman* historians say, that *Aruns* was kill'd in a single combat with *Junius Brutus*.

677. *Livy* tells us, that *Tarquin* took *Servius* by the middle, by main force, and carrying him out of the *senate-house*, threw him down stairs, who, being almost kill'd by the fall, was conducted by his guards into the street called



His daughter in her coach, with cruel pride,  
 To take possession of the palace hy'd; 680  
 Soon as her father's corpse the *coach-man* saw,  
 He stop'd amaz'd, and would no further go;  
 Drive on, she cry'd, if you'd my favour gain,  
 And force the crashing wheels across his brain;  
 All this is real fact; and ever since  
 That street is call'd *the wicked street*, from thence;  
 Yet after this, she to that temple went,  
 And boldly stroak'd her *father's* monument;  
 'Tis strange indeed, but what I tell is true,  
 Her father's *image* stood there full in view,  
 But straight his hand before his eyes he drew;  
 On which a voice was heard; "Hide, hide my face,  
 "Nor let me see my *daughter*; dire disgrace!  
 "When *Servius* shall be seen with head unveil'd,  
 "His shame will then no longer be conceal'd;  
 This gown, *you matrons*, to remove forbear,  
 And only offer up a solemn pray'r;

Let

led *Cyprius Vicus*, near to his palace, and was there slain by those whom *Tarquin* had sent after him. This street from that time was called *Vicus Sceleratus*; quite dif-

ferent from its former name; for *Cyprum*, we are told, in the ancient *Sabine* language, signifies good.

Let with a *Roman* garb his head be grac'd,  
Who *sixth* amongst the *Roman* kings is plac'd.

When once a sudden fire his temple marr'd, 700  
The raging flames the *royal statue* spar'd;  
*Vulcan* was *Tullius*' father; *Vulcan* mild  
Stept in between the danger and his child;  
By *Vulcan* him the fair *Ocrisia* had,  
Who was to *Tanaquil* a servant-maid;  
She, when their usual sacrifice was o'er,  
The *sacred wine* into the fire did pour;  
And lo! amongst the ashes, as they dy'd,  
That part of man, that's most *obscene*, she spy'd;  
Commanded down she lay, and by that deed, 710  
King *Tullius* issu'd from celestial seed;  
For proof of this, his father gave a sign,  
When round the infant's head was seen to shine  
A lambent *harmless fire*, which like a crown  
Foretold his dignity, and great renown.

Concord,

699. My original, in this place,  
is,

*Qui rex in nostra septimus urbe fuit.*

*Ovid*, by calling *Servius* the 7th  
king of *Rome*, must make *T. Ta-*

*tius*, (who had a share with *Romulus*, in the regal power) the *second* king; otherwise, according to the usual reckoning, *Servius* can be but the *sixth*, as I have here translated it.

*Concord*, to thee, on the same day appear'd,  
A stately fane, by *Livia*'s bounty rear'd ;  
For in the sweetest *concord* to the last,  
Her days she, with her dear *Augustus*, past.

But where we *Livia*'s *portico* behold, 720  
A grand and spacious palace stood of old ;  
Such piles of buildings join'd together, rose,  
A lesser space does many a *town* inclose ;  
But level with the ground these piles were laid,  
Too great a show of *sumptuous pomp* they made ;  
Great *Caesar*, *Pollio*'s heir, that loss sustain'd,  
(But by the deed immortal glory gain'd ;)  
The *censor* thus set up himself to view,  
In actions he was to his precepts true, 729  
His own *example* show'd what others ought to do.

The

716. On the eleventh of *June* the temple of *Concord* was dedicated to that *Roman goddess* by *Livia*, the consort of *Augustus Caesar* ; who are said to have liv'd together, in the greatest love and harmony. The first dedication of this temple was made on the 16th of *January* by *Furius Camillus*. See the note on verse 763, in *January*.

720. *Augustus Caesar*, being in-

vested with the *censorship*, pull'd down that superb edifice, (which had been bequeath'd to him by *Pollio*, and took up a large tract of ground) lest its magnificency should give umbrage of his affecting too much popularity ; and that he should enjoy, what he condemn'd in others, by virtue of his office. A rare example of self-denial, in so great a man !



The foll'wing day no *festival* you see,  
 But on the *Ides*, O *Jove*, we pay to thee  
 Our holy vows; *Minerva's* lesser feast,  
 Must also now be sung amongst the rest;  
 O *Pallas*, then assist my rising lay!  
 Why do the *pipers* thro' the city stray?  
 What mean the *masks*? what means the trailing *gown*?  
 That now in ev'ry public place are shown?

*Tritonia*, having laid her spear aside,  
 In words like these, tho' not the same, reply'd;  
 " In former times, the tuneful *piper's* trade 741  
 " Was much in vogue, and in great honour had;  
 " At plays, in temples, and at fun'ral's there,  
 " The *pipers*, with their chaplets crown'd, appear;  
 " Sweet'ned with *gain*, behold their labour paid,  
 " But time at length began to spoil their trade;  
 " The *aediles* also limited their pow'r,  
 " *Ten* might precede a fun'ral, but no more;  
 " Chagrin'd

733. On the 13th of *June* was held the *pipers feast*; called *Minusculæ Quinquatrus*. There was a society, or college of these *muscians*, who used to attend on the grand religious ceremonies, as well as on private occasions, as

weddings, burials, &c. The *Quinquatria*, or *Minerva's* chief festival was celebrated in *March*. See the account of it, in that month, beginning at verse 1036.

747. It was a part of the *aediles* office to provide for, and regulate public

" Chagrin'd at this they all to *Tibur* went,  
 " Which in a pet they call'd their *banishment* ; 750  
 " No *pipers* now in *Rome* attend the plays,  
 " Temples, and fun'erals miss their wonted lays.  
 " One, who a slave in *Tibur* once had been,  
 " But since made free had days of plenty seen ;  
 " A feast at his small *country farm* prepares,  
 " A frolick to amuse his rural cares ;  
 " He to this feast invites the *piping train*,  
 " Nor did they that, tho' rustic fare, disdain.  
 " When night came on, their *senses* drown'd in wine,  
 " Expos'd them to a merry, fly design ; 760  
 " A messenger *before-instructed* came,  
 " What's here to do ? said he, break off your game ;  
 " Dissolve the feast ; for *he* who set you free  
 " Is just at hand, dismiss your company.  
 " The *guests* all drunk, with stagg'ring steps withdrew,  
 " But where these steps were tending nothing knew ;  
 " With

*public funerals*, and to adjust the principal preparations and other circumstances at *plays*.

749. *Tibur*, now call'd *Tivoli*, an ancient city of *Italy*, is situate

about 16 miles from *Rome*. It was noted by the *Roman poets*, for being a fine *apple-country*, and abounding with delicious springs of water.

- " With *rustbes* strew'd there stood a cart at hand,  
 " In which the landlord put the piping band;  
 " The bowzy tribe in this, soon put to rest,  
 " Suspected not the sly design, and jest; 779  
 " Instead of *Tibur* they to *Rome* were drawn,  
 " And were next morning in the *forum* shown;  
 " *Plautius*, that he the senate might deceive,  
 " To these returning pipers *vizards* gave;  
 " And, mixing many others in the throng,  
 " Commands them in *long gowns* to march along;  
 " That thus disguis'd they might not seem to come,  
 " Against his *colleague's* order, back to *Rome*;  
 " The plot succeeded, and there still abides  
 " That ancient merry usage, on the *Ides*." 780

When thus she'd spoke, one more request I made,  
 Why thus her feast the name *Quinquatrus* had?

Z 2

" Of

773. C. *Plautius* was *Appius Claudius's* colleague in the censorship that year; and as *Appius* was for making an example of these pipers, on account of their haughtiness and refractory behaviour; *Plautius*, who was of a more forgiving disposition, contriv'd this stratagem for their restoration.

781. When *Minerva* had inform'd the poet how the pipers came to be restor'd again to their places in *Rome*, and why their feast was celebrated on the *Ides*, i. e. on the 13th day of *June*; she tells him how she invented the flute, and what improvements were made therein by a satyr who found it,



- " Of such a name in *March* a feast I have  
 " Explain'd, quoth she, that name you'll there receive;  
 " To me *this company* first ow'd their rise,  
 " A piece of *box* well bor'd, of polish nice,  
 " With a few holes, I caus'd to be prepar'd,  
 " Which as I blew delightful sounds were heard;  
 " But when I in the *crystal spring* beheld,  
 " My bloated cheeks, and virgin features swell'd;  
 " Too dear, said I, I for this art shall pay, 791  
 " And quite provok'd, I threw my *flute* away;  
 " Which on the bank a prying *satyr* found,  
 " Admir'd, and blew, it gave a pleasing sound;  
 " By frequent use, he sweet improvements made,  
 " And to the *nymphs* admiring tuneful play'd.  
 " Proud of his art, *Apollo* he defy'd,  
 " But quickly paid as dearly for his pride;  
 " Hang'd up, because the day he could not win,  
 " *Apollo* from his body stripp'd his skin; 800  
 " The first invention yet to me belongs,  
 " For which these *minstrels* praise me in their songs."

Two

it, after she had thrown it away. *Apollo* to *Marsyas* the Phry-  
 Some ascribe this contest with gian.

Two nights from hence, (with a black day between)  
 In *Taurus*' front *Thyene* may be seen;  
 When *Vesta*'s temple's sweepings are by thee,  
 O *Tiber*, rowl'd, thro' *Tuscan* waves to sea.  
 Let seamen now, if they can trust the wind,  
 Spread all their sails, for *Zeph'rus* will be kind;  
 But when the sun, gone down beneath the sea,  
 Has seen both *poles*, and brought another day, 810  
*Orion* o'er the earth his arms displays,  
 And then at night, we on the *Dolphin* gaze;  
 This day the potent enemies of *Rome*,  
 The *Volsci*, and the *Aequi* were o'ercome;  
 For which the victor, brave *Tubertus* rides  
 In suburb-triumph, drawn by milk-white steeds.

To come this month still *twice six* days we see,  
 Yet to those twelve *one more* must added be;  
 Soon as *Sol*'s beams upon the *Crab* are pour'd,  
*Minerva* on mount *Aventine*'s ador'd. 820

Z 3

*Aurora*

804. *Thyene* is one of the *Hyades*, or seven-stars, in the head of the constellation *Taurus*; they begin to rise the 2d of this month; and now on the 15th *Thyene* the last of 'em appears. In some

editions, instead of *Thyene*, in this place we read *Dione*.

819. On the 19th of *June*, in *Ovid*'s time, the sun made his entrance into *Cancer*; which now with us, is on the 21st of this month.

*Aurora* now brings day-light to our view,  
 And *Phoebus*' rays exhale the morning dew;  
 A temple to *Summanus*' pow'r was rear'd,  
 Whate'er he was, when *Rome* great *Pyrrhus* fear'd,  
     Soon as that day to fable night gives place,  
 And all the earth is hush'd in silent peace;  
 Young *Aesculapius*, who by light'ning dy'd,  
 Lifts up his twisted snakes, now stellify'd.  
 The cruel act of *Theseus* well is known,  
 Who too too rashly would have kill'd his son, 836  
 For lustful *Phaedra*'s sake; and tho' he fled,  
 His hasty driving stood him in no stead;  
 His horses taking fright, with fury ran,  
 Nor could *the youth* their violence restrain;  
 O'er rocks, and crags precipitate they flew,  
 And from his car at length their *master* threw;  
*Hippolytus* entangled in the reins  
 Was dragg'd, and torn, and with his blood distains,

The

823. The *Romans* attributed nightly thunders to this deity *Summanus*, as they did those of the day to *Jupiter*. *Pliny's* words are, *diurna (fulmina) attribuentur Jovi, nocturna Summano*. Some think *Pluto* is meant hereby, who might

be called *Summus Manium*, i. e. the king of the ghosts.

827. *Aesculapius*, called also *Ophiucus* and *Serpentarius*, is a constellation of the northern hemisphere. It consists, according to the *Britannic catalogue* of 69 stars.



The craggy rocks; till he at length expir'd,  
 For which *Diana* was with anger fir'd. 840  
 Grieve not, said *Aesculapius*, for my art  
 Shall raise him whole again, in ev'ry part;  
 To me *the fates* shall yield, as heretofore,  
 The pious youth to *life*, I will restore;  
 Then from his iv'ry case his med'cines drew,  
 Whose efficacy *Glaucus* whilome knew;  
 Thrice he his bosom touch'd, and thrice he said  
 His charms, before the youth rais'd up his head;  
 To life restor'd, *Diana* show'd her love,  
 By keeping him conceal'd within her grove; 850  
 By the *Arician* lake his deeds were fam'd,  
 And there, as twice a man, was *Virbius* nam'd.  
*Pluto* and *Clotho* griev'd to see their pow'r  
 Usurp'd, to whom belongs the fatal hour;

Z 4

And

846. This *Glaucus* is said to have been the son of *Minos*, who falling into a tub of honey, was suffocated therein, and brought to life again by *Aesculapius*. Some think the truth of the story is, that *Glaucus* having eaten too much honey fell into a swoon, and that doctor *Aesculapius* by proper medicines brought him out of it again.

851. *Aricia* was once a famous city of *Latium*, but now a poor village about 16 miles from *Rome*. It received its name, we are told, from a young woman, whom *Hippolytus* was in love with. It was surrounded with woods, and therefore our poet gives it, in another place, the epithet of *Nemoralis*.

And *Jove*, because *Coronides* had made  
 His art a crime, with light'ning struck him dead;  
 Grieve not, *Apollo*, at what *Jove* has done,  
 For he a god has made thy mortal son.

Tho' *Caesar*, thou'rt in haste to overcome,  
 In distant climes, the enemies of *Rome*; 860  
 Yet if the *auspices* forbid thy arms  
 To move to-day, be warn'd by others harms;  
*Flaminius*, and the lake of *Thrasymene*,  
 Show that by *birds*, the gods designs are seen;  
 Of that rash loss whoe'er the time requires,  
 'Tis just *eight* days before this month expires.

The next that comes, a happier day we call,  
 Renown'd for *Hasdrubal's*, and *Syphax'* fall.

Time slides away, and we, by fleeting years,  
 Grow old apace, for time no bridle bears; 870

Successful

855. *Coronides* is another name of *Aesculapius*, who is said to be the son of *Apollo*, and the nymph *Coronis*, the daughter of *Pblegyas* king of the *Lapithae* in *Thessaly*.

863. *Flaminius* the consul, despising the *auspices* which forbid his going to fight, rashly engag'd with *Hannibal* near the lake *Thrasymene*, where he was killed with

15,000 *Romans*. His fighting with such bad success, contrary to the judgment of the *sooth-sayers*, naturally confirmed the common people, in that branch of their superstition. Thus many now a-days, by fortuitous events, are confirmed in their vain observation of omens, dreams, &c.

Successful *Fortune's* honours now attend,  
*Sev'n* days remain, and *June* is at an end;  
 Come, *Romans*, celebrate, with jovial mirth,  
*This goddess*, who has so much pow'r on earth;  
 On *Tiber's* merry banks, carouse and sing,  
 This feast was first appointed by *a king*;  
 Be it on foot, or yet in scullers, come,  
 'Tis no offence if you go tipsy home;  
 In *flow'ry* boats, let lads and lasses shine,  
 And in the midst of water tope their wine; 880  
 Let people of *low-life* this feast maintain,  
 A *low-life'd* king this feast at first began;  
 And *servant-maids* have still a greater right,  
 To join the throngs, and see the splendid fight;  
 Because a servant-maid *king Tullius* bore,  
 Who taught his subjects *Fortune* to adore.  
 In troops at night they from her temple strole,  
 When they have empty'd many a noisy bowl;

When

871. On the 24th of this month was the feast of *Fortis Fortuna* celebrated. This epithet *Fortis*, i. e. powerful, or rich, was given to fortune by *K. Servius Tullius*, who dedicated a temple to her without the city, near to the river *Tiber*. There were several temples in *Rome*, dedicated to *Fortune*, un-

der different epithets, as *Publica*, *Virilis*, *Muliebris*, &c.

885. This servant-maid was called *Ocrisia Corniculana*, because she was born at *Corniculum*, an ancient Sabine town in *Italy*. She was servant-maid to *Tanaquil*, wife to *Tarquinius Priscus*.



When gazing at the *stars*, one maudling cries,  
 Tho' hid, *Orion*, now thy girdle lies; 890  
 And tho' to-morrow likewise hid it be,  
 I'll the next morn thy *twinkling beauties* see;  
 But if he had been sober, he might say,  
 The *summer Solstice* falls upon this day.

The foll'wing day, the gods we *Lares* name,  
 Their day of dedication justly claim;  
 Where *garlands* now are made by curious hands,  
 By all rever'd, their ancient temple stands;  
 And *Stater-Jove* has then his rites divine,  
 Whose fane's conspicuous near *mount Palatine*. 900  
 As there are *Fates*, so many *days* we see  
 Still in this month; when, *Romulus*, to thee  
 Due honours are in pompous form address'd,  
 By which thy *fame*, and *deity's* express'd.

Thy *calends*, *Julius*, we to-morrow own;  
 My labour with success, *O muses* crown!  
 Say, who your temple join'd to *his*, who bore  
 The conquer'd spite of *Juno* heretofore; *Clio*

890. On the 26th day of this month *Orion's Belt* began to appear; which was the day of the Romans *Summer-solstice*; but with us, it now falls on the 21st.

907. This temple, dedicated to *Hercules*, and the *muses*, was rebuilt with additional adornments, by *Martius Philippus*, the father-in-law of *Augustus Caesar*, and who had

*Clio* replies; the sacred work you see  
 Of noble *Philip*, from whose pedigree 910  
 Chaste *Martia* sprung; chaste *Martia* takes her name,  
 From *Ancus Martius* of unfully'd fame;  
 To whose high birth, the beauties of her face  
 Still adds a greater, and peculiar grace;  
 But yet the charms of her exalted mind,  
 Are equal to her birth and beauty join'd;  
 Nor think it mean, that I her beauty name,  
 Some goddesses from hence derive their fame;  
 To *Philip*, *Cæsar's* aunt, in wedlock's bands,  
 O happy, sacred union! join'd her hands; 920  
 Thus *Clio* sung; and the *Pierian* throng  
 Join'd all their voices, in their grateful song;  
 Then struck their lyres; and the club-bearing god  
 Approv'd the concert by a pleasing nod. 924

had been consul along with *Corn. Lentulus Marcellinus*, 56 years before the birth of *Christ*. The ancient temple of *Hercules*, that had been first founded by *Fulvius Nobilior*, was then almost in ruins, thro' length of time.

911. This *Martia* was the daughter of the said *Philip*, whom *Cato Uticensis*, after he was divorced from his wife *Attilia*, married very young; and when she

had had children by him, *Cato* gave her to his friend *Hortensius*, who, being fond of having an heir, desir'd it; all this was done with the consent of her father *Philip*. When *Hortensius* dy'd, *Cato* took the widow again, who liv'd to a great age, even so long after her husband kill'd himself at *Utica*, that *Ovid* became acquainted with her.

F I N I S.

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